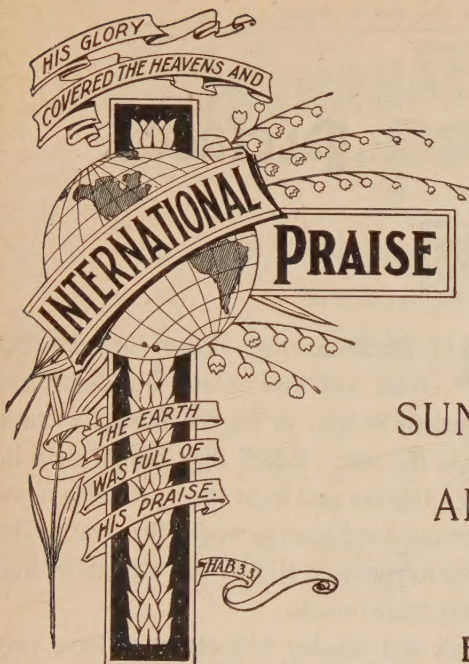


International
Praise

Phyllis Johnson
Long Lake
Ingleside,
Ill.

REGULAR EDITION.



FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND CHURCH

EDITED BY

E. O. EXCELL.

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...Preface...

ALL Christians sing. When the hearts are filled with love to God, it is as natural to make melody to Him as for the flowers to turn their faces to the sun. Indeed they cannot help it. The happy Christian soul must sing. Nothing more prepares the mind and heart to receive the great truths of God, and to approach Him in the attitude of true worship than sacred music.

The music of our Churches and Sunday Schools must have two qualities, in order to be valuable. It should be inspiring and helpful. After having worked with Prof. Excell in more than thirty States of the Union, covering a period of fifteen years or more, I am very glad to say that both of these characteristics are found in his music books. Their wonderful success is not wholly because Mr. Excell is the "Prince of Leaders," but, because the music itself, including both words and tunes is admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended.

"INTERNATIONAL PRAISE" is a fitting climax to its long line of illustrious predecessors, and will be found to contain all of the special features that have made Mr. Excell's books famous, and many new ones besides, which will greatly widen its influence and popularity. We predict that in thousands of Churches, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies and Conventions, it will be a "Chariot of Song" leading into the very presence of Him to whom all praise belongs.

TOLEDO, OHIO, JUNE 15th, 1902.

MARION LAWRENCE.

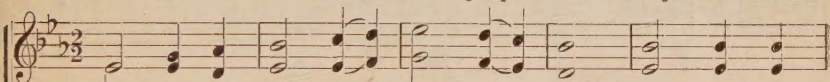
INTERNATIONAL PRAISE

No. 1. From All That Dwell Below the Skies.

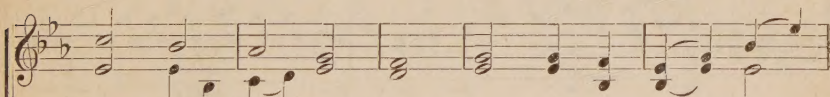
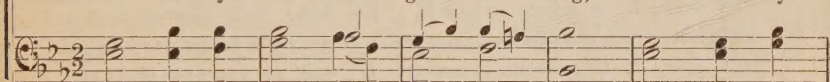
ISAAC WATTS.

Christ's all-embracing empire.

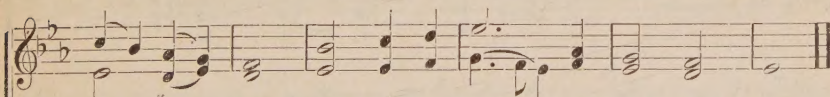
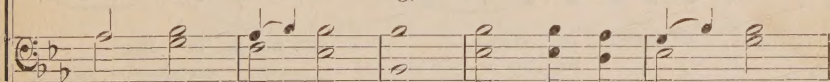
JOHN HATTON.



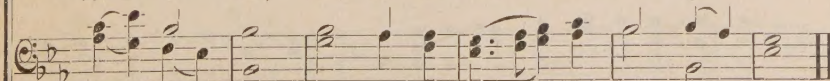
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal
3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry



a - tor's PRAISE a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's
truth at - tends Thy word; Thy PRAISE shall sound from
PRAISE di - vine - ly sing; The great sal - va - tion
land the strains be - long; In cheer - ful sounds all



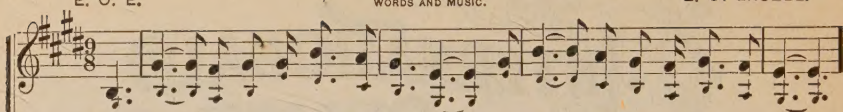
name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.
voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est PRAISE.



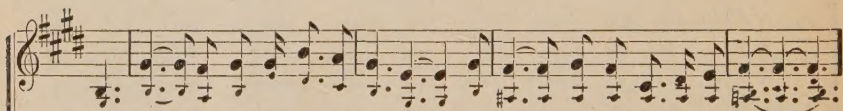
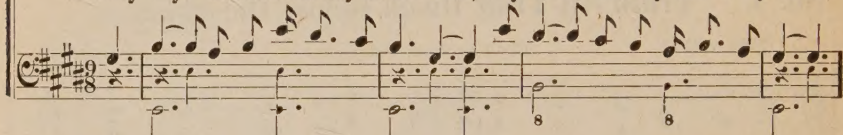
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

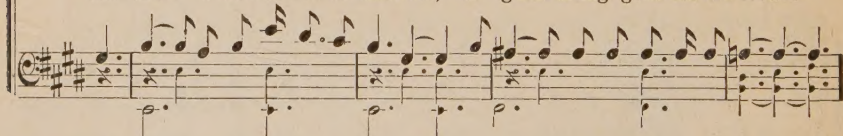
E. O. EXCELL.



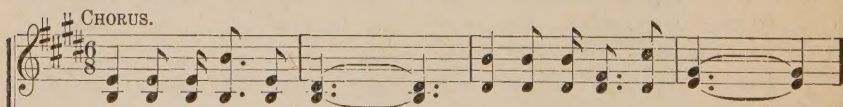
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so pre-cious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring a-far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



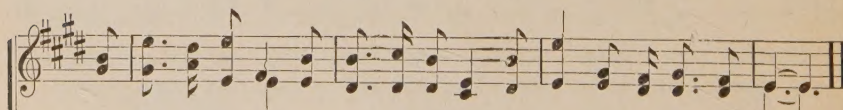
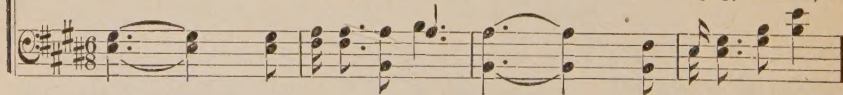
His voice, it is mu-sic to hear it, His face, it is Heav-en to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it to guide and to comfort Is with me where-ev - er I go.
 Till then I will ev - er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



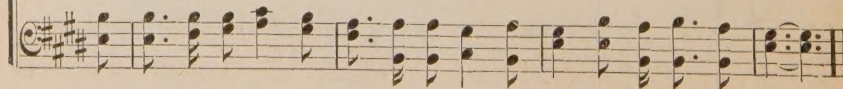
CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, I am hap-py in Him; . . . ,
 I am hap-py in Him. I, am hap-py in Him;



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



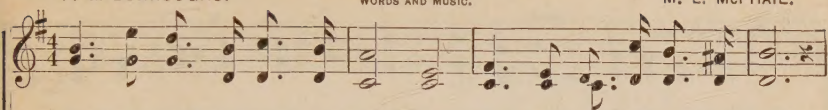
No. 3.

Showers of Blessing.

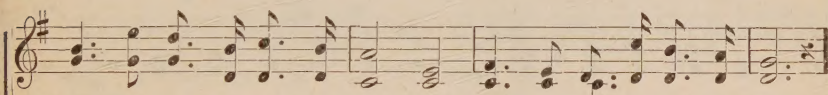
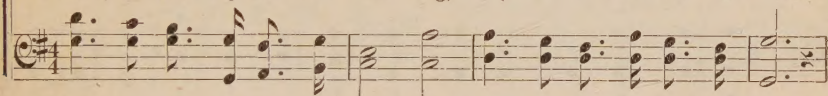
F. G. BURROUGHS.

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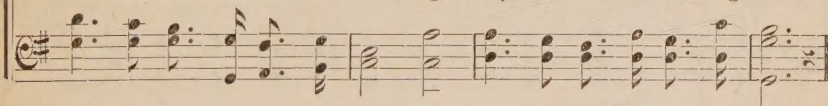
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Lord, we feel the show'rs of bless - ing, Fall - ing gen - tly from a - bove,
2. While be-neath, Thy co - pious show - ers, We are be - ing so re - fresh - ed;
3. By these show-ers cleans'd and glad-dened, Let our zeal and love in - crease;
4. Lord, we feel Thy show'rs of bless - ing, Oh, how rich and full and free!



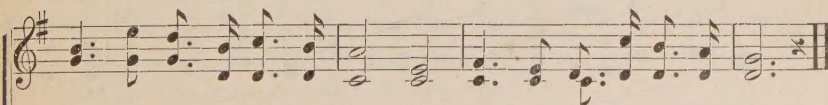
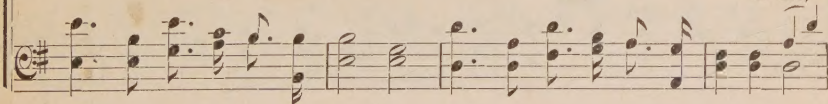
On our hearts with calm re - fresh - ing, To - ken of Thy bound-less love.
May these brim-ming cups of ours Share their full-ness with th'op-pressed.
And to hearts that now are sad - dened Use us to im - part Thy peace.
While Thou art our souls re - fresh - ing, May we each a bless - ing be.



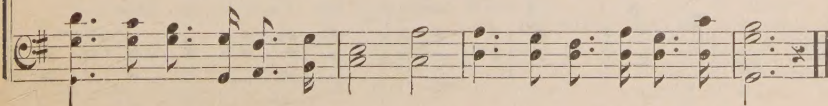
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu-jah! show'rs of bless - ing, Now are fall - ing, Lord, on me, . . .



Hal - le - lu - jah! show'rs re - fresh - ing, Thou art giv - ing gra - cious - ly.



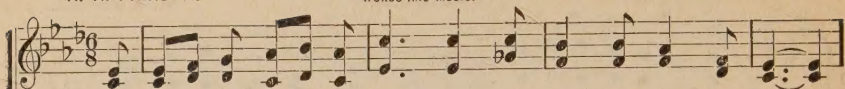
No. 4.

My Father Planned it All.

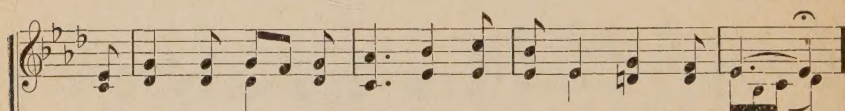
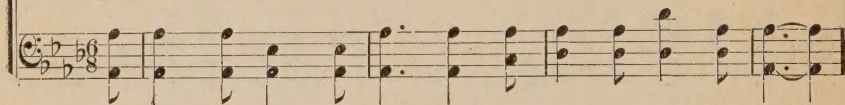
H. H. PIERSON.

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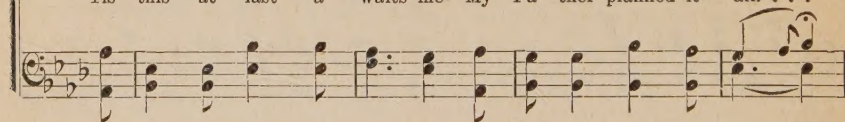
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



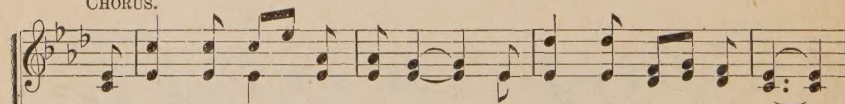
1. What though the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wea - ry way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall;



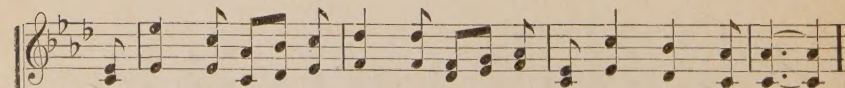
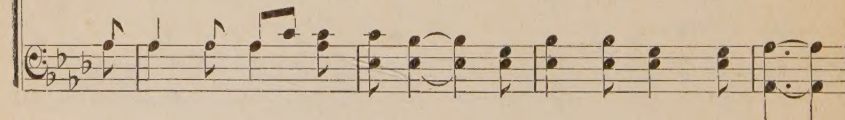
I know where ere it lead - eth, My Fa - ther planned it all. . . .
 'Twill be the way He choo - ses,—The Fa - ther's plan for me. . . .
 'For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . .
 'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa - ther planned it all. . . .



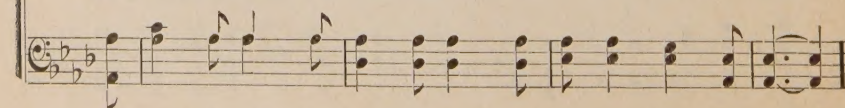
CHORUS.



I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust, what e'er be - fall;



His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa - ther planned it all.



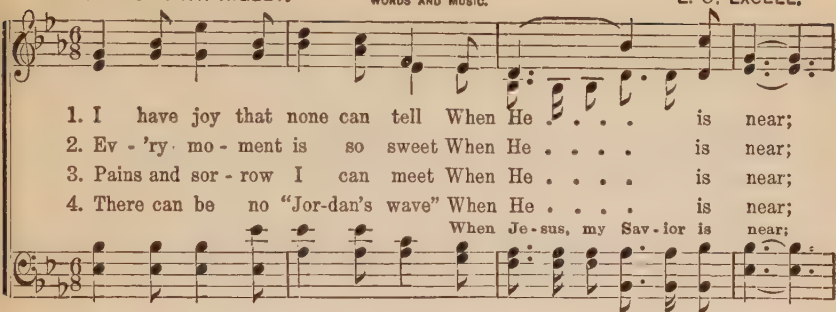
No. 5.

When He is Near.

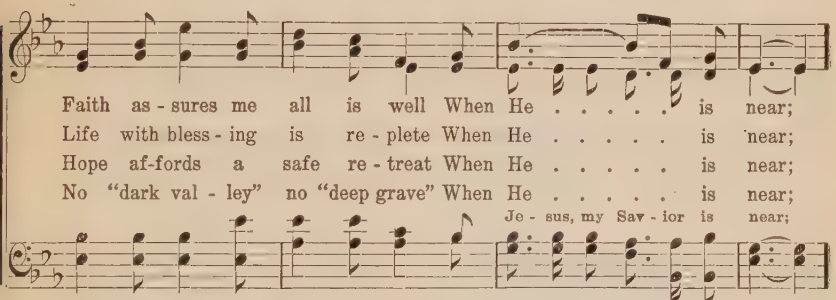
ELMER ELLSWORTH HIGLEY.

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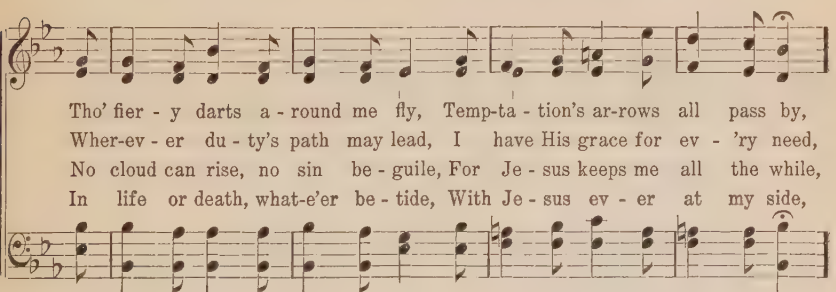
E. O. EXCELL.



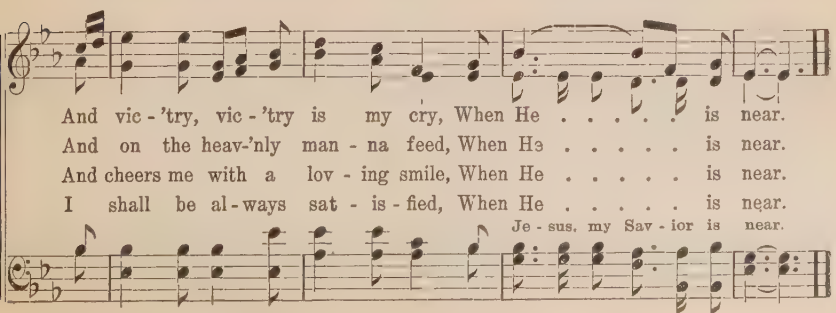
1. I have joy that none can tell When He is near;
 2. Ev - 'ry mo - ment is so sweet When He is near;
 3. Pains and sor - row I can meet When He is near;
 4. There can be no "Jor-dan's wave" When He is near;
 When Je - sus, my Sav - ior is near;



Faith as - sures me all is well When He is near;
 Life with bless - ing is re - plete When He is near;
 Hope af-fords a safe re - treat When He is near;
 No "dark val - ley" no "deep grave" When He is near;
 Je - sus, my Sav - ior is near;



Tho' fier - y darts a - round me fly, Temp-ta - tion's ar - rows all pass by,
 Wher - ev - er du - ty's path may lead, I have His grace for ev - 'ry need,
 No cloud can rise, no sin be - guile, For Je - sus keeps me all the while,
 In life or death, what-e'er be - tide, With Je - sus ev - er at my side,



And vic - 'try, vic - 'try is my cry, When He is near.
 And on the heav - 'nly man - na feed, When He is near.
 And cheers me with a lov - ing smile, When He is near.
 I shall be al - ways sat - is - fied, When He is near.
 Je - sus, my Sav - ior is near.

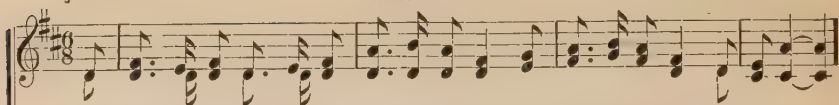
No. 6.

How Sweet is His Love.

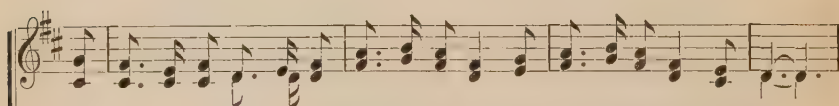
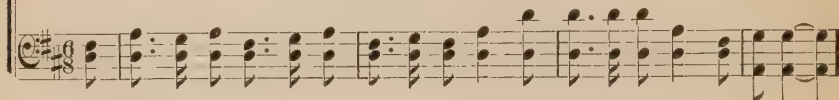
JAMES ROWE,

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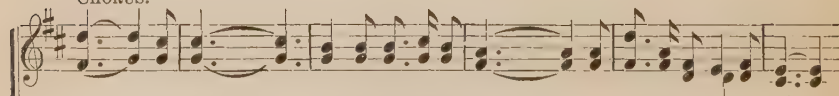
1. When troubled my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus;
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in despair, How sweet is the love of Je - sus;
3. When dark is the night, and when sorely distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus;



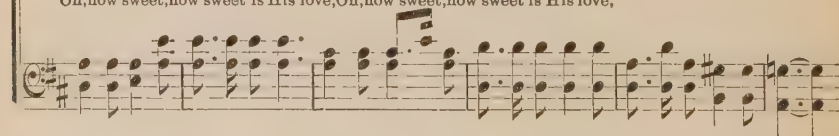
When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are unkind, How sweet is His love to me.
 When suff'ring with pain and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me.
 When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me.



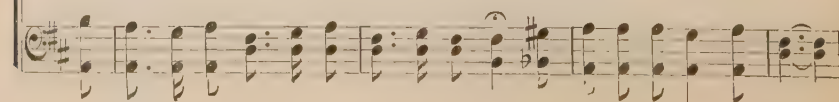
CHORUS.



Oh, how sweet, . . . Oh, how sweet is His love, . . . How sweet is His love to me,
 Oh, how sweet, how sweet is His love, Oh, how sweet, how sweet is His love,



When friends all have gone and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me.



No. 7.

The Waiting Savior.

LILLIAN STILES WEBSTER.

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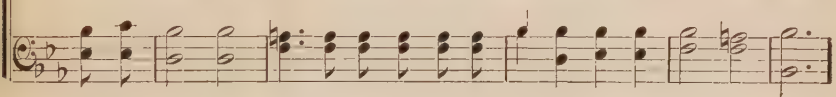
H. P. DANKS.



1. I am wait-ing at the por - tal; Do not pass me by! Tho' the cares of
 2. I am wait-ing at the por - tal; Do I wait in vain? Seek - ing on - ly
 3. I am wait-ing at the por - tal, Pa-tient-ly I wait; In my Fa-ther's



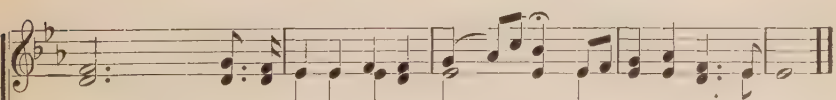
life are press-ing, Lin - ger to re-ceive a bless-ing, Ere the night draws nigh.
 earth-ly pleas - ures And re-ject-ing heav'n-ly treasures Do not bring thee gain.
 name re-ceive-ing All who come to me be - liev-ing, Ere it be too late.



CHORUS.



At the por-tal, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing still for
 At the por-tal, I am wait-ing,



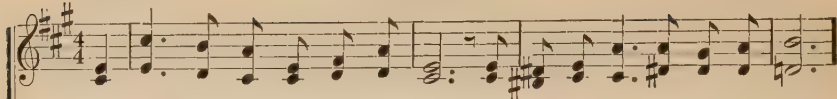
Thee: At the por-tal I am wait - ing, Then come, O come to me.
 still for Thee;



W. C. MARTIN.

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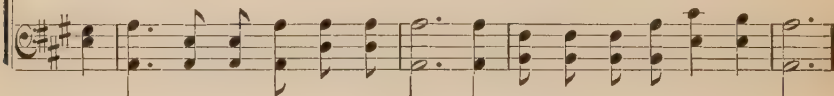
M. L. McPHAIL.



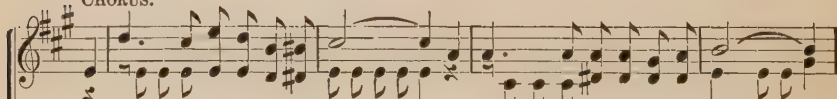
1. When storm-y bil-lows try my soul, And sor-rows o'er my spir-it roll;
2. When cum-ber'd with a weight of care, My ref-uge is in hum-ble pray'r;
3. I love the Christian's mer-cy seat, Where heaven deigns my soul to greet;



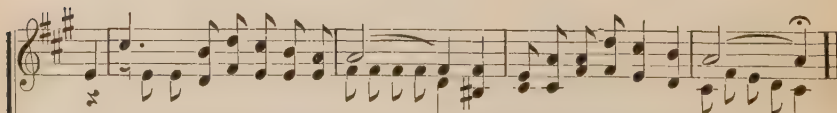
When thro' the clouds no light I see, My God, then I de-pend on Thee.
 I learn'd when mer-cy set me free, To al-ways, Lord, de-pend on Thee,
 No oth-er priv-i-lege can be, So sweet as to de-pend on Thee.



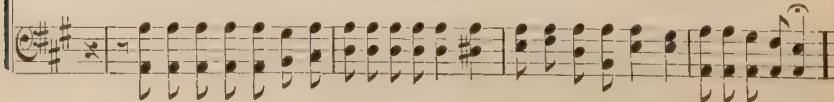
CHORUS.



What-ev-er comes, I have relief; . . . I fear not danger, loss or grief, . . .
 What-ev-er I have relief; I fear not loss or grief;



In all things I depend on Thee, . . . Yes, ev-er-more depend on Thee. . .
 In all depend on Thee, depend on Thee.



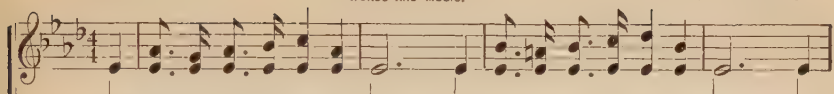
No. 9.

Work, Work, Work.

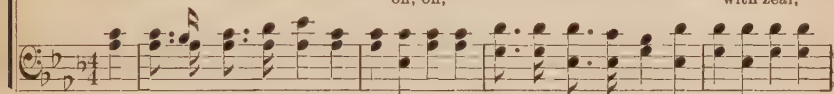
ANON.

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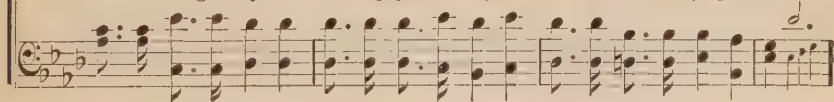
IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. The Sav-ior calls us to His work, The la-bor that we have to do, Claims
His work, to do,
2. Al - tho' we weaken with the toil, And sigh for rest, to lay us down, There's
the toil, us down,
3. Then grant us strength to labor on, And in Thy service toil with zeal, Let
on, on, with zeal,



all the Christian's pow'rs, In these the flying hours, Then let us each his task pursue.
much that must be done Before the rest be won, And we may wear the victor's crown.
not a sin-gle day In i - dling pass a-way, But let us, Lord, Thy spirit feel.



CHORUS.



Work, there's no time for i - dle sigh - ing; Work, zeal and earnestness
work, work, work, work,



ply-ing, 'Neath the flag of Christ un-furl'd We mean to con - quer all the world.



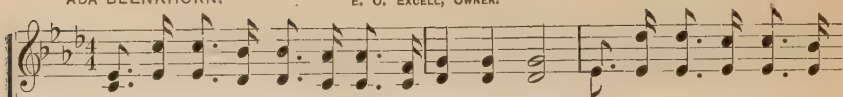
No. 10.

Let the Sunshine In.

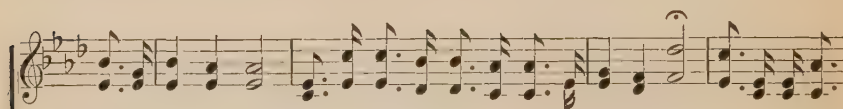
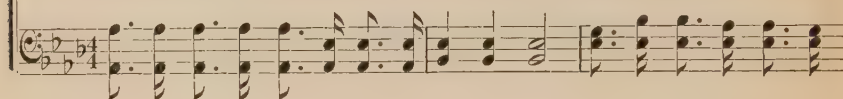
ADA BLENKHORN.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-out you—
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-an-swer'd
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of dark-ness



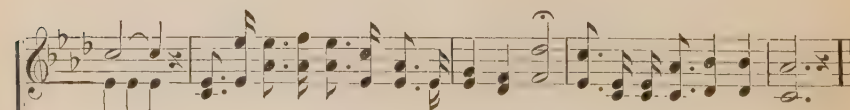
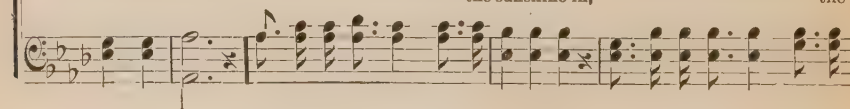
dark-er still with-in? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle
by your God a-bove? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle
dwelling in the day? Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle



CHORUS.



sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine in..... Let a lit-tle sun-shine
the sunshine in, the



in; . . Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle sunshine in.
sunshine in;



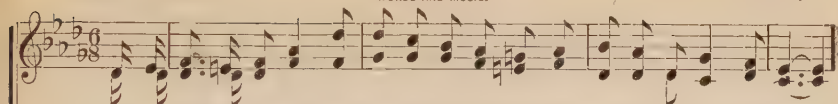
No. 11.

That Beautiful Story.

JAMES ROWE.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

VICTOR H. BENKE.



1. Let me hear it a-gain, that beau-ti-ful sto-ry, That sto-ry of Je - sus' love;
2. Let me hear it a-gain, for, oh, how I love it, Yes, tell it to me once more;
3. Let me hear it a-gain, the sweetest of sto-ries, It brings to me joy un - told;



Tell a-gain and a-gain, why deep-ly to suf-fer He came from His home above.
 For a feel - ing of peace my soul is en - joy-ing That nev - er was mine be-fore.
 I would hear it some day, when o-ver the riv - er I'm walk-ing the streets of gold.



CHORUS.



That beau-ti-ful sto-ry, that beau-ti-ful sto-ry, The weight from my soul doth re-move;



Of hear-ing it told, I would nev-er grow wea-ry, That sto-ry of Je - sus' love.



No. 12. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

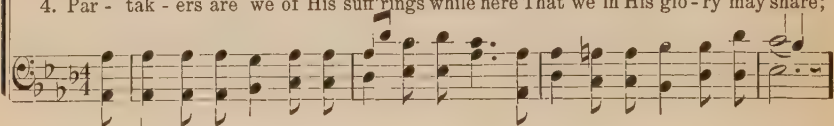
Mrs. C. H. M

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If ev - er we en - ter the glo - ry a - bove, That beau - ti - ful cit - y of God,
2. The pruning must come ere the fruit shall appear, The fire ere the gold be re - fined,
3. The love of the Fa - ther is tender and kind, His judgments are righteous and pure,
4. Par - tak - ers are we of His suff' - rings while here That we in His glo - ry may share;



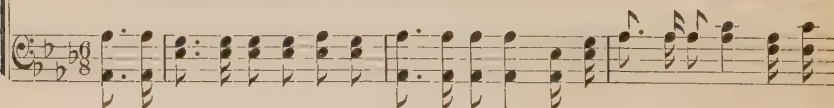
Our feet must be placed in the footprints of Him, Who ev - er the thorn - y way trod.
The test - ing se - vere ere the Mas - ter in us His im - age re - flect - ed shall find.
His wis - dom so great that one tri - al too much Shall nev - er be ours to en - dure.
En - dur - ing the cross with the Sav - ior be - low, That with Him the crown we may wear.



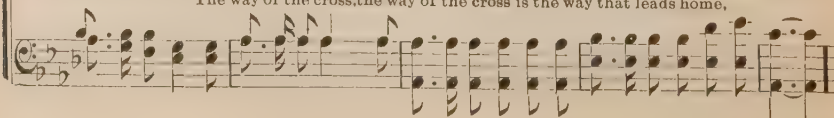
CHORUS.



Then we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah! tho' tri - als may come, For the way of the cross is the



way that leads home, The way . . . of the cross . . . is the way . . . that leads home.
The way of the cross, the way of the cross is the way that leads home,



No. 13.

That Beautiful Name.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS



1. That beau-ti-ful name how it thrills me, The mention of Je - sus is sweet;
2. That beau-ti-ful name, it in - spires me, To la - bor for lost ones in sin;
3. That beau-ti-ful name is the watchword Of ev - 'ry true child of the King;
4. That beau-ti-ful name gives me en-trance To yon-der bright re-gion of day,



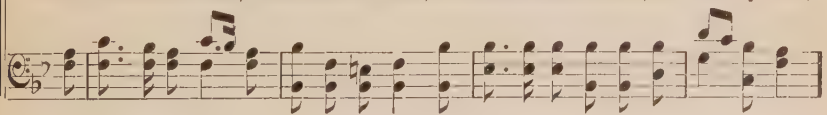
A joy in - ex-press-i - ble fills me, I love that dear name to re - peat.
 And oft when grown cold in the serv - ice, It's men-tion to du - ty will win.
 And when in the thick of the bat - tle It's men-tion fresh courage will bring.
 And there at the gates to the cit - y, That Name as a pass-word I'll say.



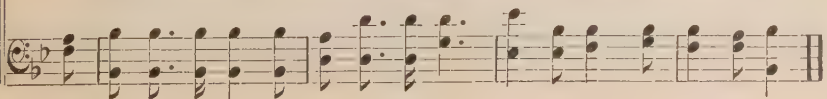
CHORUS.



That beau-ti-ful name, That beautiful name, The name of our Savior, the Ho - ly One;



That beau-ti-ful name, That beau-ti - ful name; Je - sus Christ, God's on - ly Son.



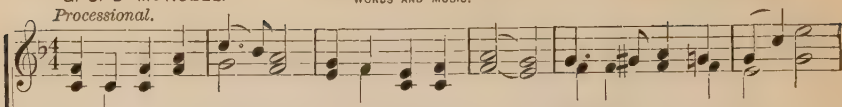
No. 14.

On Our Way Rejoicing.

G. S. B. MONSELL:

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.

Processional.

1. On our way re - joic - ing As we homeward move, Heark-en to our prais - es,
2. If with hon-est heart-ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad-ly let us go; Conquer'd hath our lead - er!
4. Un - to God our Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the Sav - ior

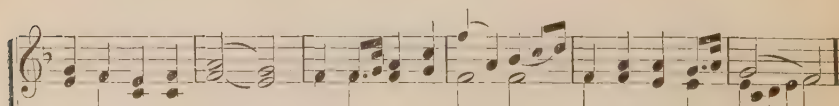
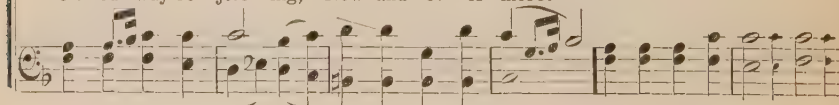


O Thou God of love; . . . Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!
 Do-ing what we can; . . . Thou who giv'st the seedtime Wilt give large increase,
 Vanquish'd is our foe! . . . Christ without, our safe - ty; Christ within, our joy;
 Thankful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore,



REFRAIN.

Is our sky be-cloud - ed, Clouds are not from Thee!
 Crown the head with blessings, Fill the heart with peace. On our way re-joic - ing,
 Who, if we be faith-ful, Can our hope de-stroy?
 On our way re - joic - ing, Now and ev - er - more!



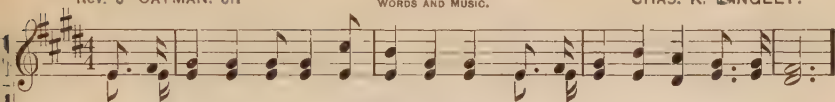
As we homeward move, Heark-en to our prais-es, O Thou God of love!



Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



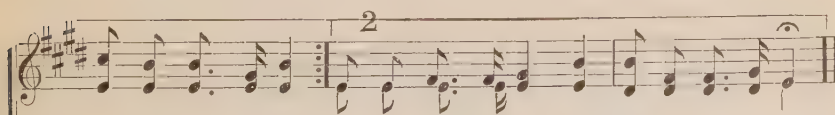
1. When the storm-clouds gather a-bove my head, I will not sit down in de-spair;
2. If some wave of sor-row should press my soul, I will put my-self in His care;
3. If the cross is heav-y, a-long life's road, And the bur-den all I can bear,
4. If the days be cloud-y, or skies be bright, In my soul I know it is fair,



For "I will be with thee," His Word hath said, And I know that Je-sus will be there.
 For the waves are un-der my Lord's con-trol, And I know that Je-sus will be there.
 I have still His promise to share my load, And I know that Je-sus will be there.
 For His smile it scatters the shades of night, And I know that Je-sus will be there.



{ In ev-'ry time of tri-al, Je-sus will be there, Je-sus will be there, yes,
 { In ev-'ry self de-ni-al, Ev-'ry time of care



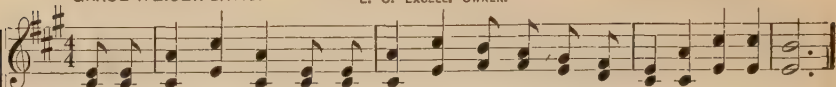
Je-sus will be there; Je-sus will be there; Yes, Je-sus will be there.



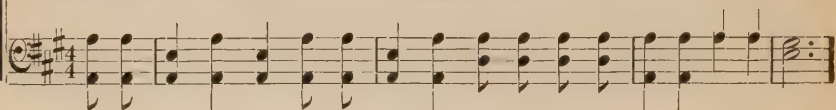
GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul!
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul!
3. Since with God I've walk'd, having sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul!
4. Since I en-ter'd Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul!



Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov-ing kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.



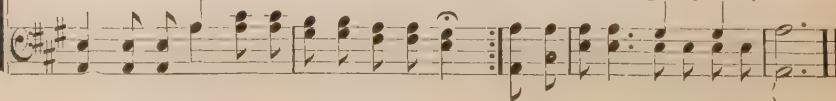
CHORUS.



{ There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! Ev-'ry
 There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul!



day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul.
 glo-ry in my soul



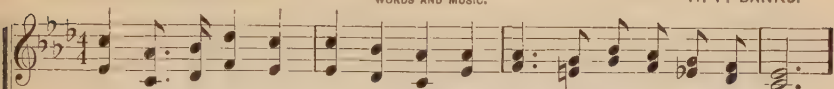
No. 17.

Jesus, My Savior, Look on Me.

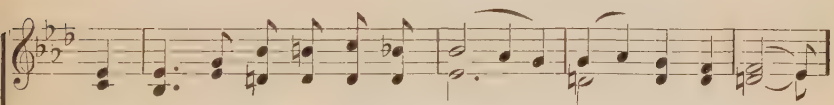
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

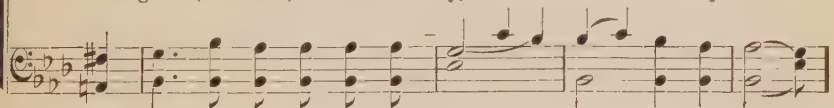
H. P. DANKS.



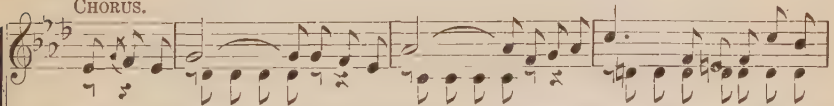
1. Je - sus my Sav-ior, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
2. I am be-wil-der'd on my way, Dark and tem-pest-u-ous is the night:
3. When Sa - tan flings his fier - y darts, I look to Thee; my ter-rors cease;
4. Thou wilt my ev - 'ry want sup - ply, E'en to the end, what-e'er be - fall;



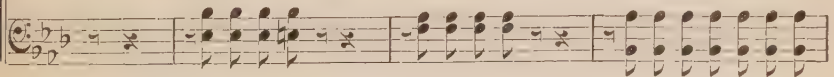
I come to cast my - self on Thee; . . . Thou art my rest.
 Oh, send Thou forth some cheer-ing ray! . . . Thou art my light.
 Thy cross a hid - ing place im - parts; . . . Thou art my peace.
 Through life, in death, e - ter - nal - ly, . . . Thou art my all.



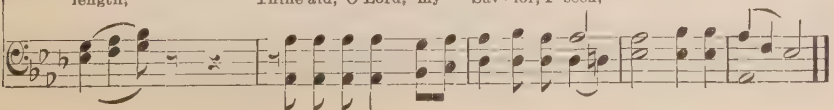
CHORUS.



Look down, on me, . . . for I am weak; . . . I feel the toilsome, toilsome journey's
 Look down on me. for I am weak; I feel the toilsome journey's



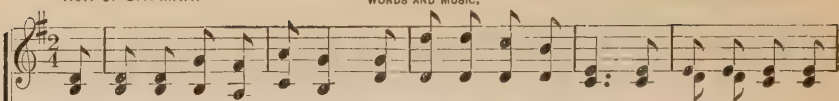
length; Thine aid, O Lord, my Sav-ior, I seek, I seek; Thou art my strength.
 length; Thine aid, O Lord, my Sav-ior, I seek;



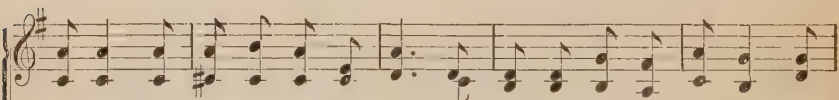
Rev. J. OATMAN.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. Be - fore I came to Je - sus, My heart was full of sin, My soul was lost in
2. Tho' pleasures oft would tempt me To turn from Christ a - way, Tho' tri - als would im -
3. Some day I'll reach the val - ley When thro' my journey here, And with the Sav - ior
4. When I be - hold His glo - ry With - in the jas - per walls, Where one e - ter - nal



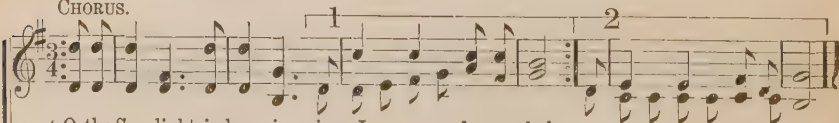
dark - ness, No sun - shine beamed with - in; But since the hand of Je - sus My
pede me Or Sa - tan bid me stray, Yet I am still de - ter - mined To
near me, The shad - ow I'll not fear, But shout when un - der - neath me The
sun - light For - ev - er on me falls; I'll sing thro' all the cit - y, While



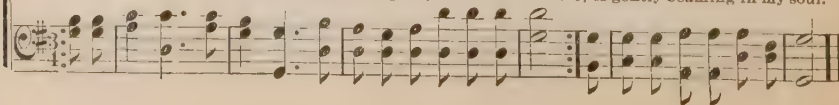
guilt a - way did roll, O the Sun - light of Heav - en Is beam - ing in my soul.
reach the heav'n - ly goal, O the Sun - light of Heav - en Is beam - ing in my soul.
waves of Jor - dan roll, O the Sun - light of Heav - en Is beam - ing in my soul.
end - less a - ges roll, O the Sun - light of Heav - en Is beam - ing in my soul.



CHORUS.



{ O the Sun - light is beaming since Je - sus made me whole; }
{ O the Sun - light of Heaven } is beam - ing in my soul.
since Je - sus spoke, and made me whole; is gently beaming in my soul.



No. 19.

Forever His Own.

KATE ULMER.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Oh, dark was the long, wear-y night, So crush-ing was sin's heav-y blight,
2. Tho' long I had sought to find peace, My troub-les seem'd but to in - crease,
3. My bur-dens no long-er I bear, On Je-sus I cast ev - 'ry care,
4. Now viewed in the light of the cross, Earth's treasures seem nothing but dross;



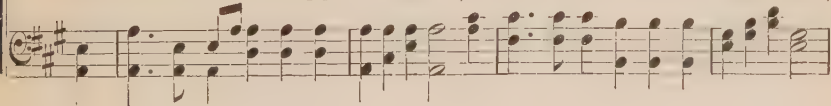
Till Je-sus Himself gave me light, And sealed me for-ev - er His own.
Till Je-sus in love bade them cease, And sealed me for-ev - er His own.
He tells me to leave them all there, Who sealed me for-ev - er His own.
For Je-sus I count them all loss, Who sealed me for-ev - er His own.



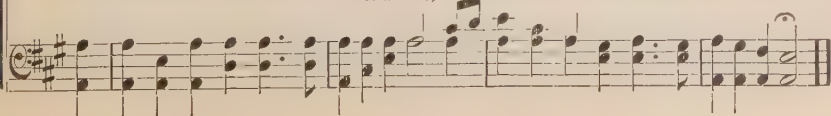
CHORUS.



He sealed me for - ev - er His own, Such love and such grace ne'er were known;
for - ev - er His own, ne'er were known,



He died all my guilt to a - tone, And seal'd me for-ev - er His own.
to a-tone, for-ev - er His own.



No. 20. The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

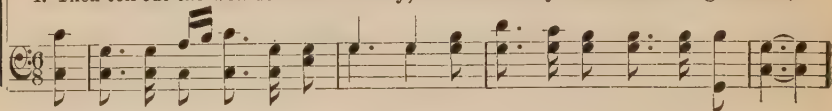
KATE ULMER.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

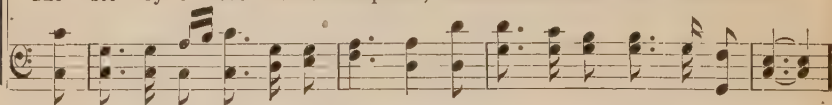
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Oh, sweet is the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev - er was told;
2. It tells of re-demp-tion from sin-ning, The mar - vel-ous gift of God's love;
3. A mes-sage of light and re-joic - ing, In pow - er it speed-eth a - long;
4. Then tell out the won-der - ful sto - ry, The sto - ry that can - not grow old;



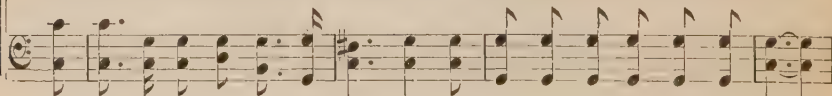
None oth - er such love and com-pas - sion, Such vis - ions of glo - ry un - fold.
Who gave to the world His Be - lov - ed, To woo us to heav - en a - bove.
Till hearts born a - new out of dark - ness, O'er-flow with sal - va-tion's glad song.
The sto - ry of love and re-demp-tion, The sweet-est that ev - er was told.



CHORUS.



Oh, won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweet-est that ev - er was told;



He died that the sin - ful and err - ing, The Father's great love might be-hold.



Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher - ev - er I go;
 2. His mer - cy and love is un - bound - ed, He makes me with gladness o'er - flow;
 3. He helps me when tri - als sur - round me, His grace and His goodness to show;
 4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith - ful - ly serve Him be - low;

That I must be tell - ing His good - ness For ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Oh, He is "the Chief of ten - thou - sand" That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Oh, how can I help but a - dore Him That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.
 Who brought me His wondrous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know;
 should know, should know;

I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

JESSIE B. POUNDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. My Sav - ior has freed me from sin, And led me His good-ness to know;
 2. The weight that so long hath op-pressed He bur - ied it deep in the sea;
 3. He lift - ed my feet from the clay, To rest on His prom-ise se - cure;



My life was as scar - let with - in, He made it as white as the snow.
 As far as the east is from west, He put my transgressions from me.
 I sing of His good-ness to - day, I praise Him whose mercies are sure.



CHORUS.



Oh! can it be, for you and me, His won-der-ful, won-der-ful grace is free.



The world to save His life He gave, A ran - som on Cal - va - ry.



No. 23.

Ashamed of Thee!

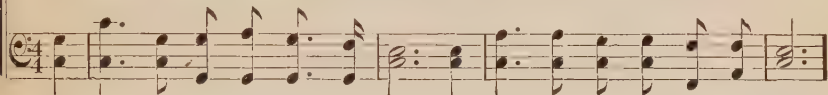
W. W. HOWE.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

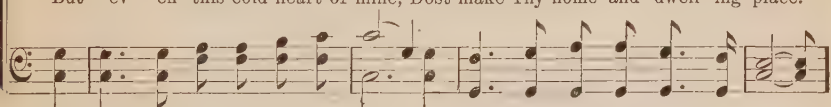
H. P. DANKS.



1. A-shamed of Thee! O dear - est Lord, I mar - vel how such wrong can be:
2. A-shamed of Thee! of that blest Name Which speaks of mer - cy full and free,
3. A-shamed of Thee! whose love di - vine, Was not a-shamed of our lost race,



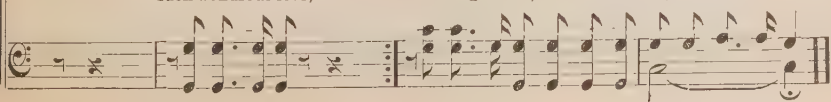
And yet how oft in deed and word, Have I been found a - shamed of Thee.
Nay, Lord, I would my on - ly shame, Might be to be a - shamed of Thee.
But ev - en this cold heart of mine, Dost make Thy home and dwell - ing place.



A-shamed of { Thee! my King, my God, Who sought me with
 { way of sor - row trod, To bring me
 { Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God, Who sought me with
 { Whose feet the way of sor - row trod,



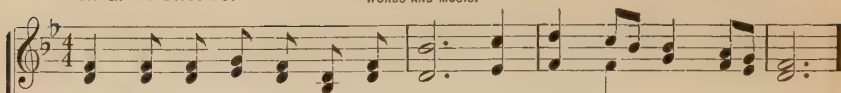
such wondrous love; .. Whose feet the to Thy home a - bove.
such wondrous love; To bring me to, Thy home a - bove, Thy home a - bove.



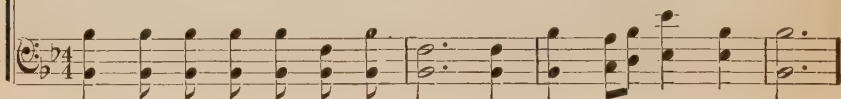
Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

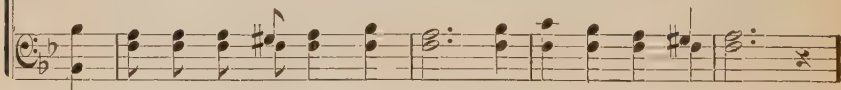
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I shall be sat - is - fied at last On heav'n's e - ter - nal shore,
2. I shall be sat - is - fied when sin Has all been wash'd a - way,
3. I shall be sat - is - fied when love My por - tion blest shall be,
4. I shall be sat - is - fied when I No more shall leave His side;



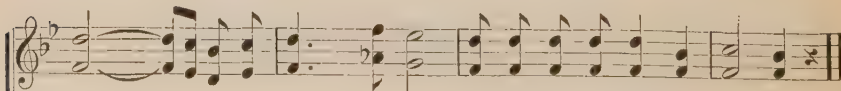
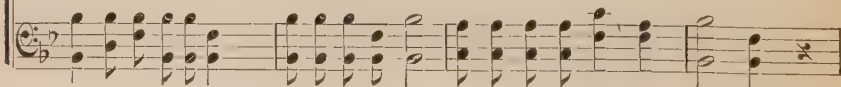
When all the storms of life are past, That now a-round me roar.
 When ho - li - ness shall reign with - in, Pure as the per - fect day.
 When peace, like a ce - les - tial dove, Shall spread its wings o'er me.
 When God shall wake me with a smile I shall be sat - is - fied.



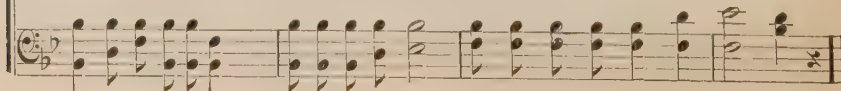
CHORUS.



I . . . shall be sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied when Je - sus takes me,
 I shall be sat-is-fied, sat - is - fied at last,



I . . . shall be sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied when God a - wakes me.
 I shall be sat-is-fied, sat - is - fied at last,



No. 25.

Ever Like Thee.

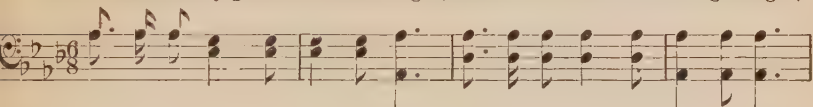
ANNA D. BRADLEY.

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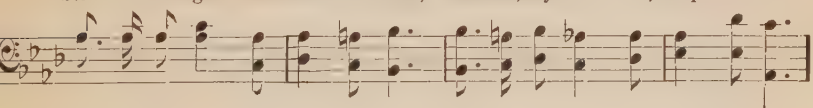
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Clos-er to Thee, O Christ, I'd cling: Ev - er to Thee my soul would sing,
2. Less of my - self, oh, let there be; More of Thy Spir - it give to me;
3. Je - sus, help me the cross to take, Help me to bear it for Thy sake;
4. Je - sus, the way grows sweet and bright; Shad-ows are lost in faith's glad light;



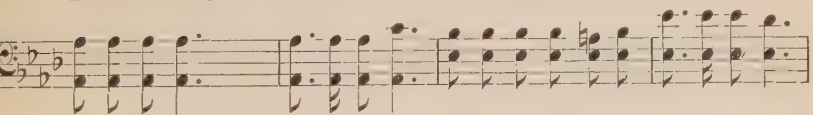
Ev - er-more like Thee I would be,— Je - sus, my Sav - ior, keep Thou me.
 Take from me, Lord, this heart of stone, Give me, in - stead, one like Thine own.
 Help me in this Thy love to see, Thus I may grow more like to Thee
 Still I would grow more like to Thee, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, keep Thou me.



CHORUS.



Ev - er like Thee, . . . Ev - er like Thee, . . .
 Ev - er like Thee, ev - er like Thee, Ev - er like Thee, Sav-ior, help me to be,



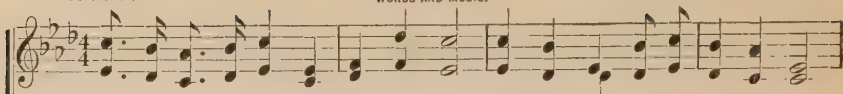
Ev - er like Thee by night and day, I would be like Thee, help me I pray.



C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There is great re-joic-ing in my soul, O - ver me waves of glo - ry roll;
2. I am sing-ing now a glad new song, Prais-ing Je - sus the whole day long;
3. Days of gloom and doubt-ing now are past, I am safe on the Rock at last;
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav-ior who died for me;



For I feel the joy of par-don'd sin,—Je - sus dwells with-in.
 For it was to save the lost He came, Glo - ry to His name.
 Lean-ing on His ev - er - last - ing arm, Death no more can harm.
 And at last on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore, Praise Him ev - er - more.



D.S.—Praise His name for-ev - er, He is mine, Glo - ry! I am His.

CHORUS.



Oh, the beau-ty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths of His un - chang-ing
 Oh, the beauty, the beauty of His smiling face! Oh, the depths of His unchanging



grace! Oh, the bless-ing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me ev-'ry hour, . . .

grace!

that keeps me:



No. 27.

The Green Hill Far Away.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. There was no oth - er good e - nough, To pay the price of sin,
4. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly was He loved! And we must love Him too,



Where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.



CHORUS.



We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to
 We may not know, we can - not tell,



bear, . . . But we believe it was for us He hung and suffer'd there, He suffer'd there.
 He had to bear,



Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast; Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



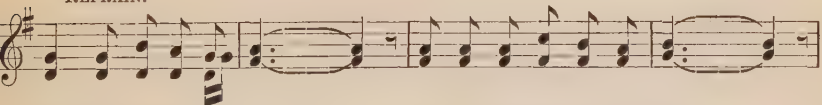
1. Oh! what a won - der - ful Sav - ior Came from the man - sions a - bove,
2. Oh! what a mer - ci - ful Sav - ior Came to bear sor - row and loss;
3. Oh! 'twas a suf - fer - ing Sav - ior Pray'd, with the thorns on His brow,
4. Ris - en and glo - ri - fied Sav - ior, Thou my Sal - va - tion shalt be;



Tell - ing the way of sal - va - tion, And show - ing His in - fin - ite love.
That He might pur - chase re - demp - tion, For sin - ners, by way of the cross.
Pray'd for the par - don of sin - ners, The par - don that's of - fer'd me, now.
Dwell - ing in man - sions of glo - ry, And yet in - ter - ced - ing for me.



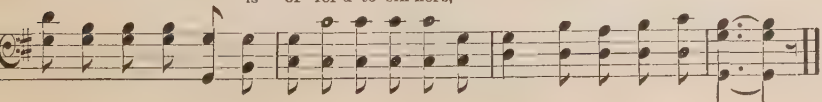
REFRAIN.



That means pardon for me, Free, and full par - don for me!
means par - don for me, full par - don for me!



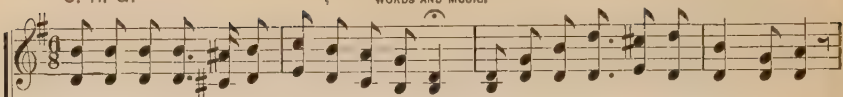
Par - don is of - fer'd to sin - ners, . . . And that means par - don for me!
is of - fer'd to sin - ners,



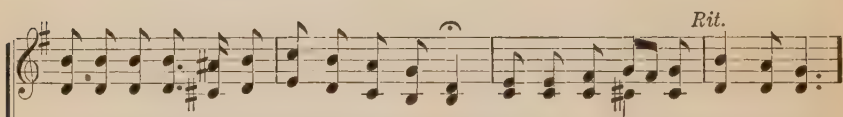
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



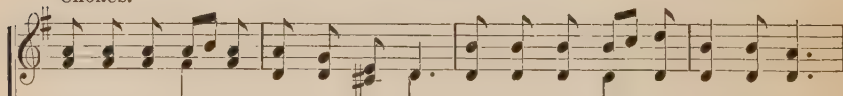
1. I will not go where I can-not take Je-sus, Je-sus my Sav-ior, my friend and Guide,
2. I will not do what I know would grieve Jesus, How could I spurn such a Friend as He?
3. I'll not be-lieve what I can-not tell Je-sus, Nor will I think up-on things un-true;
4. I'll do what-ev-er I know will please Jesus, I will be faith-ful in ev-'ry-thing;



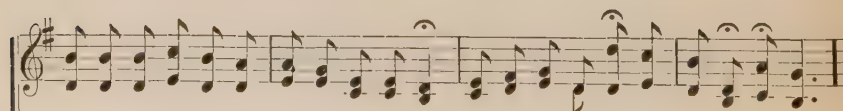
For I should trem-ble to feel for one mo-ment That He was ab-sent from my side.
No! for a life-time of tend-er-est de-vo-tion Can-not re-pay His love to me.
For in the light or the dark-ness He sure-ly Know-eth all things we think or do.
Yes, by the help and the grace that He gives me, I will be loy-al to my King.



CHORUS.



Stay with me, Sav-ior, Keep me I pray; Nev-er a mo-ment let me stray,



Help me more oft-en Thy love to re-mem-ber, That I may live clos-er, clos-er to Thee.



C. C. COX.

PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

CAREY BOGGESS.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er 'round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past,



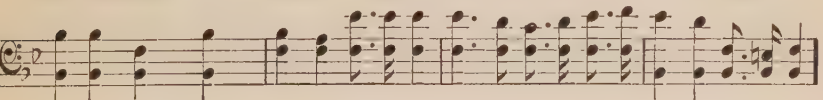
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
 They, unlinked with earth - ly trou - ble, We, still hop - ing for its end.
 Point - ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.



CHORUS.



Come the silent shades of eve - ning, Holy mem'ries cluster 'round me,
 Come the shades of eve - ning, si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly,



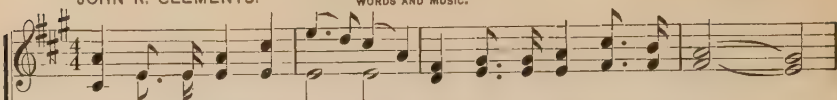
Point - ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.
 si - lent - ly,



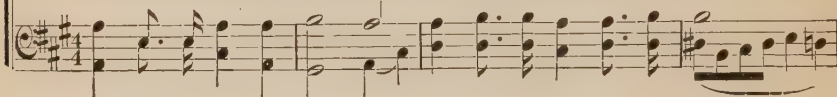
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.



1. On - ward, ye faith-ful sol - diers; Form in - to bat-tle ar - ray,
2. On - ward, ye faith-ful sol - diers; Je - sus, your Cap-tain, be - fore; . . .
3. On - ward, ye faith-ful sol - diers; Day-light will past be ere long,
4. On - ward, ye faith-ful sol - diers; Strike ye the strong-hold of sin.



Hear ye the call for con - flict; Pre - pare for ac - tion to - day. . .
 Fight ye with Christian val - or; And press the en - e - my sore. . .
 Strike while the sun is shin - ing, And sound the vic - tor's glad song. . .
 Strike, ye where vice is black - est, Let God's clear sun-light shine in. . . .



CHORUS.

On - ward, ye faith-ful sol - diers, Wav - ing the ban - ner you love; . . .

faith-ful sol-diers,

brave soldiers;



On - ward right stead-i - ly, on - ward, With strength from the Arm a - bove.



*Processional.

Rev. F. C. BAKER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. F. MILLER.



1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be brok-en,
2. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood
3. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin,
4. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al - might-y keep - ing pow'r,



The heart held cap-tive yet be free Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
 To make in me a per-fect cure, To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
 Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains.
 Temp - ta-tions come, the blood's my plea, The pre-cious blood now cleanses me.



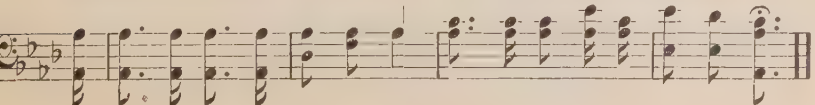
CHORUS.



The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans-eth me,



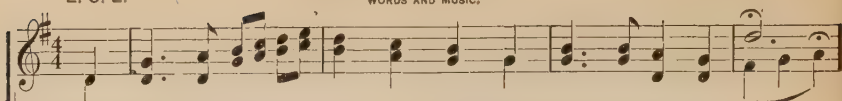
The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans-eth me.





E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

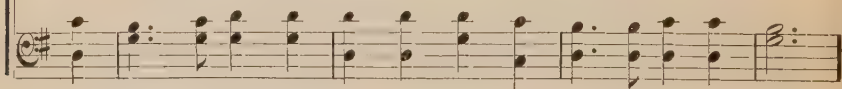
E. O. EXCELL.



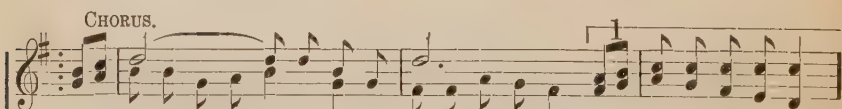
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 4. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,


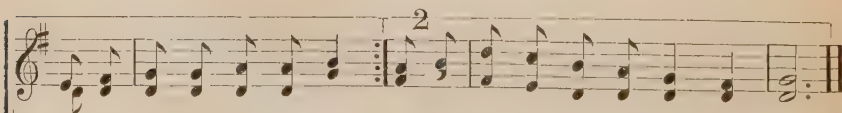
Of my Re - deem - er, Sa - vior, King, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deem'd.



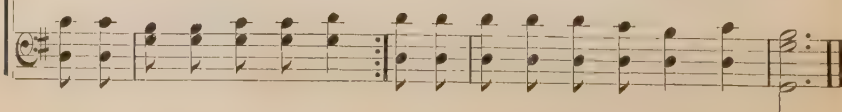
CHORUS.



Since I have been re - deem'd, Since I have been redeemed,
 Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,

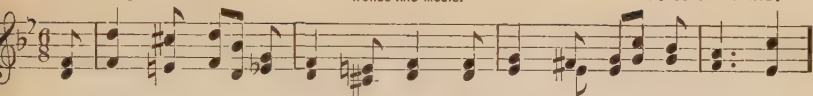
I will glo - ry in His name; I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.



JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. "Come clos - er, clos - er, child to Me," The Sav - ior's voice is say - ing;
2. Why tar - ry in the cold and dark, Where fear and foes may fright-en?
3. Come clos - er to Him, if to - day Thou art to Christ a strang - er;
4. Come clos - er, clos - er, ev - 'ry one Who hears the sto - ry old - en;



Oh, list - en to His ten - der plea, There's joy in just o - bey - ing.
Thy deep - est need the Lord will mark, Thy dark - ness will en - light - en.
De - lay not, lest a - long the way, Thy foes thy soul en - dang - er.
Come near - er, till when life is done, Ye see the cit - y gold - en.



CHORUS.



Come clos - er, clos - er still, The Mas - ter's word be - liev - ing;
Come clos - er, clos - er,



Keep near His heart and learn His will, His grace and peace re - ceiv - ing.



A. L. SKILTON.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.



1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man-ger,
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,



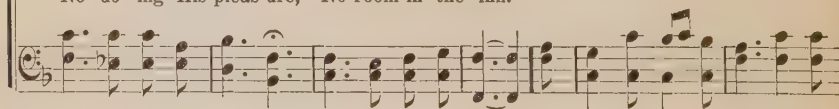
No-where for His head; No prais-es, of glad-ness, No tho't of their sin,
 No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sor-row for sin,
 No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure, No weep-ing for sin,

*Rit.*

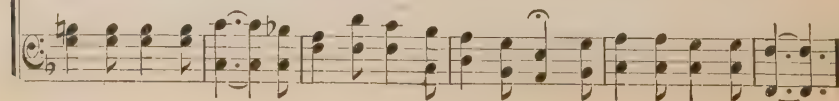
CHORUS.



No glo-ry, but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
 No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

*Rit.*

give Him welcome free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

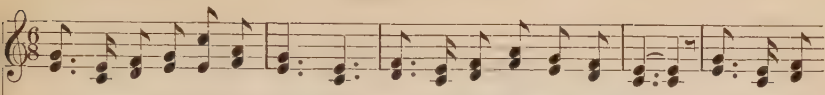


No. 37. Open the Door for the Children.

MARY A. KIDDER,

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E. O. EXCELL,



1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten - der-ly gather them in; In from the
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand, Point them to



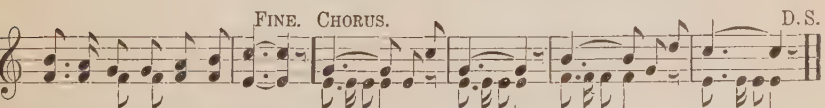
highway and hedg-es, In from the places of sin; Some are so young and so
down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs; Pray you the Fa-ther to
truth and to goodness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land, Some are so young and so



help - less, Some are so hungry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - dren,
bless them, Pray you that grace may be given; O - pen the door for the chil - dren,
help - less, Some are so hungry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - dren,



D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil - dren,



FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

Gath - er them in-to the fold.

Theirs is the kingdom of heav'n. O - pen the door, Gath - er them in,

Gath - er them in-to the fold. O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gather them in, gather them in,

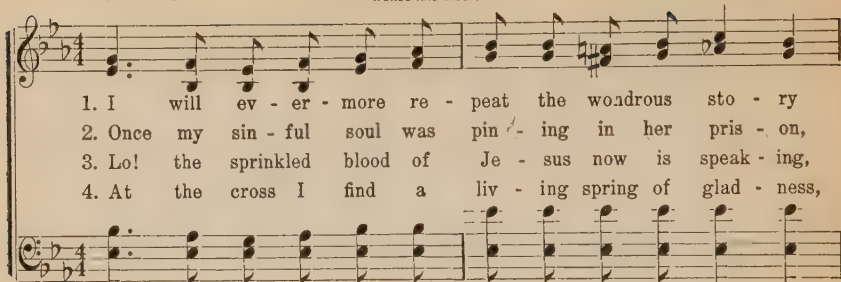


Gath - er them in-to the fold.

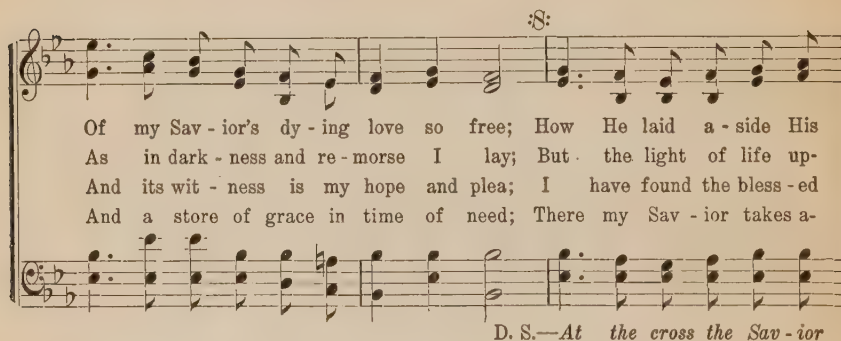
G. M. BILLS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

M. L. McPHAIL.



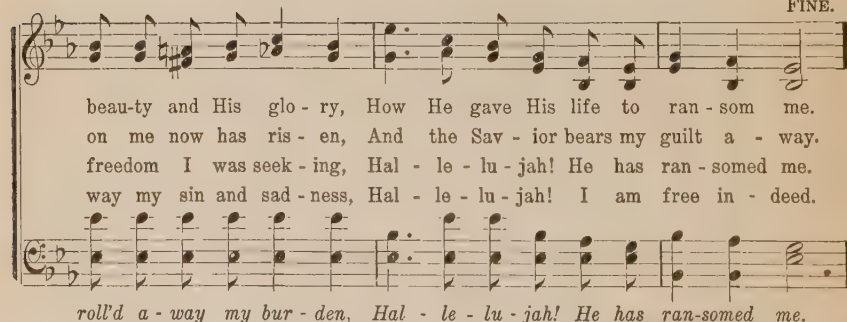
1. I will ev - er - more re - peat the wondrous sto - ry
 2. Once my sin - ful soul was pin - ing in her pris - on,
 3. Lo! the sprinkled blood of Je - sus now is speak - ing,
 4. At the cross I find a liv - ing spring of glad - ness,



Of my Sav - ior's dy - ing love so free; How He laid a - side His
 As in dark - ness and re - morse I lay; But the light of life up -
 And its wit - ness is my hope and plea; I have found the bless - ed
 And a store of grace in time of need; There my Sav - ior takes a -

D. S.—At the cross the Sav - ior

FINE.

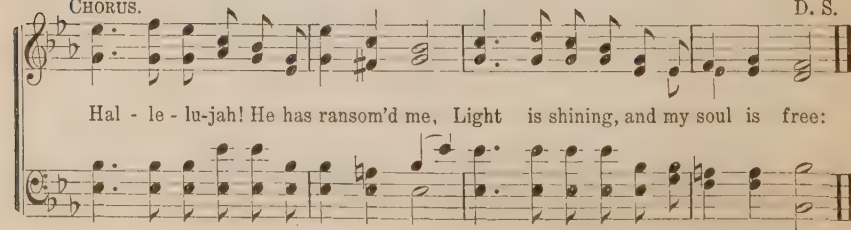


beau - ty and His glo - ry, How He gave His life to ran - som me.
 on me now has ris - en, And the Sav - ior bears my guilt a - way.
 freedom I was seek - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ran - somed me.
 way my sin and sad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free in - deed.

roll'd a - way my bur - den, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ran - somed me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

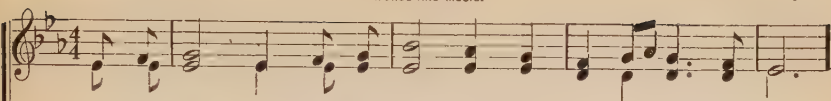


Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ransom'd me, Light is shining, and my soul is free:

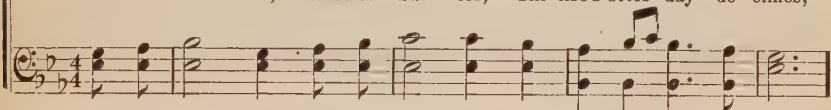
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

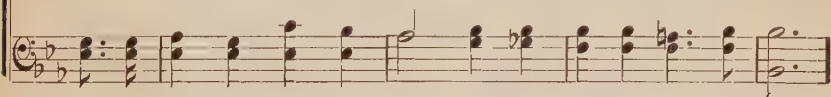
H. P. DANKS.



1. Draw me near - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Oh, draw me to Thy side;
2. Draw me near - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Show me Thy paths of peace;
3. Draw me near - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Be Thou my per - fect rest;
4. Draw me near - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Till life's brief day de - clines;



Let Thy lov - ing arms en - fold me, My Day-Star and my Guide.
 Lead me o'er the qui - et wa - ters, Where storms of sor - row cease.
 May Thy com-fort, peace and glad - ness, Make still my troub - led breast.
 Draw me near - er, ev - er near - er, Till light e - ter - nal shines.



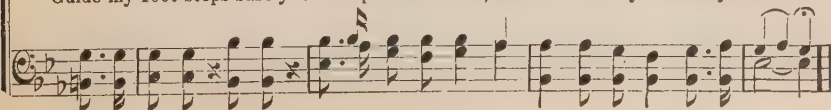
CHORUS.



Draw me nearer, Oh, draw me nearer, My Savior, to Thy precious side;
 Draw me near-er, draw me nearer, Sav-ior, to Thy side;



Guide my foot-steps safely to the promised land, Where I with my Lord may a-bide.



Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
 2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
 3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
 4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - lons to Him;
 All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be - lons to Him;
 All my love I give to Je - sus, It be - lons to Him;
 All my life I give to Je - sus, It be - lons to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es swell-ing,
 Plead-ing for the young and hoar-y, Tell-ing of His pow'r and glo-ry,
 Lov-ing Him for love un-ceas-ing, For His mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
 Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er - more His good-ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
 Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, It be-longs to Him.
 For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
 Ev - er - more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him.

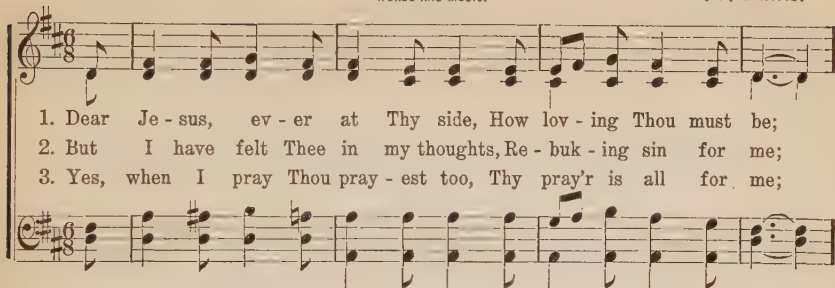
No. 41.

Dear Jesus, Ever at Thy Side.

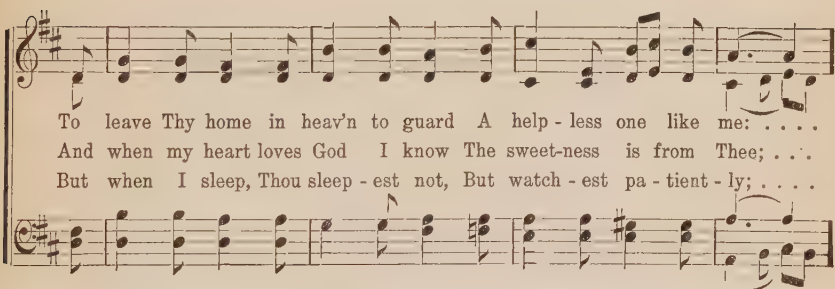
F. W. FABER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

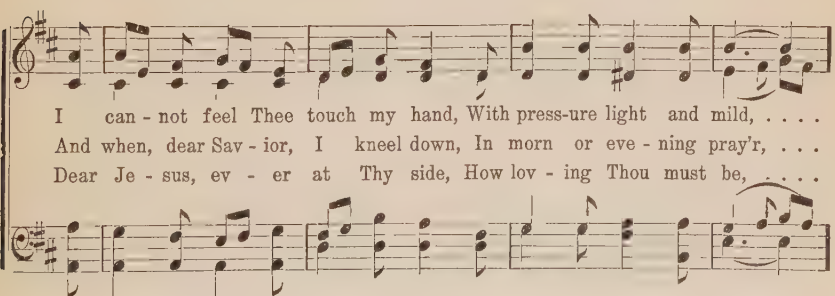
H. P. DANKS.



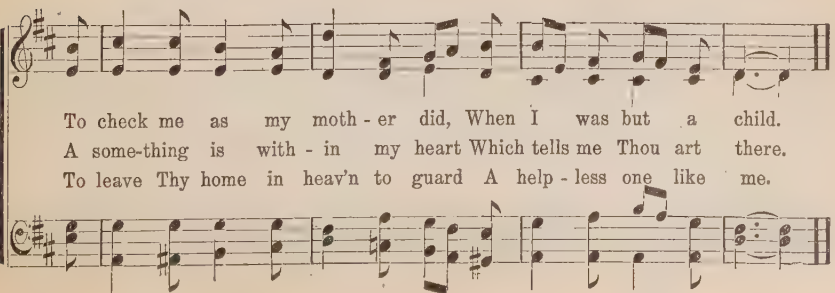
1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at Thy side, How lov - ing Thou must be;
 2. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
 3. Yes, when I pray Thou pray - est too, Thy pray'r is all for me;



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A help - less one like me:
 And when my heart loves God I know The sweet-ness is from Thee; . . .
 But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly;



I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With press - ure light and mild,
 And when, dear Sav - ior, I kneel down, In morn or eve - ning pray'r, . . .
 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at Thy side, How lov - ing Thou must be,

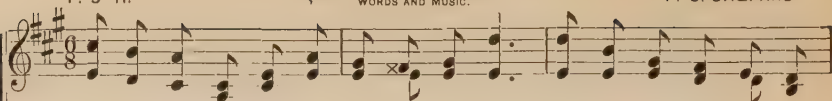


To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child.
 A some-thing is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.
 To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A help - less one like me.

F. S. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. SHEPARD



1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav - y - la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan - der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes - sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mount - ain so



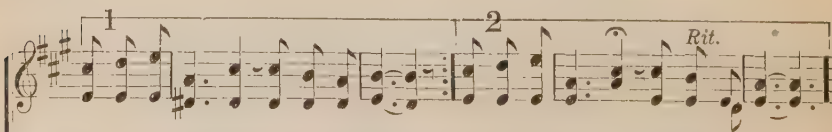
come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free,"
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres - ence so long wilt thou stay?
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now, He has mer - cies un - told;



REFRAIN.



Je - sus is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing,
call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,



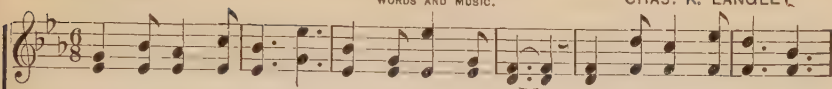
Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee; Je - sus is call ing, call - ing for thee.



E. E. HEWITT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY



1. Sing the love of Je - sus, Ev - er - last - ing love; Sing the love of Je - sus,
2. Sing the love of Je - sus, When the shad - ows fall; Sing the love of Je - sus,
3. Sing the love of Je - sus, Earth - ly com - forts fail; Sing the love of Je - sus,



Bless - ed Friend a - bove; Wondrous sto - ry of Cal - va - ry! Bearing the cross for
He will hear your call! He will give you a - bun - dant grace, Brighten and cheer the
Fears and doubts as - sail; Like fair blos - soms a - bove the snow, Still will His love the



you and me; Love o - ver - flow - ing, rich and free; Sing His pre - cious love!
dark - est place With the glad sun - shine of His face; Sing His pre - cious love!
sweet - er grow; Hap - py in Him when tempests blow, Sing His pre - cious love!



D. S.— *Ev - er the same, oh, bless His name! Sing His pre - cious love!*



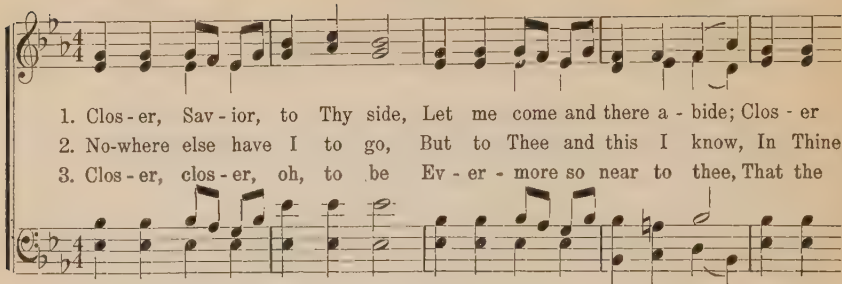
Day by day He will smooth the way; Sing of the Sav - ior's love;
pre - cious love;



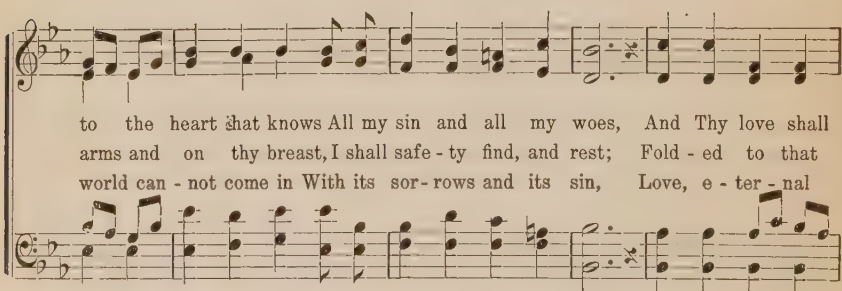
EBEN E. REXFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

J. S. FEARIS.

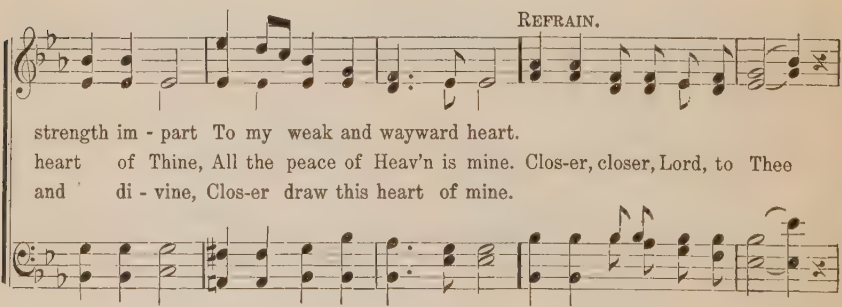


1. Clos - er, Sav - ior, to Thy side, Let me come and there a - bide; Clos - er
2. No - where else have I to go, But to Thee and this I know, In Thine
3. Clos - er, clos - er, oh, to be Ev - er - more so near to thee, That the

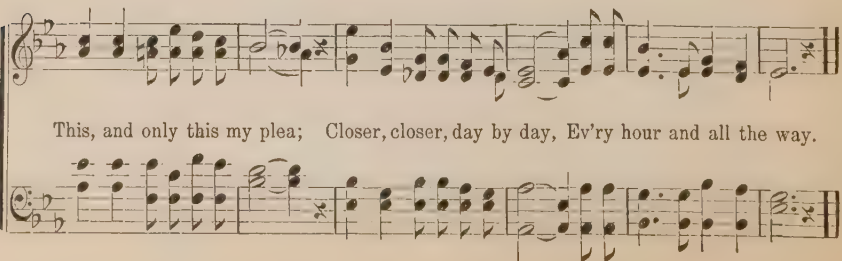


to the heart that knows All my sin and all my woes, And Thy love shall
arms and on thy breast, I shall safe - ty find, and rest; Fold - ed to that
world can - not come in With its sor - rows and its sin, Love, e - ter - nal

REFRAIN.



strength im - part To my weak and wayward heart.
heart of Thine, All the peace of Heav'n is mine. Clos - er, closer, Lord, to Thee
and di - vine, Clos - er draw this heart of mine.

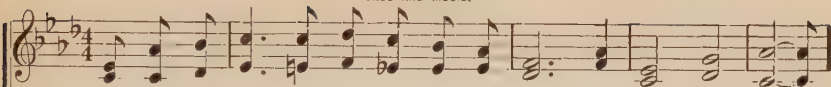


This, and only this my plea; Closer, closer, day by day, Ev'ry hour and all the way.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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H. P. DANKS



1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;
2. For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead: Lead me a - right,
3. I do not ask my cross to un - der - stand, My way to see;



I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me Aught of its load.
 Tho' strength should fal - ter and tho' heart should bleed, Thro' peace to light.
 Bet - ter in dark - ness just to feel Thy hand, And fol - low Thee.



I do not ask that flow'rs should al-ways spring Be - neath my feet;
 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed Full ra - diance here;
 Joy is like rest - less day; but peace di - vine Like qui - et night.



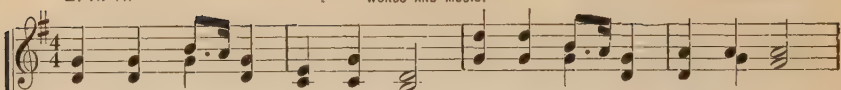
I know too well the poi - son and the sting Of things too sweet.
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With - out a fear.
 Lead me, O Lord, till per - fect day shall shine, Thro' peace to light.



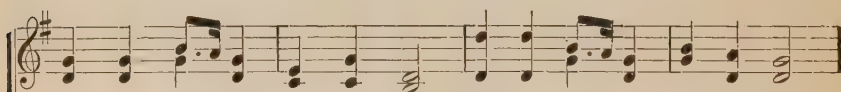
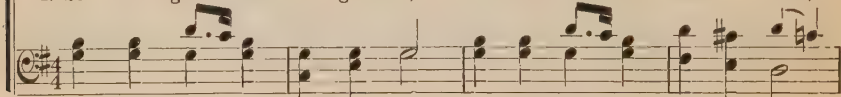
E. A. H.

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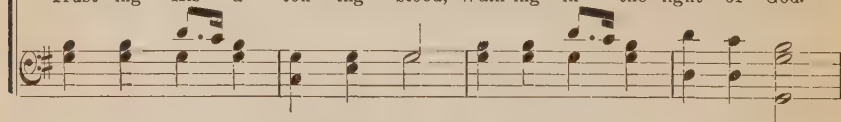
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. I have per - fect peace to - day, All my sins are washed a - way;
 2. What a work the Lord has done! What a work of grace be - gun!
 3. Won-drous is His grace to me, I am now from sin set free,
 4. So in glad - ness I go on, Till the Mas - ter's work is done,



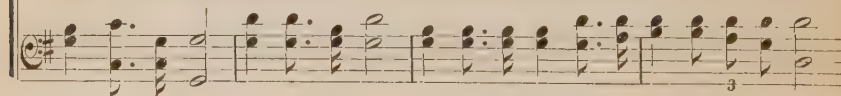
Hid - ing 'neath the crim - son blood, I am rec - on - ciled to God.
 All my sins are cov - er'd o'er; He re - mem - bers them no more.
 Sanc - ti - fied un - to my God, Thro' the all - pre - vail - ing blood.
 Trust - ing His a - ton - ing blood, Walk - ing in the light of God.



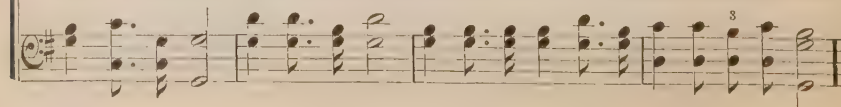
CHORUS.



Un - der the blood, un - der the blood; Par - don and cleansing I found un - der the blood;



Un - der the blood, un - der the blood, There I for - ev - er will hide, un - der the blood.



JOHN BURTON.

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E. O. EXCELL.



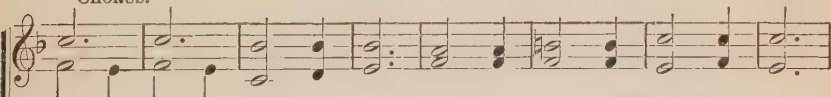
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - 'ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin - ner's doom;



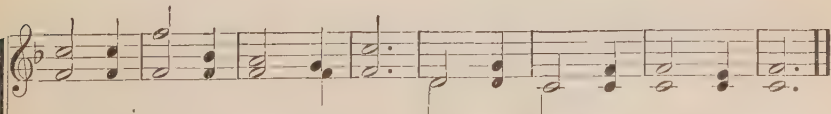
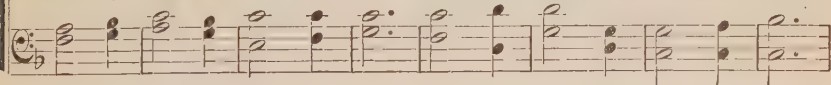
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



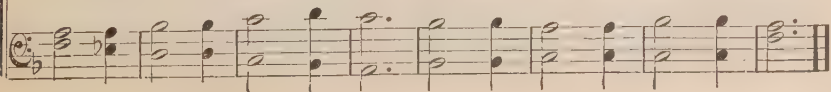
CHORUS.



Mine, mine, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,



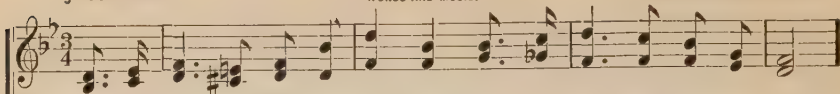
Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

VICTOR H. BENKE.



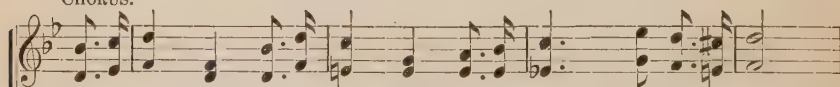
1. There are storms the world o'er sweep-ing, I can hear their thund'ring roll;
2. There is war the world o'er spread-ing; I can hear its cries of dole;
3. I can hear the glad e - van - gels, Of a bet - ter day to be,



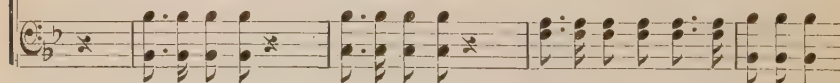
But my God His calm is keep - ing, In the song - land of the soul.
 But no strife I need be dread - ing, In the song - land of the soul.
 In my song - land with the an - gels, There my Fa - ther dwells with me.



CHORUS.



In the song - land, blessed song - land! In the song - land of my soul;
 In the song-land blessed song-land, In the blessed song-land of my soul,



God His ho - ly calm is keep - ing, In the song - land of my soul.
 In the blessed song - land of my soul.



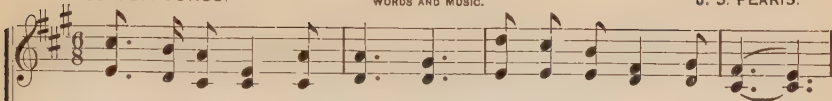
No. 49.

*Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. FEARIS.



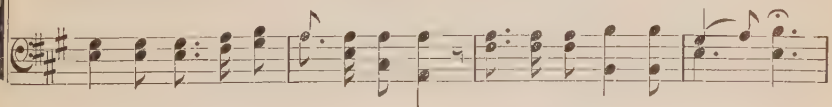
1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is long - er, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



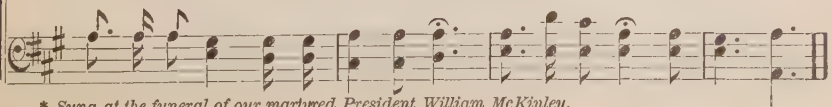
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
 Some-where the heart is strong - er, Some-where the guer - don won.
 Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!
 Some-where, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,



Land of the true, where we live a - new— Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where.

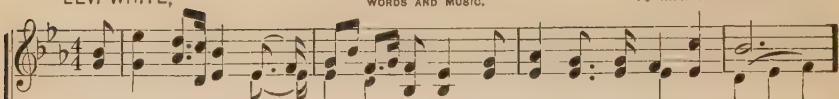


* Sung at the funeral of our martyred President William McKinley.

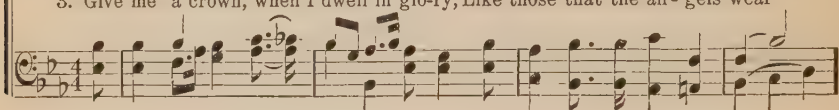
LEVI WHITE,

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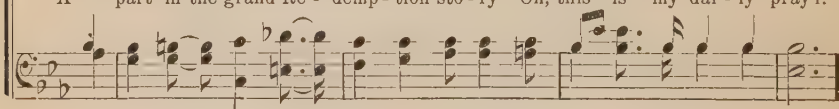
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Give me a harp on the hills of glo ry, When life and its work is past;
2. Give me a robe to wear in heav-en, Wash'd white in my Sav-ior's blood,
3. Give me a crown, when I dwell in glo-ry, Like those that the an- gels wear—



There let me join in Sal - va-tion's sto-ry, Safe home with my own at last.
 When I, with the sins of my life for-giv-en; Shall en - ter the land of God.
 A part in the grand Re - demp - tion sto - ry—Oh, this is my dai - ly pray'r.



CHORUS.



This song will I sing to my Sav - ior-King, In the hap - py time to be;



Re-deem'd from sin I have en - ter'd in, To dwell, dear Lord, with Thee.



No. 51.

In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. ATCHISON.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

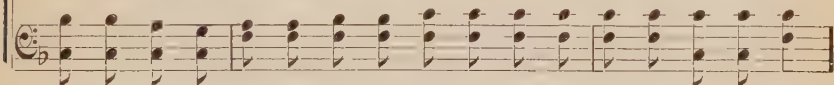
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth un - der
3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the



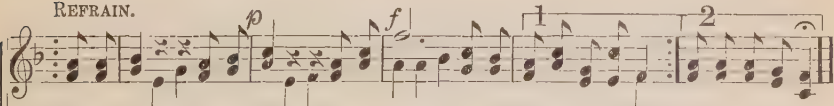
la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh - bor, In the shad - ow of His wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing, In the shad - ow of His wings,
sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry; In the shad - ow of His wings,



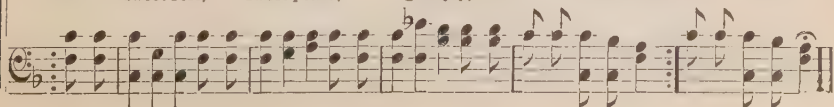
There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad - ow of His wings, There is rest. (sweet rest.)
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad - ow of His wings, There is peace. (sweet peace.)
There is joy, glad joy, In the shad - ow of His wings, There is joy. (glad joy.)



REFRAIN.



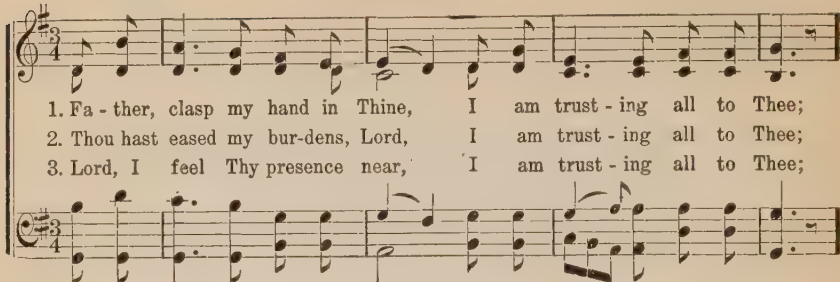
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings; shadow of His wings.
sweet rest, sweet peace; glad joy;



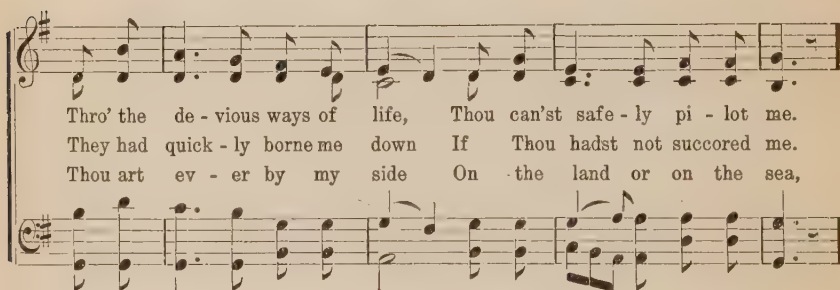
J. M. HASMAN.

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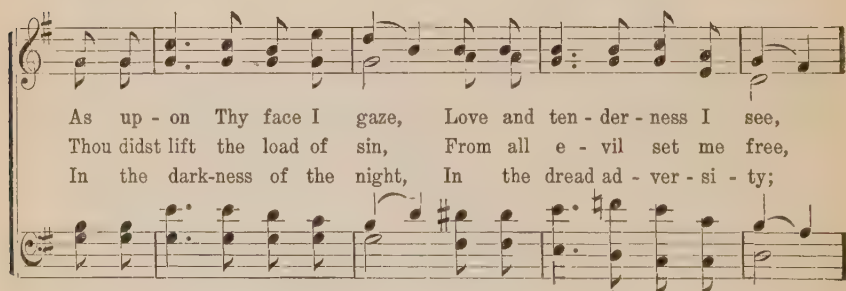
IRA O. HOFFMAN.



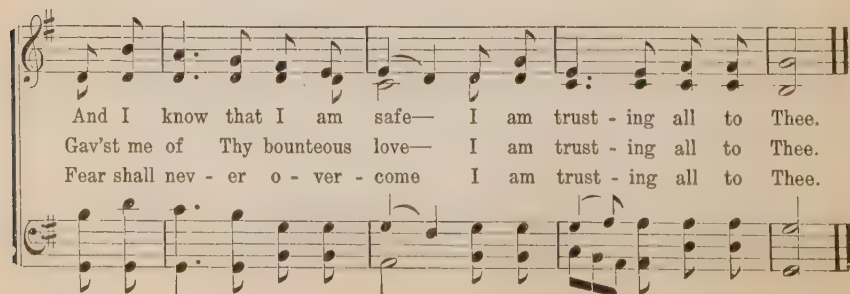
1. Fa - ther, clasp my hand in Thine, I am trust - ing all to Thee;
 2. Thou hast eased my bur - dens, Lord, I am trust - ing all to Thee;
 3. Lord, I feel Thy presence near, I am trust - ing all to Thee;



Thro' the de - vious ways of life, Thou can't safe - ly pi - lot me.
 They had quick - ly borne me down If Thou hadst not succored me.
 Thou art ev - er by my side On the land or on the sea,



As up - on Thy face I gaze, Love and ten - der - ness I see,
 Thou didst lift the load of sin, From all e - vil set me free,
 In the dark - ness of the night, In the dread ad - ver - si - ty;



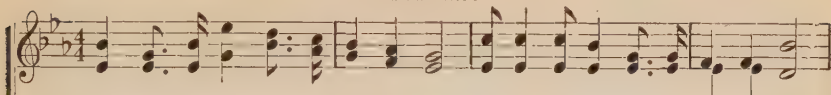
And I know that I am safe— I am trust - ing all to Thee.
 Gav'st me of Thy bounteous love— I am trust - ing all to Thee.
 Fear shall nev - er o - ver - come I am trust - ing all to Thee.

No. 53. Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.

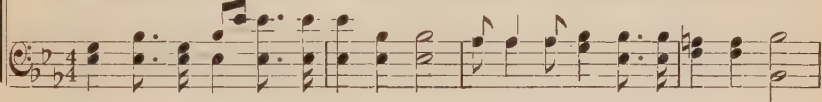
Rev E. A. HOFFMAN.

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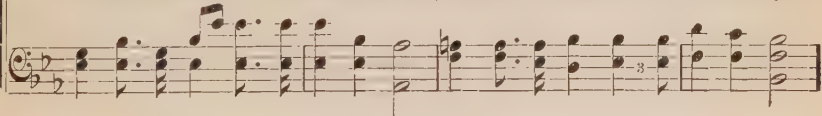
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, enlist, for the Lord wants you!
2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in-to line at your Lord's command;
3. Who'll vol - un-teer in the ranks to - day Read-y to plunge in the thick-est fray?



Fac-ing the foe with your sword in hand, Brave-ly go forth at your Lord's command.
Fol-low his lead in the ear - nest fight, Conquer for God, and for truth and right.
Je - sus now waits for the brave and true; Brother, en-list! for the Lord wants you.



CHORUS.



Hear the call, hear the call, Pleading for help from one and all;
broth-er,



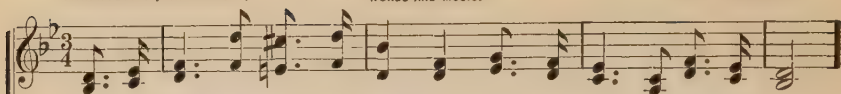
Hear the call, hear the call, Pleading for help from one and all.
broth-er,



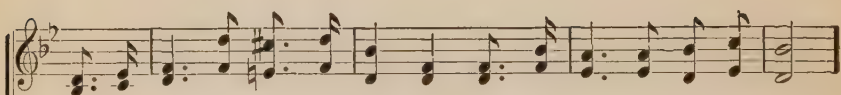
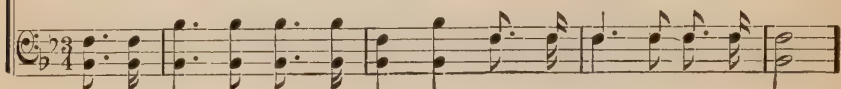
AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

EDWIN MOORE.



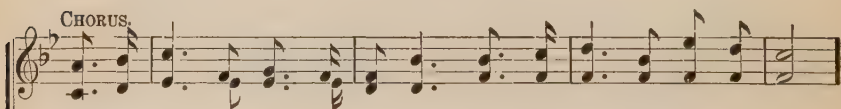
1. In the path - way of my jour - ney I see steps that lead to God;
2. Thou hast borne my ev - 'ry bur - den, Borne death's an - guish on the tree;
3. Thou hast lived on earth for oth - ers, Spent Thy life for us in love;



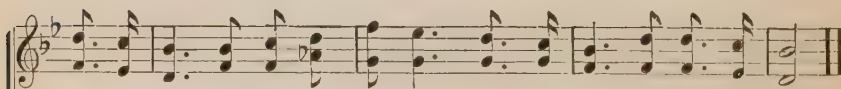
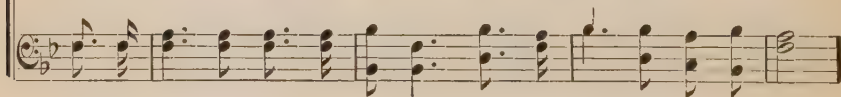
They're the foot-steps of my Sav - ior, Show - ing me the path He trod.
 All this hast Thou meek - ly suf - fered E'en for my in - i - qui - ty.
 Thus would I my life be spend - ing Till I meet Thee, Lord, a - bove.



CHORUS.



Lead me, Sav - ior, lead me ev - er, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way;



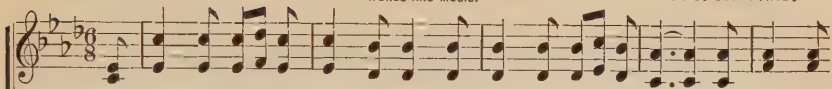
Keep me ev - er in Thy foot-steps, Lest I from Thy path-way stray.



FRED SCOTT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Come in, Thou Sav-ior dear, come in, My heart is sick and sore: I've wander'd
2. Come in, Thou gracious Lord, come in, My heart now longs for Thee; The con - so-
3. Come in Thou, King of kings, come in, And make my heart Thy throne; Con-trol my



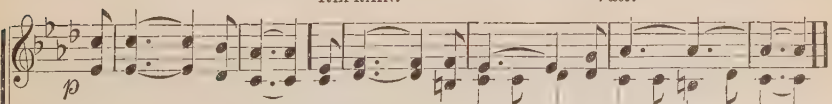
long in paths of sin And griev'd Thee o'er and o'er; But now I turn in faith to Thee'
la - tions of Thy grace Bestow, I pray, on me; Thou art a sure and faithful Friend
ev - 'ry thought and deed, Reign in my life a - lone; I yield to Thee my life, my all



And crave Thy pard'ning grace so free; In ten - der mer-cy look on me.
Whose love, un-chang-ing to the end, Will all life's de - vious ways at-tend.
To come or go at Thy dear call And trust - ing - ly be - fore Thee fall.



REFRAIN.

rall.

Come in, . . . come in. Come in, . . . dear Lord, . . . come in.
dear Lord, Come in dear Lord, come in, come in, dear Lord, come in



ELIZABETH CODNER.

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CHORUS AND MUSIC.

FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, oh, gra-cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
 4. Pass me not, oh, might-y Spir - it Thou canst make the blind to see;

Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;

Show'rs, the thirst - y land re-fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me.
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, oh, call me.
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.

Show'rs, the thirst-y land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me.

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, Lord, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me,
 E - ven me, Lord, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

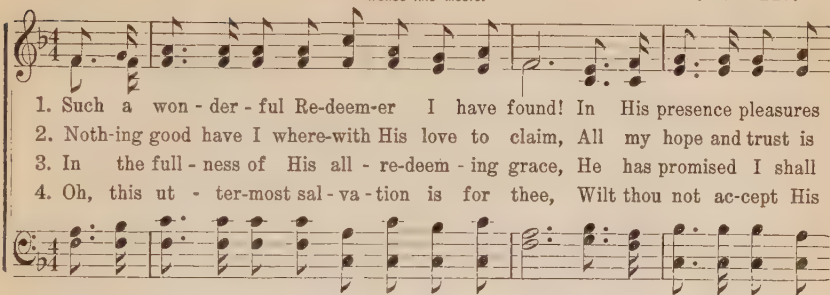
That my heart may per-fect be, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.
 That my heart may per-fect be, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me,

No. 57. Able to the Uttermost to Save.

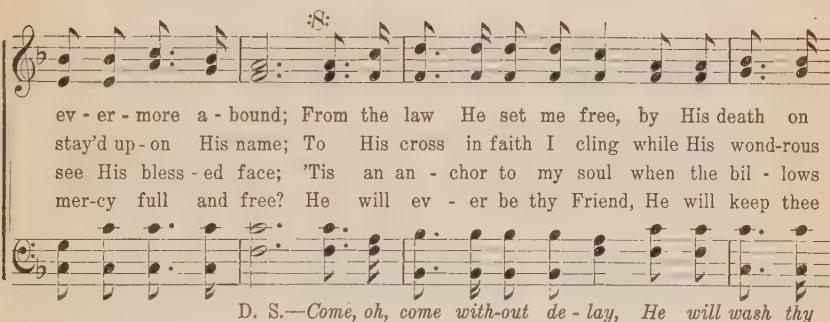
KATE ULMER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

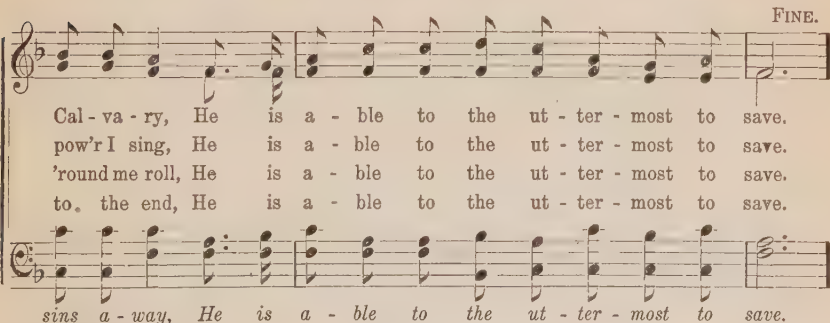


1. Such a won - der - ful Re-deem-er I have found! In His presence pleasures
2. Noth-ing good have I where-with His love to claim, All my hope and trust is
3. In the full - ness of His all - re-deem - ing grace, He has promised I shall
4. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion is for thee, Wilt thou not ac-cept His



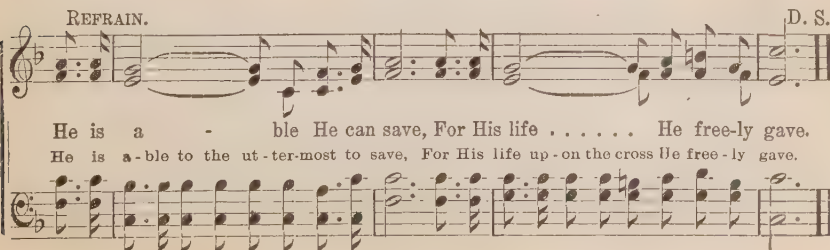
ev - er - more a - bound; From the law He set me free, by His death on
stay'd up-on His name; To His cross in faith I cling while His wond-rous
see His bless - ed face; 'Tis an an - chor to my soul when the bil - lows
mer-cy full and free? He will ev - er be thy Friend, He will keep thee

D. S.—Come, oh, come with-out de-lay, He will wash thy



Cal - va - ry, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
pow'r I sing, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
'round me roll, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
to. the end, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.

sins a - way, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.



REFRAIN.

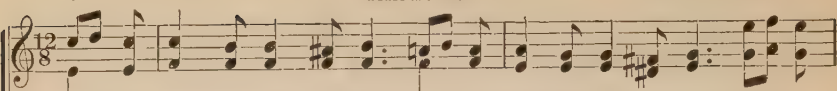
He is a - ble He can save, For His life He free-ly gave.
He is a-ble to the ut-ter-most to save, For His life up-on the cross He free-ly gave.

D. S.

E. E. HEWITT.

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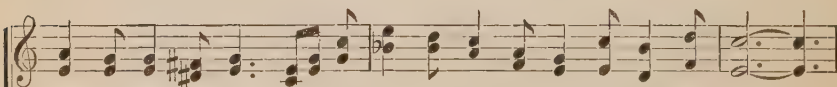
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



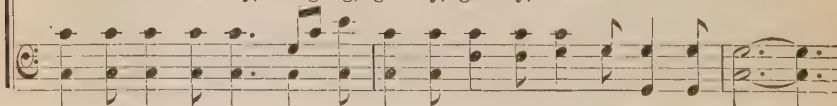
1. Sing the sweet-est song of all, it will gladden troub-led hearts, Sing the
2. Sing the sweet-est song of all, when you strive His will to do, As you
3. Sing the sweet-est song of all, 'twill re - ech - o to His praise, Who in-
4. Sing the sweet-est song of all, 'tis the strain they chant on high, As they



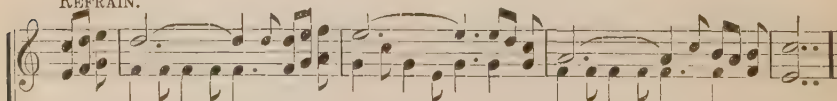
blessed name of our Re-deem-er, King; 'Tis a song of peace and joy, heav'n-ly
la - bor in His vineyard, day by day, It will fresh-en hope and cheer, it will
vites the heav-y lad-en and op-pressed; Sing His nev - er-fail-ing grace, sing His
lift their voic-es 'round the crys-tal sea; Let our joy - ful lips be tuned to the



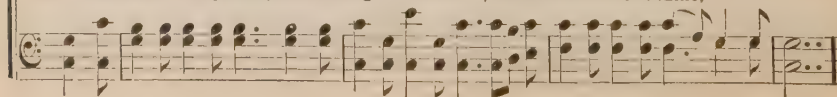
com - fort it im - parts, 'Tis a car - ol of love's ev - er - last - ing spring.
make you strong and true, It will help you scat - ter ros - es by the way.
good - ness all the days, Till the wear - y wand'ers turn to Him for rest.
cho - rus of the sky, Sing-ing, glo - ry, glo - ry, bless-ed Lord to Thee.



REFRAIN.



Sing the Song, . . . the sweetest song, I am His and He is mine.
Sing the sweetest song of all, 'Tis the song of love divine, I am His and He is mine,



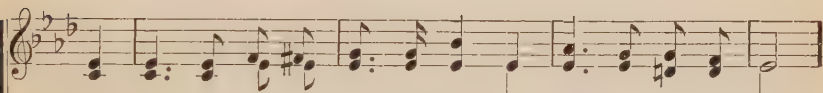
EMMA PITT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

VICTOR H. BENKE.



1. Oh, would you wear a star - ry crown Be-decked with jew - els bright?
2. Be ev - er faith-ful, firm and true, Some day you will pre - vail,
3. Speak kind - ly to the err - ing ones And bid them tar - ry not,
4. If you would wear a star - ry crown In that bright world a - bove,



Then la - bor on for Je - sus' sake Un - til the com - ing night.
His prom - is - es are all for you, Not one will ev - er fail.
There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood to cleanse The soul from ev - 'ry blot.
Go work for Him who died for you, With nev - er fail - ing love.



CHORUS.



Toil on, toil on, to save some soul From dark - ness and de - spair,



That in the bless-ed glo - ry - land, A star - ry crown you wear.



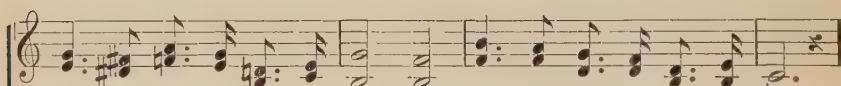
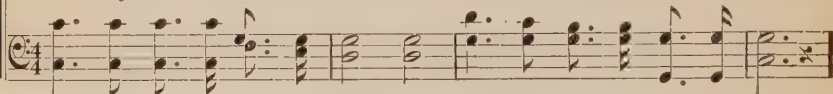
H. J. ZELLEY.

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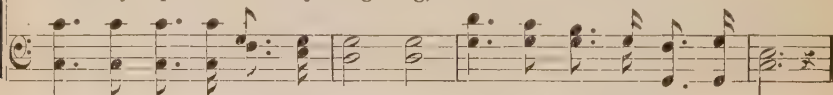
M. L. McPHAIL.



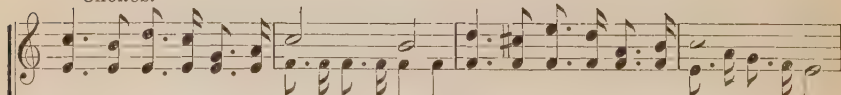
1. I am trust-ing in my Sav-ior, At His feet I hum-bly bow;
2. I was long-ing for His fav-or, But to gain it knew not how;
3. He has giv-en His sal-va-tion, With His grace He does en-dow;
4. In my heart is sweet-est mu-sic, And there's sun-shine on my brow;



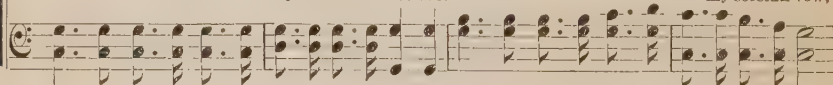
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him For I know He saves me now.
 But at last my will sur-ren-der'd, And I know He saves me now.
 And my heart is full of prais-es For I know He saves me now.
 And my lips are al-ways sing-ing, For I know He saves me now.



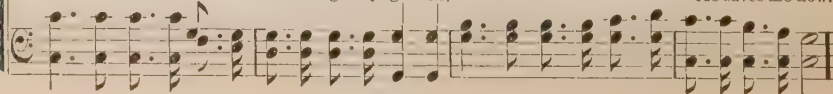
CHORUS.



Je-sus saves me! Hal-le-lu - jah! He has heard my solemn vow;
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus saves me! my solemn vow;



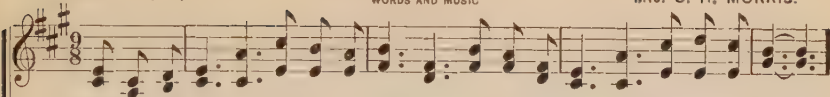
All to Him I've glad-ly giv-en, And I know He saves me now.
 I've gladly giv-en, He saves me now.



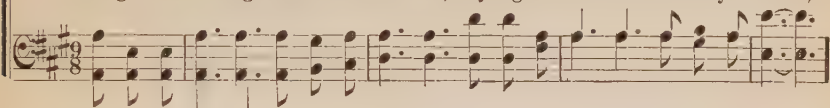
Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



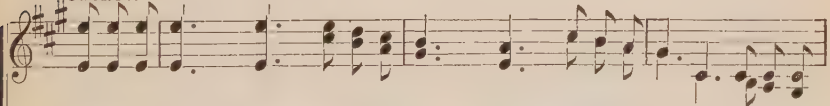
1. What are you do-ing? what are you doing? Harvest fields bend with rich, ripen'd grain;
2. Souls on your right and left are in danger, Pitfalls and snares are set for their feet;
3. Go with a heart with love o-ver-flow-ing, Reach out a hand the wand'ers to save;
4. Coming at last with golden sheaves la-den, Lay-ing them at the feet of your Lord;



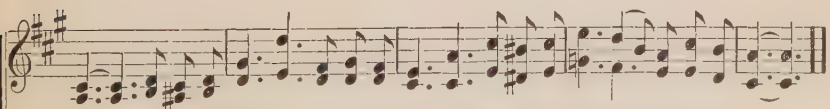
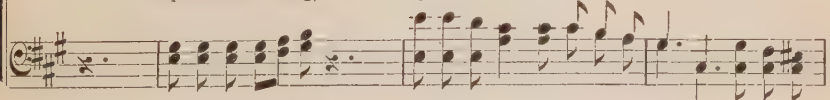
Je - sus for reapers long has been calling, Pleading and call-ing oft-en in vain.
 Blood-bought and precious, win them for Jesus, His ap-pro-ba-tion certain to meet.
 See, without God or hope they are hast'ning Lost for two worlds, on, on to the grave.
 He who has sent you forth to the harv-est Prom-is-es rich and certain re-ward.



CHORUS.



Up and be do - ing, up and be do - ing, Early and late go la-bor and
 Up and be do - ing, up and be do - ing,



pray; Faithfully here your mission pursuing, Winning lost souls for Jesus today.



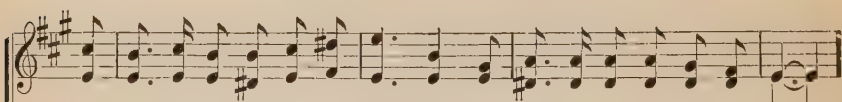
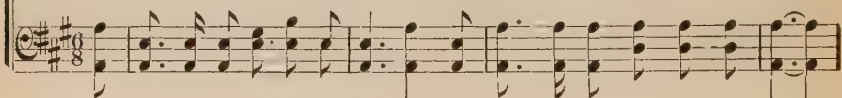
W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Go for - ward, O work - er for Je - sus! Thy du - ty be - fore thee is plain;
2. Go for - ward, O work - er for Je - sus! Lo! yon - der a - wait - ing there stands
3. Go for - ward, O work - er for Je - sus! The world for the Mas - ter to win;
4. Go for - ward, O work - er for Je - sus! Thy serv - ice He'll glad - ly re - ward;



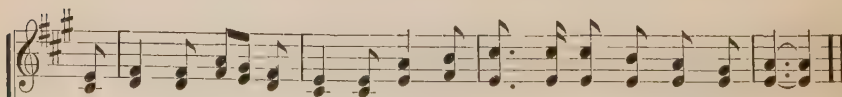
A field for thy la - bor is o - pen, And Je - sus is call - ing a - gain.
 The work which the Mas - ter hath giv'n thee, Go lab - or as Je - sus com - mands.
 Go tell of His won - drous sal - va - tion, To souls that are dy - ing in sin.
 A crown of re - joic - ing He giv - eth To those who be - lieve on His word.



CHORUS.



A - rise! the Mas - ter's call o - bey, And to His vine - yard haste a - way;

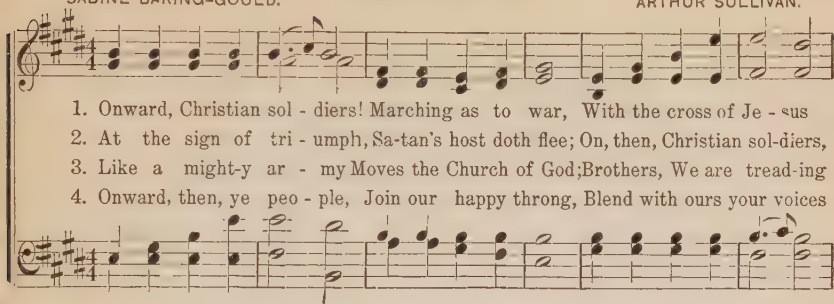


Go la - bor while 'tis called to - day, For soon the night com - eth a - gain.

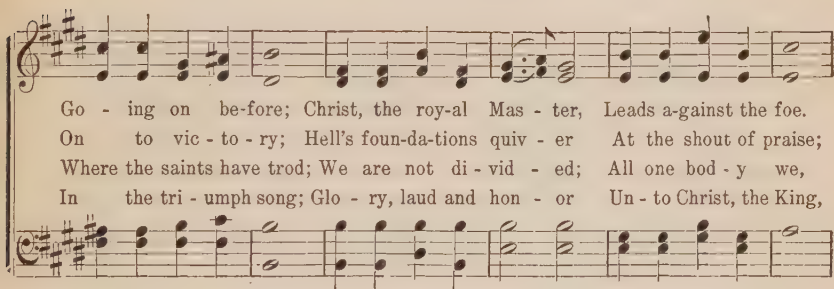


SABINE BARING-GOULD.

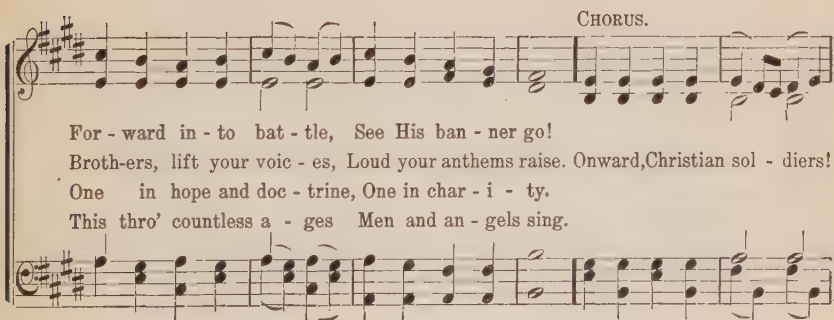
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, We are tread-ing
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

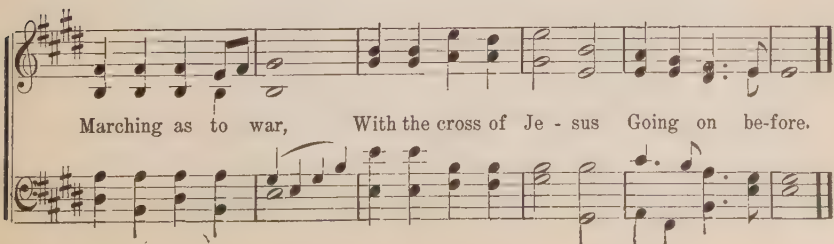


Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe.
 On to vic - to - ry; Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,



CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore.

E. R. LATTA.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Hark I hear the Sav - ior say, "Fol-low me, fol-low me," In the dark-ness
 2. Hark I hear the Lord's command, "Fol-low me, fol-low me," Stay not in the
 3. Hark I hear His lov - ing call, "Fol-low me, fol-low me," I re-deem'd you

or the day, "Follow, fol-low me;" Who - so - ev - er may op - pose, Be they
 des - ert land, "Follow, fol-low me;" Thro' temptation, doubt and fear I will
 from the fall, "Follow, fol-low me;" There's a mansion bright and fair, That you

friends or be they foes, While the light of morning glows, "Follow, follow me."
 help you, I will cheer, While you are a pil-grim here, "Follow, follow me."
 may for - ev - er share; I that man-sion did pre-pare, "Follow, follow me."

D. S. — "Fol-low, fol-low me."

-REFRAIN. D. S.
 "Follow me, fol-low me," Ev - er faith-ful-ly, And my child for-ev - er be.
 Fol-low,

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
 2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
 3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,



But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gath - er'd then.
 Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
 Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Some day— I can-not tell Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
 Some day—but oh, I can - not tell, I cannot tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,



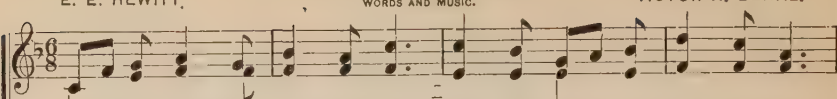
That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
 That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.



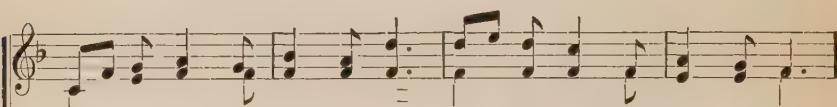
E. E. HEWITT,

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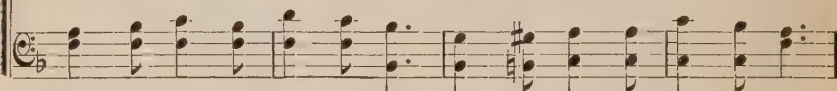
VICTOR H. BENKE,



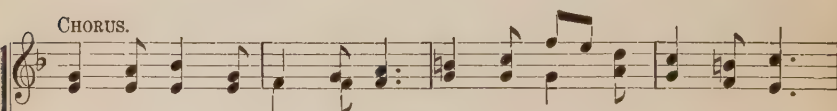
1. Sav - ior may Thy gen - tle hand, Guide me thro' this stran-ger land;
2. Let me nev - er doubt nor fear, Know - ing Thou art ev - er near;
3. Dan-gers throug a - round my way; Guard my foot-steps day by day;
4. When the beams of pleas - ure shine, When the joy - ful lights de - cline,



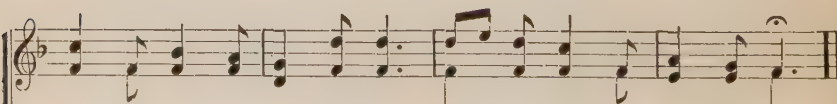
Let Thine eyes keep watch for me, Let Thy word my wis - dom be.
 Thou my soul's e - ter - nal rest, Shel - ter me up - on Thy breast.
 Put - ting on the ar - mor bright, Help me use Thy sword of might.
 Thro' the sun - shine and the storm, Thy sweet prom - is - es per - form.



CHORUS.



On - ly lead me on, I pray, On - ward in Thy ho - ly way,



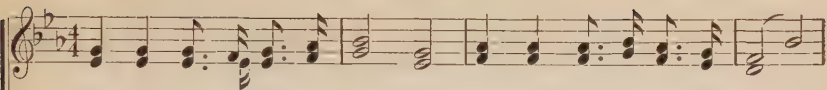
Near - er to the hap - py place, There I'll see Thee face to face.



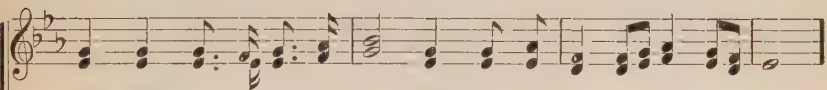
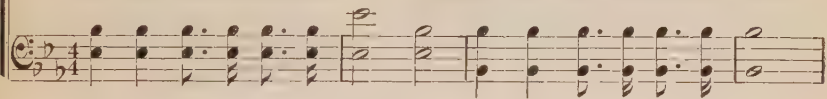
R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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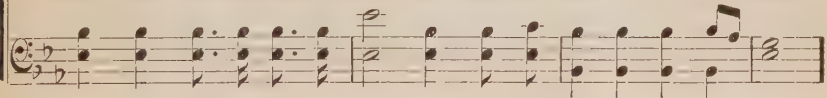
ROBERT LOWRY.



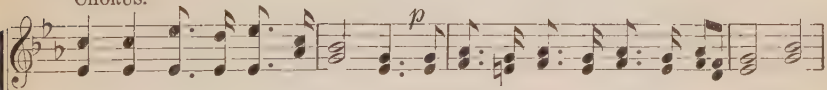
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own;
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease;



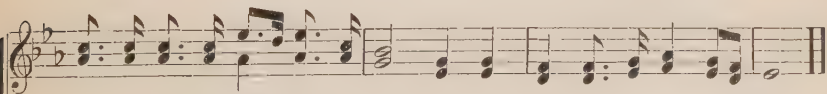
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its, will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.



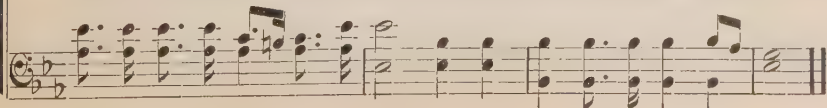
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—



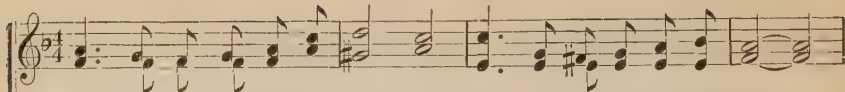
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



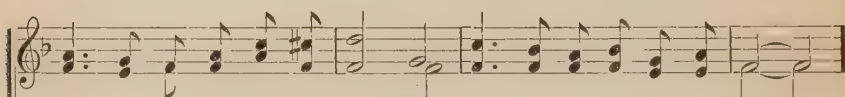
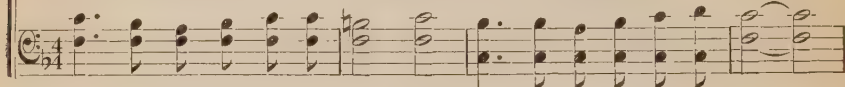
KATE ULMER.

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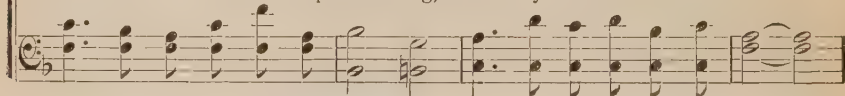
VICTOR H. BENKE.



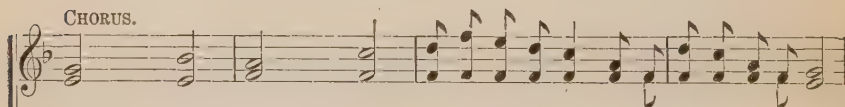
1. Teach me, O Thou Ho-ly Spir - it, How to do my Mas-ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub - mis - sive, Free - ly con - se - crat - ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore - ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be - fore;



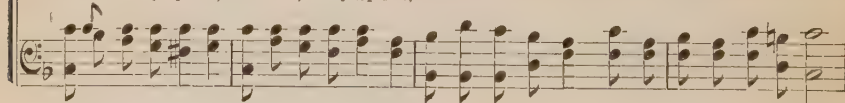
In o - be - dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
 Fond-est hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur - ren - der to His call.
 Teach me how to tell the sto - ry, Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
 Ev - er in His foot-steps walk - ing, Till my serv - ice here is o'er.



CHORUS.



Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev-'ry day what to do and what to say;
 Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,



Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will.
 Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Holy Spir-it, my Master's will.

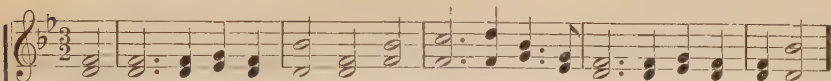


No. 69. One More Day's Work For Jesus.

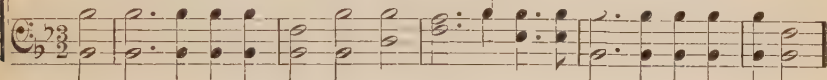
ANNA B. WARNER,

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ROBERT LOWRY.



1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer,
2. One more day's work for Je-sus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry,
3. One more day's work for Je-sus! Oh, yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines clearer,
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je-sus! Oh, rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,



And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my
To show the glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor
And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And Christ in all, Be-fore His
My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-

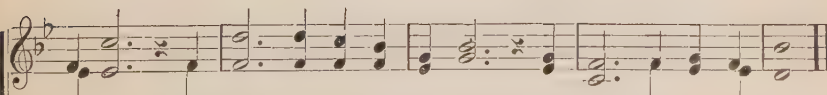


CHORUS.




soul to-night.
heart of mine!
face I fall.
oth - er day!

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for

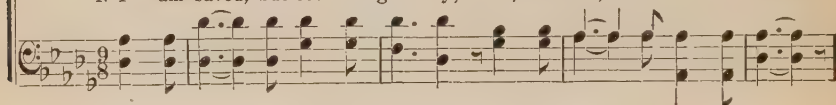
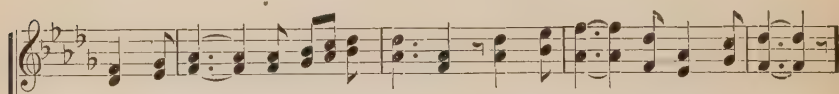


Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me!







1. I am saved, but is self buried? Is my one, my on - ly aim,
 2. I am saved, but is my home-life What the Lord would have it be?
 3. I am saved, but am I do - ing Ev - 'ry - thing that I can do,
 4. I am saved, but could I glad - ly, Lord, leave all, and fol - low Thee?



Just to hon - or Christ my Sav - ior, Just to mag - ni - fy His name?
 Is it seen in ev - 'ry ac - tion Je - sus has con - trol of me?
 That the dy - ing souls a - round me May be brought to Je - sus, too?
 If Thou call'd me, could I an - swer, "Hear am I, send me, send me?"




CHORUS.



Help me, Lord, to be more faith - ful, And my ma - ny frail - ties see;

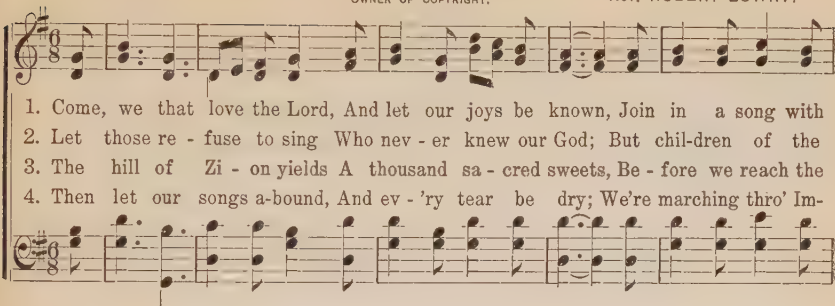
I will try the more to mer - it All the love Thou hast for me.



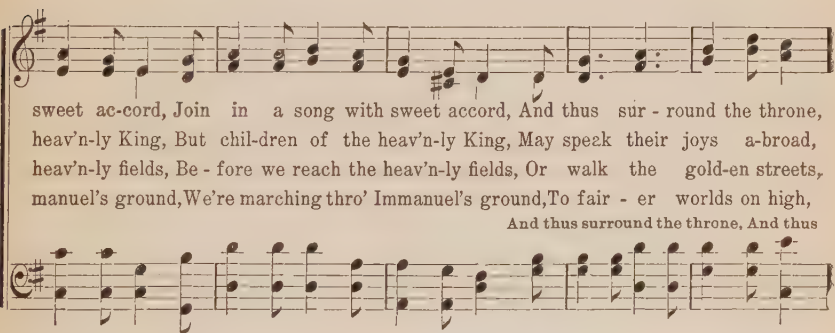
Rev. I. WATTS.

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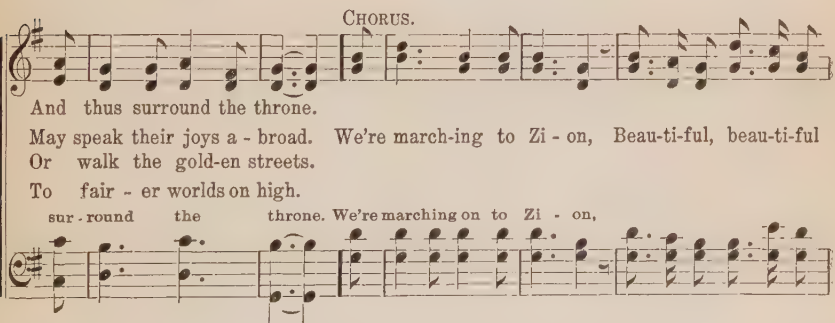
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



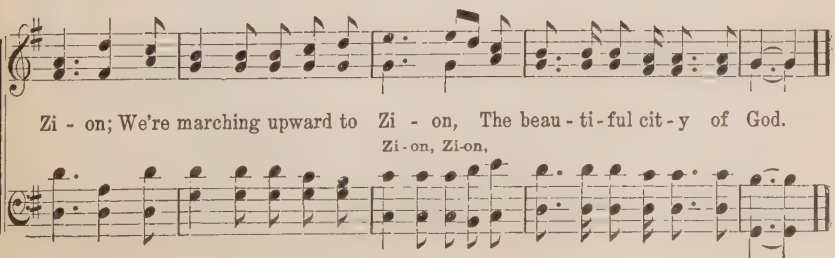
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur - round the throne,
 heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
 heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,
 And thus surround the throne, And thus



CHORUS.
 And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad. We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
 Or walk the gold-en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high.
 sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,

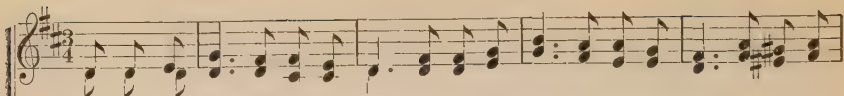


Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti-ful cit - y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.



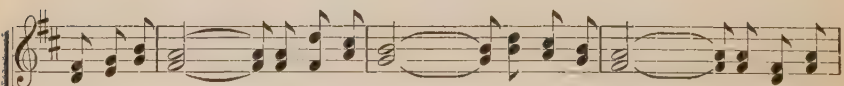
1. I met a Stranger fair to see, As walk'd I down life's rugged way; He spoke so
 2. And when that Stranger spake to me, My heart threw off its guilt-y load; I felt at
 3. I love that Stranger since the hour He talk'd to me in tender tone; A joy is



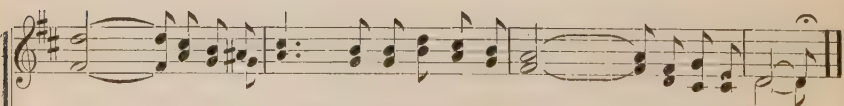
CHORUS.



sweet, so ten-der-ly, He won me to Him-self that day. It was the Man . . .
 once that I was free; I left my burdens by the road.
 mine, I feel its pow'r; And Him as Lord I'm glad to own. It was the Man



of Gal-i-lee, . . . Who whisper'd words . . . of joy to me; . . . Thy ma-ny
 of Gal-i-lee, Who whisper'd words of joy to me,



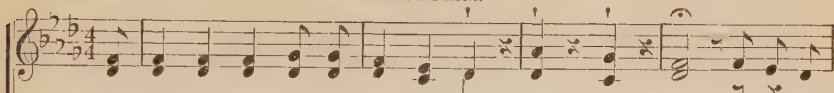
sins . . . be all for-giv-en thee, Thy sins be all . . . for-giv-en thee.
 Thy many sins For-giv-en thee, Thy sins be all for-giv-en thee,



F. M. D.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock, knock, knock, knock; If a - ny
2. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock, knock, knock, knock; And shall I
3. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock, knock, knock, knock; O wea - ry



one will hear my voice. And o - pen wide. to me the
stand and knock in vain. At thy heart's door, O child of
heart O trembling soul. Un-do the door. . . . long clos'd with

If a - ny one

will hear my voice

And o - pen wide



door, I will come in. and sup with him, And he with
sin? I've waited long. and pa-tient - ly! Un-do the
sin, I bring you joy. from heav'n a-bove, And glau -

to me the door,

I will come in

and sup with him,



me. for-ev-er-more. And he with me for-ev-er-more.

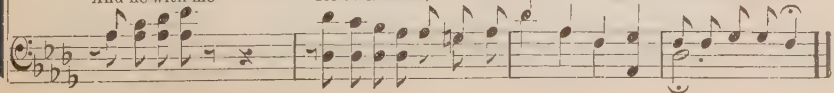
door. and let me in. Un-do the door and let me in.

I would enter in. And glad-ly I would en - ter in.

And he with me

for-ev-er-more,

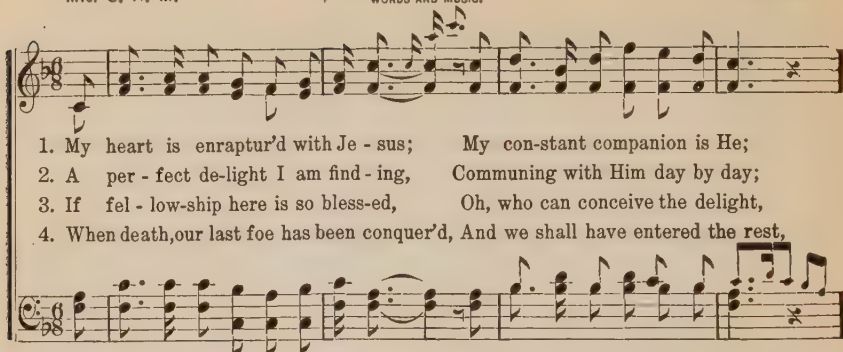
for-ev-er-more.



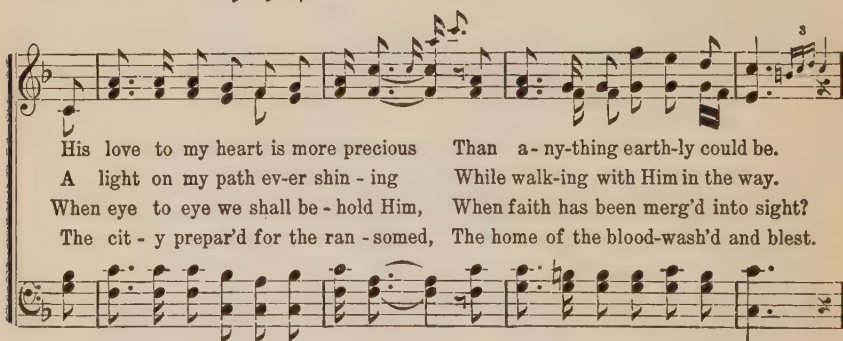
Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

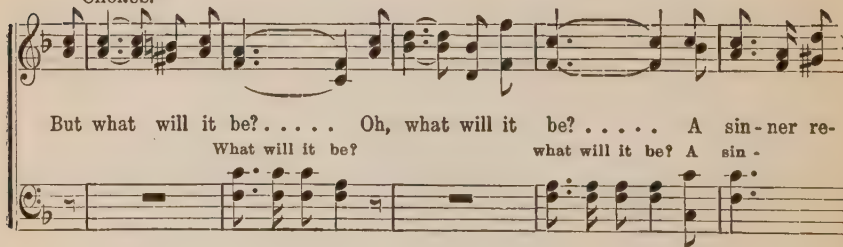


1. My heart is enraptur'd with Je - sus; My con-stant companion is He;
2. A per - fect de-light I am find - ing, Communing with Him day by day;
3. If fel - low-ship here is so bless-ed, Oh, who can conceive the delight,
4. When death, our last foe has been conquer'd, And we shall have entered the rest,

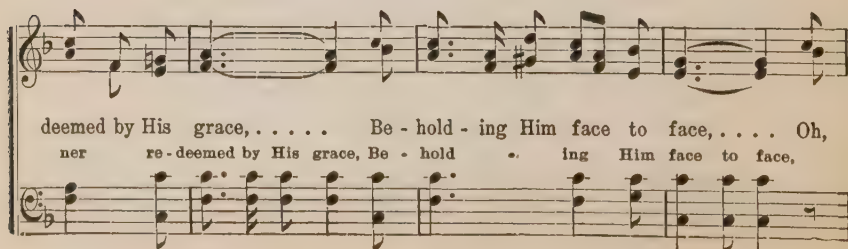


His love to my heart is more precious Than a - ny-thing earth-ly could be.
A light on my path ev-er shin - ing While walk-ing with Him in the way.
When eye to eye we shall be - hold Him, When faith has been merg'd into sight?
The cit - y prepar'd for the ran - somed, The home of the blood-wash'd and blest.

CHORUS.

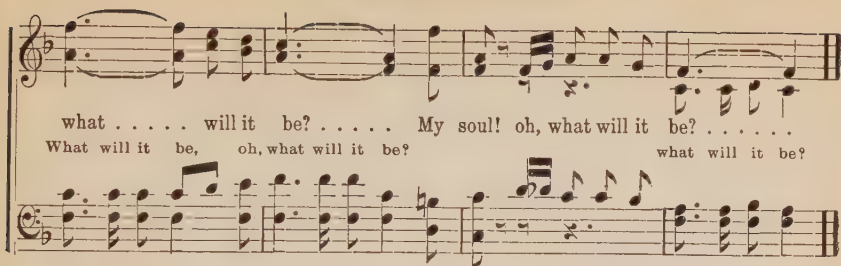


But what will it be? Oh, what will it be? A sin-ner re-
What will it be? what will it be? A sin -



deemed by His grace, Be - hold - ing Him face to face, Oh,
ner re - deemed by His grace, Be - hold ing Him face to face,

What Will it Be?



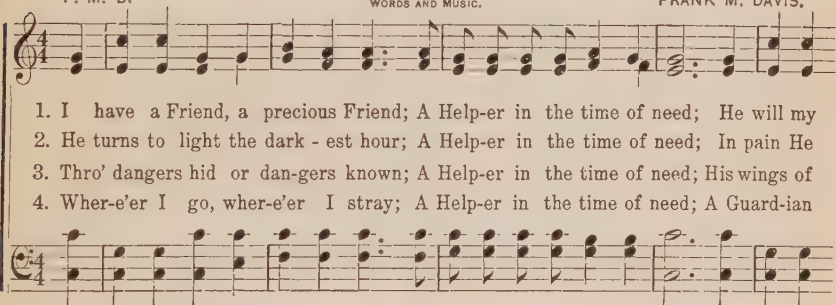
what will it be? My soul! oh, what will it be?
 What will it be, oh, what will it be? what will it be?

No. 75. A Helper in the Time of Need.

F. M. D.

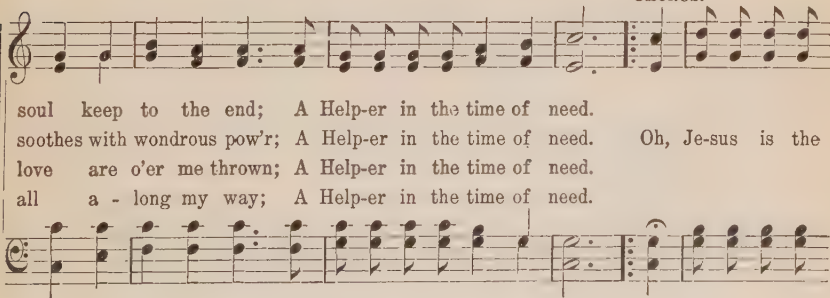
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FRANK M. DAVIS.

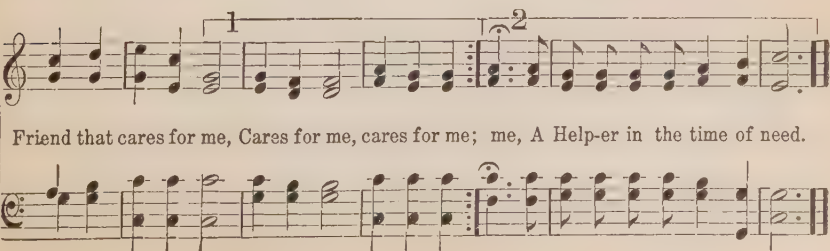


1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend; A Help-er in the time of need; He will my
 2. He turns to light the dark - est hour; A Help-er in the time of need; In pain He
 3. Thro' dangers hid or dan-gers known; A Help-er in the time of need; His wings of
 4. Wher-e'er I go, wher-e'er I stray; A Help-er in the time of need; A Guard-ian

CHORUS.



soul keep to the end; A Help-er in the time of need.
 soothes with wondrous pow'r; A Help-er in the time of need. Oh, Je-sus is the
 love are o'er me thrown; A Help-er in the time of need.
 all a - long my way; A Help-er in the time of need.



Friend that cares for me, Cares for me, cares for me; me, A Help-er in the time of need.

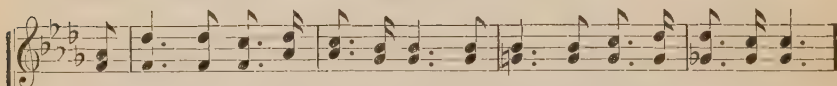
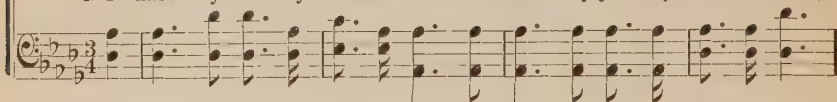
S. M. I. HENRY.

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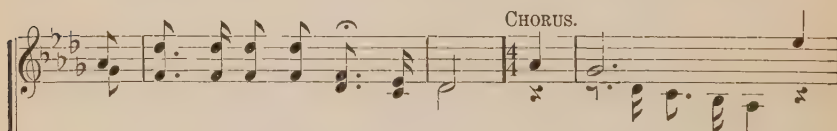
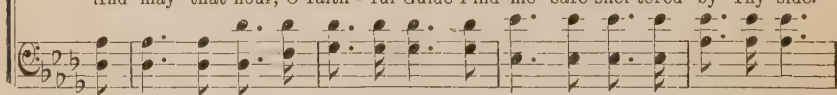
E. O. EXCELL.



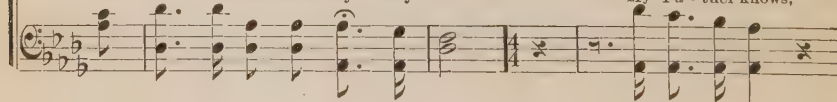
1. I know my heav'n-ly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'n-ly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'n-ly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'n-ly Father knows The hour my jour-ney here will close,



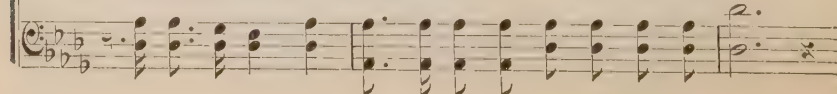
But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.



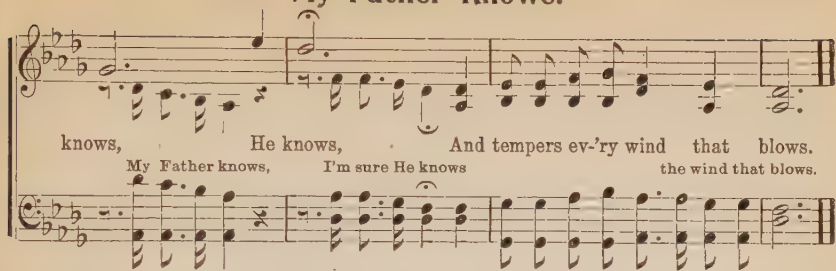
And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side. My Fa - ther knows,



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



My Father Knows.



knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows the wind that blows.

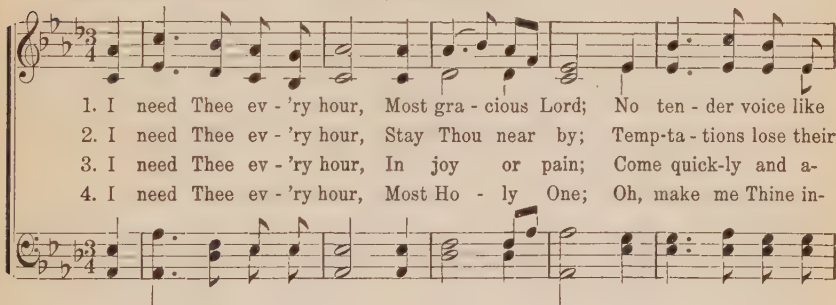
No. 77.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

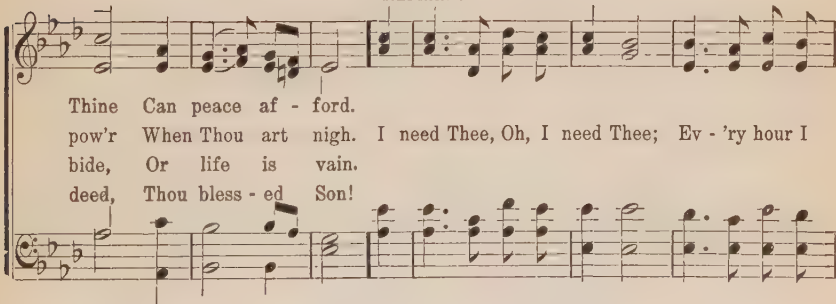
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Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

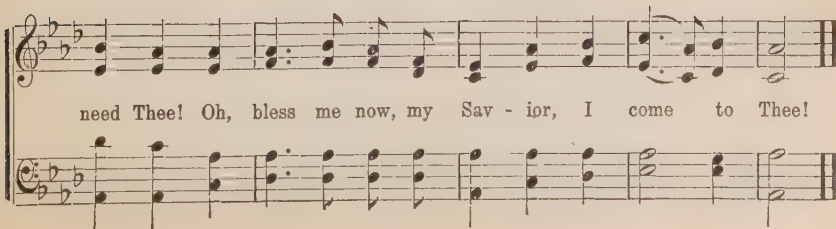


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

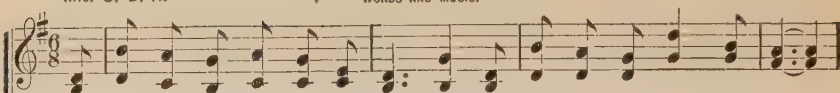


need Thee! Oh, bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

Mrs. C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



1. How ma - ny the blessings a - round us, How ma - ny the joys a - bove;
2. His ten - der com - pas - sion is o'er us; He guards us by night and day;
3. Then leave us, dear Sav - ior; no, nev - er! But guide us our jour - ney through;



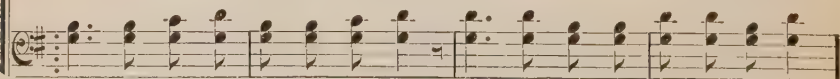
How ten - der the mer - cies that bound us; How beau - ti - ful Je - sus' love!
The path - way we know not be - fore us, But Je - sus' love leads the way.
And grant that Thy love may - be ev - er Our bea - con light, strong and true.



f REFRAIN.



Oh! beau - ti - ful love, Oh! beau - ti - ful love;
beau - ti - ful love, beau - ti - ful love;



'Tis Je - sus, the ten - der Shep - herd, send - ing His bless - ings from a - bove;



How Beautiful Jesus' Love!

So ten - der, gen - tle and true, How beau - ti - ful Je - sus' love!

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

No. 79.

Jesus of Nazareth.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS

1. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, healer of men, Cur - er of halt and of blind;
2. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, cur - er of sin, Seek - er for lost and de - filed;
3. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, dying for all, Hanging in pain on the tree.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a time signature of 3/4. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Work - er of wonders, a - gain and a - gain, Seeking the sad ones to find.
Striv - ing so kind - ly the straying to win, Lov - ing each pen - i - tent child.
Suff'ring so meekly, that we who may call, Par - don thro' Him may have free.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a time signature of 3/4. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

REFRAIN.

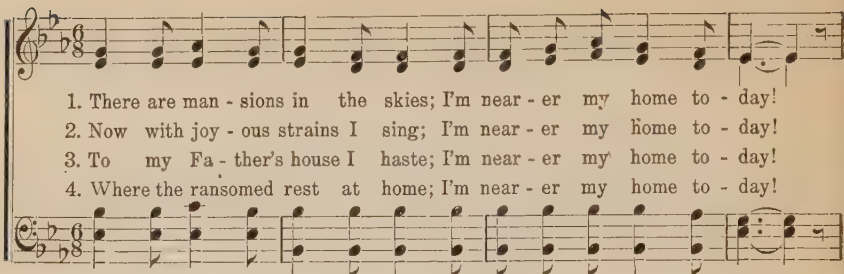
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, Tell it a - gain, Died on the cross for sin - ful men.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a time signature of 3/4. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

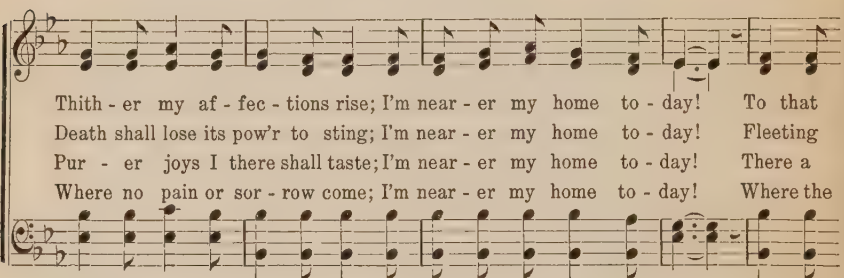
Rev. GEO. GILL.

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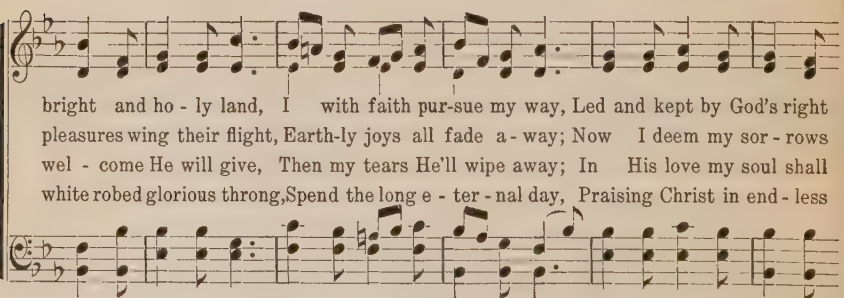
H. P. DANKS.



1. There are man - sions in the skies; I'm near - er my home to - day!
 2. Now with joy - ous strains I sing; I'm near - er my home to - day!
 3. To my Fa - ther's house I haste; I'm near - er my home to - day!
 4. Where the ransomed rest at home; I'm near - er my home to - day!

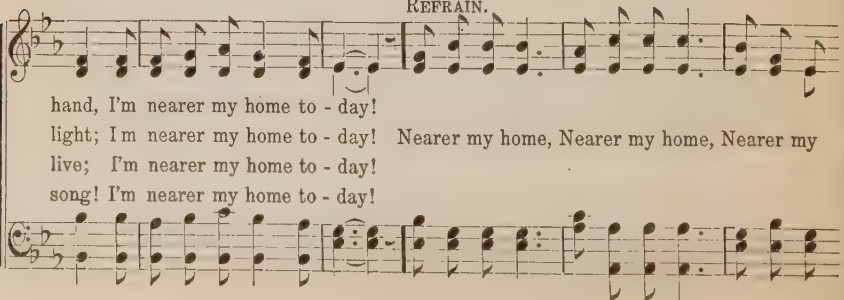


Thith - er my af - fec - tions rise; I'm near - er my home to - day! To that
 Death shall lose its pow'r to sting; I'm near - er my home to - day! Fleeting
 Pur - er joys I there shall taste; I'm near - er my home to - day! There a
 Where no pain or sor - row come; I'm near - er my home to - day! Where the



bright and ho - ly land, I with faith pur - sue my way, Led and kept by God's right
 pleasures wing their flight, Earth - ly joys all fade a - way; Now I deem my sor - rows
 wel - come He will give, Then my tears He'll wipe away; In His love my soul shall
 white robed glorious throng, Spend the long e - ter - nal day, Praising Christ in end - less

REFRAIN.



hand, I'm nearer my home to - day!
 light; I'm nearer my home to - day! Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my
 live; I'm nearer my home to - day!
 song! I'm nearer my home to - day!

I'm Nearer My Home Today!

home to - day; Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to - day.

to - day;

No. 81.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus, when He made me whole;

FINE.

D.S.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

If you on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.

'Twas be-liev-ing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.

CHORUS.

D. S.

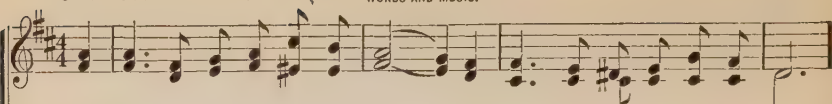
"Look and live," . . . my broth-er live, Look to Je-sus now and live;

"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

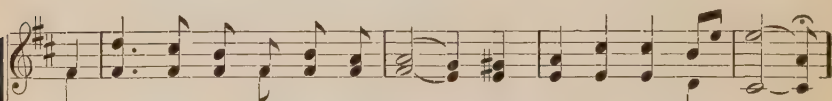
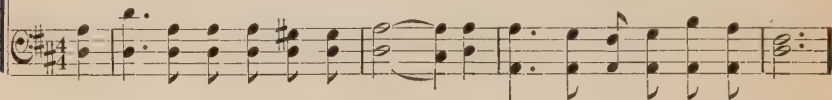
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JULES DeVERE.



1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
 2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no long - er nigh,
 3. If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
 4. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy good Spir - it for its guest,



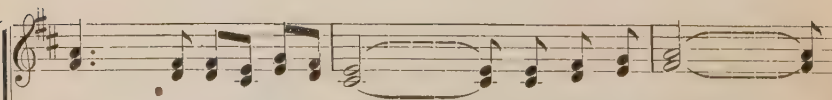
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will, Thy will be done.
 Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, Thy will, Thy will be done.
 I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine; Thy will, Thy will be done.
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest; Thy will, Thy will be done.



CHORUS.



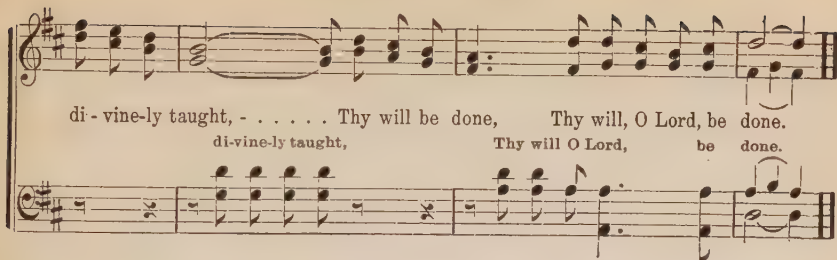
Tho' dark my path, . . . and sad my lot, . . . Let me be
 Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot,



still, and mur - mur not, . . . Oh, breathe the pray'r . . .
 Let me be still, , , , and mur-mur not, Oh, breathe the pray'r



Thy Will Be Done.



di - vine-ly taught, - Thy will be done, Thy will, O Lord, be done.
 di-vine-ly taught, Thy will O Lord, be done.

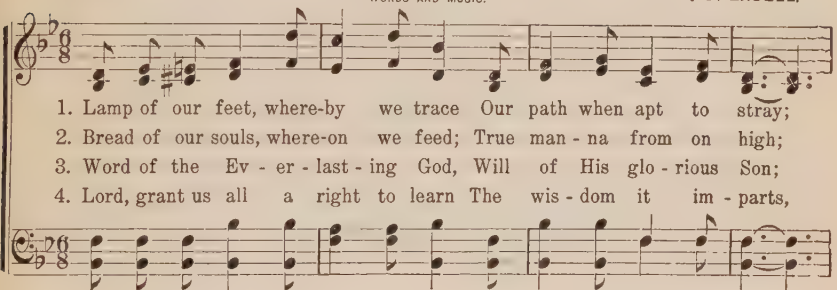
No. 83.

The Bible.

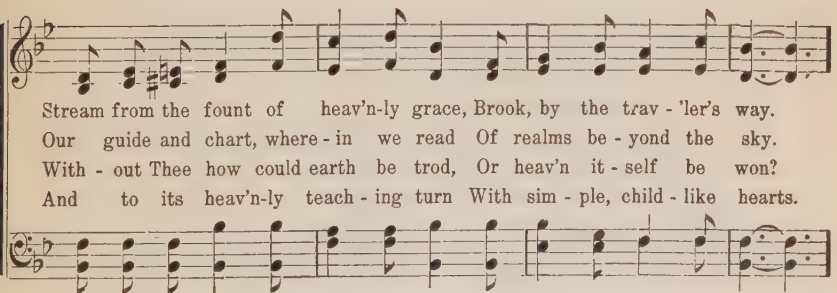
BARTON.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL,




1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man - na from on high;
 3. Word of the Ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
 4. Lord, grant us all a right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,



Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook, by the trav - 'ler's way.
 Our guide and chart, where - in we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
 With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
 And to its heav'n-ly teach - ing turn With sim - ple, child - like hearts.

CHORUS.

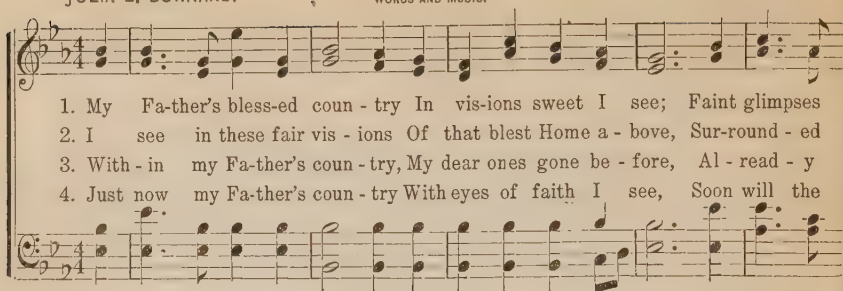


1 2
 { Beau - ti-ful Lamp brightly shine on the way; }
 { Guid - ing the soul to the man- (Omit) } sions of day.
 { Beautiful Lamp, beautiful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way; }
 { Guiding the soul, guiding the soul, mansions of day, } mansions of day.

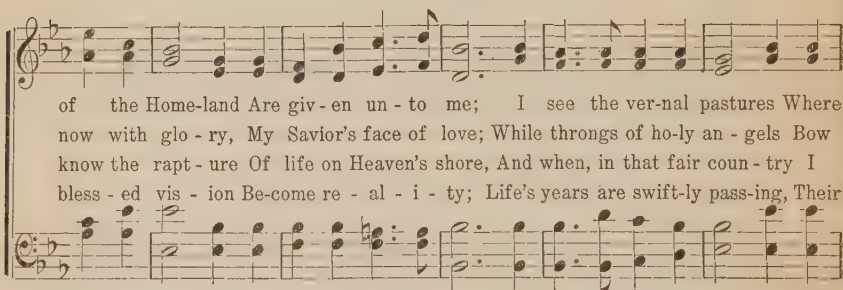
JULIA E. BURNARD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

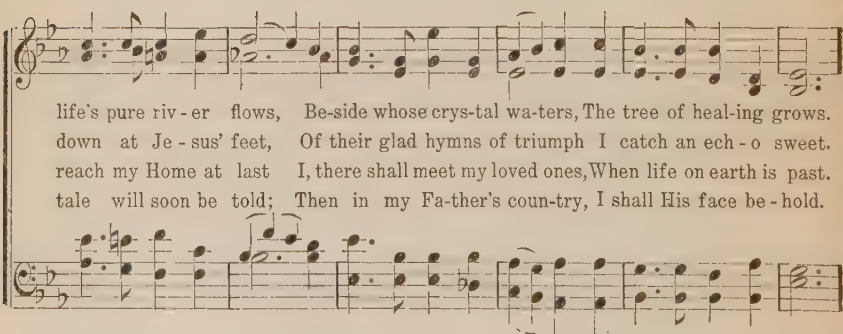
J. S. FEARIS.



1. My Fa-ther's bless-ed coun - try In vis-ions sweet I see; Faint glimpses
 2. I see in these fair vis - ions Of that blest Home a - bove, Sur-round - ed
 3. With - in my Fa-ther's coun - try, My dear ones gone be - fore, Al - read - y
 4. Just now my Fa-ther's coun - try With eyes of faith I see, Soon will the

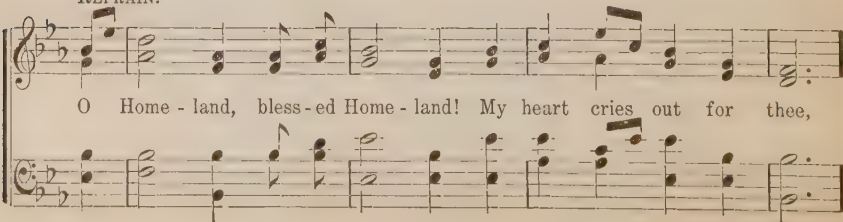


of the Home-land Are giv-en un - to me; I see the ver-nal pastures Where
 now with glo - ry, My Savior's face of love; While throngs of ho - ly an - gels Bow
 know the rapt - ure Of life on Heaven's shore, And when, in that fair coun - try I
 bless - ed vis - ion Be - come re - al - i - ty; Life's years are swift - ly pass - ing, Their



life's pure riv - er flows, Be - side whose crys - tal wa - ters, The tree of heal - ing grows.
 down at Je - sus' feet, Of their glad hymns of triumph I catch an ech - o sweet.
 reach my Home at last I, there shall meet my loved ones, When life on earth is past.
 tale will soon be told; Then in my Fa - ther's coun - try, I shall His face be - hold.

REFRAIN.



O Home - land, bless - ed Home - land! My heart cries out for thee,

My Father's Country

When shall I see thy beau - ty, And with my Fa - ther be?

No. 85.

Pilot Me.

F. M. D.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O - ver Ju-de - a's rug-ged hills, Down by the sounding sea, Wher - e'er Thy
2. O - ver the storm-y sea of life, Where wind and wave is free, Guide my frail
3. When to the shadowy vale I come, Trust-ing, O Lord, in Thee; Show me the

CHORUS.

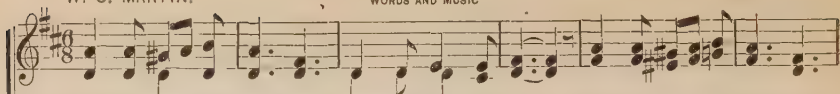
bles - ed foot-steps lead, Je - sus, oh, pi - lot me.
bark to har - bor safe; Je - sus, oh, pi - lot me. Pi - lot me, pi - lot me,
path, Thy feet have trod, Je - sus, oh, pi - lot me.

Je-sus, oh, pi-lot me; Thro' all the changes life decrees, Je-sus, oh, pi-lot me.

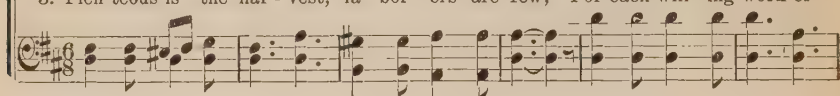
W. C. MARTIN.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

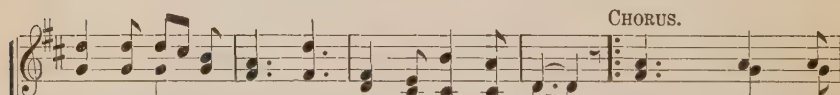
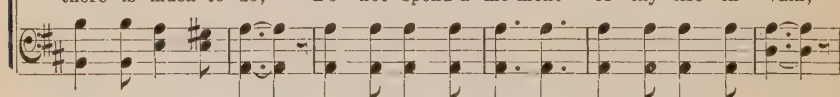
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. While the sun is shin - ing bright-ly on thy way, Ere the shades of ev - 'ning
2. Strive to bring the err - ing to the Lord of life, Strive to res - cue souls borne
3. Plen-teous is the har - vest, la - bor - ers are few; For each will - ing work-er

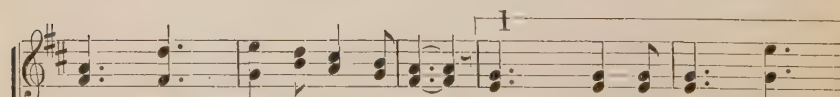


mark the close of day, Do the work of Je - sus, strive to do thy best,
down in bit - ter strife; Cheer the brok-en heart-ed, lift the bruised reed;
there is much to do; Do not spend a mo-ment of thy life in vain;

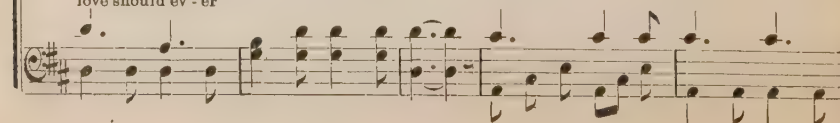


CHORUS.

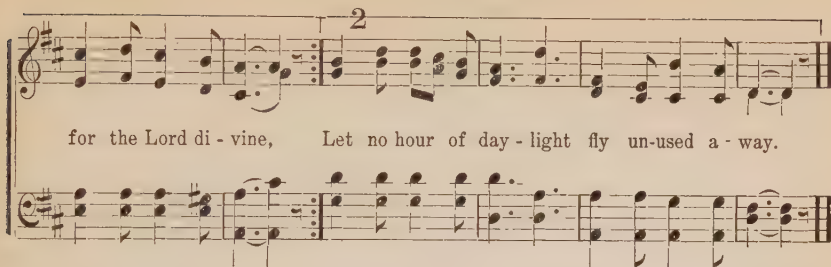
And the night will bring thee sweet re - viv - ing rest. Work while the
Help the weak, and al - ways meet thy brother's need. Work while the beau-ti-ful
Gath - er for the storehouse sheaves of gold - en grain. La - bors of
La - bors of mer - cy and



sun shines, while the day is thine; Use pre-cious mo - ments
sun is shin - ing Use all the pre-cious, gold - en mo-ments
love should fill the passing day; (omit)
love should ev - er



Work While the Sun Shines.



for the Lord di - vine, Let no hour of day - light fly un-used a - way.

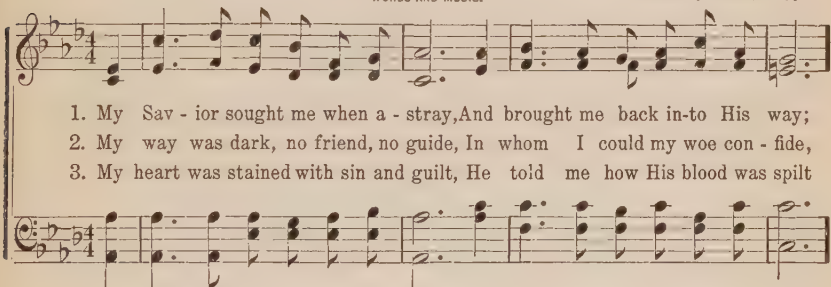
No. 87.

He First Loved Me.

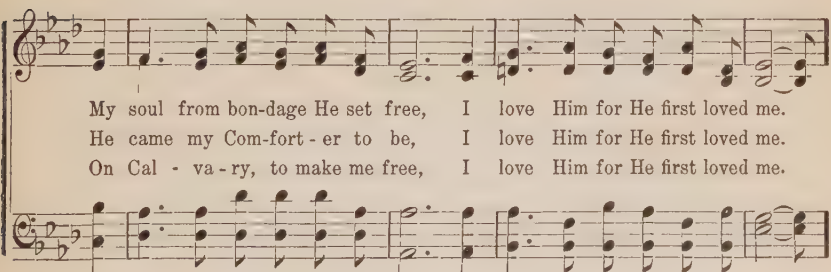
F. A. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FRANK A. SIMPKINS.



1. My Sav - ior sought me when a - stray, And brought me back in-to His way;
2. My way was dark, no friend, no guide, In whom I could my woe con - fide,
3. My heart was stained with sin and guilt, He told me how His blood was spilt



My soul from bon-dage He set free, I love Him for He first loved me.
He came my Com-fort - er to be, I love Him for He first loved me.
On Cal - va - ry, to make me free, I love Him for He first loved me.

CHORUS.



He first loved me, He first loved me, I love Him for He first loved me.
He first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me,

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fus'd at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleed-ing, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so ful-ly He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

Rit.
 me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fer'd, He
 love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel

Rit. CHORUS.
 bled and died.
 jus-ti-fy. Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me,
 at His feet. won-der-ful

Oh, It is Wonderful!



Enough to die for me. Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
won-der-ful!



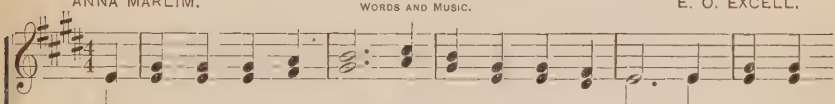
No. 89.

I Come to Thee.

ANNA MARLIM.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. Thou art my strength and shield, My ref - uge and my grace; When earth-ly
2. A home for wea - ry souls, A Rock my trust to stay, My Shep-herd
3. My sins how man - i - fold, Yet Thou canst cleanse them all; Oh, lead me



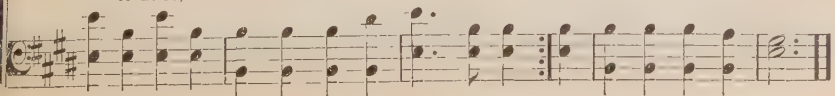
CHORUS.



help - ers flee, Thou art my hid - ing place.
and my Guide, Who on - ly knows the way. I come, I
to Thy home, And keep me lest I fall. to Thee,



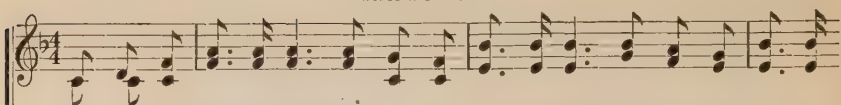
come, In sor - row and in my dis-tress; To Thee for ho - li - ness.
to Thee,



Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

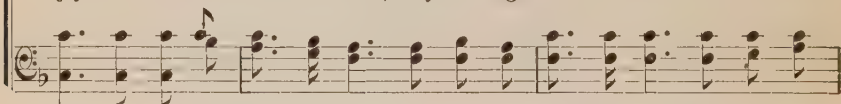
FLORA H. CASSEL.



1. I am a stranger here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a -
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry-where, Re - pent and turn a -
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and



way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of realms be -
 way, from sins se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall
 joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My sovereign bids me tell how mor - tals



CHORUS.



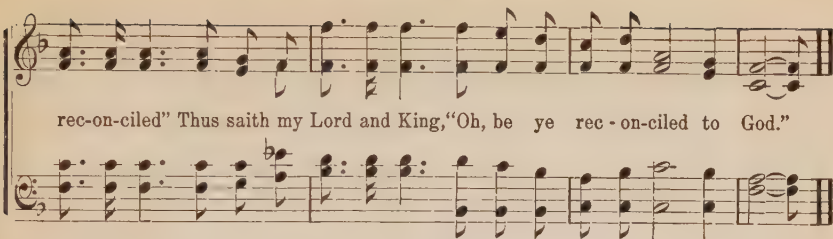
yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King. This is the
 reign for aye, And that's my business for the King.
 there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage an - gels fair would sing; "Oh, be ye



The Kings Business.



rec-on-ciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

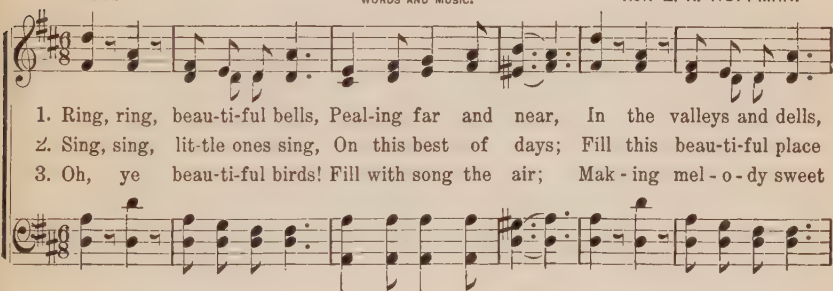
No. 91.

Ring, Beautiful Bells.

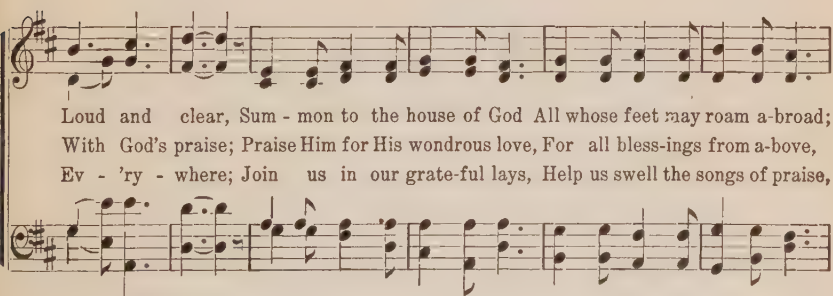
E. A. H.

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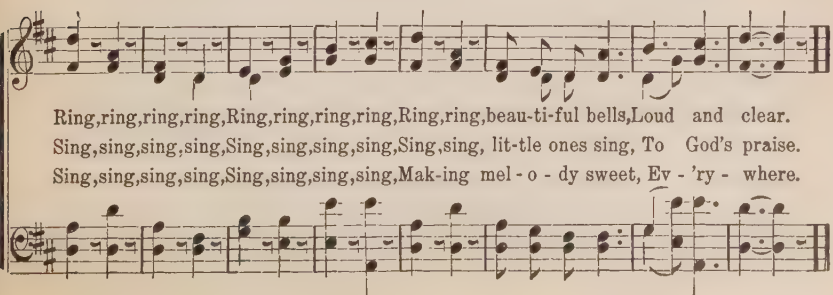
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells, Peal-ing far and near, In the valleys and dells,
2. Sing, sing, lit-tle ones sing, On this best of days; Fill this beau-ti-ful place
3. Oh, ye beau-ti-ful birds! Fill with song the air; Mak-ing mel-o-dy sweet



Loud and clear, Sum-mon to the house of God All whose feet may roam a-broad;
With God's praise; Praise Him for His wondrous love, For all bless-ings from a-bove,
Ev-'ry-where; Join us in our grate-ful lays, Help us swell the songs of praise,

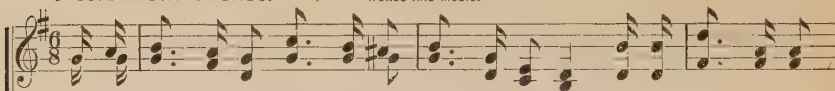


Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells, Loud and clear.
Sing, sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing, lit-tle ones sing, To God's praise.
Sing, sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing, sing, sing, Mak-ing mel-o-dy sweet, Ev-'ry-where.

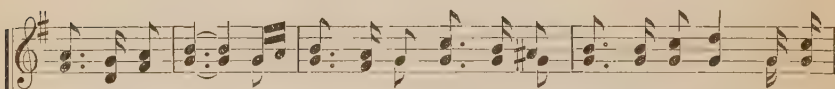
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

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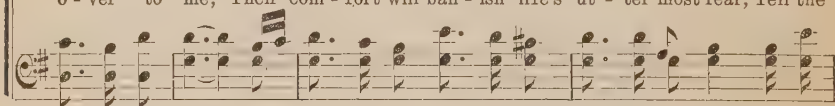
VICTOR H. BENKE.



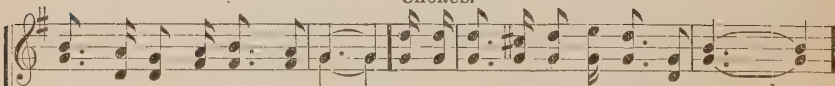
1. When the bur - den is heav - y and cour - age is faint, Tell the prom - is - es
2. When the temp - ter is press - ing, and threatens my soul, Tell the prom - is - es
3. When the shad - ows are fall - ing and part - ings are near Tell the prom - is - es



o - ver to me; Their sweet ben - e - dic - tion will hush my complaint; Tell the
 o - ver to me; The might of my Mas - ter his pow'r can con - trol, Tell the
 o - ver to me; Their com - fort will ban - ish life's ut - ter - most fear, Tell the



CHORUS.



prom - is - es o - ver to me.
 prom - is - es o - ver to me. Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me,
 prom - is - es o - ver to me. o - ver to me,



Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me, I need their strong stay for the
 to me,



Tell the Promises Over to Me.

cares of the day, Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me.
o - ver to me.

No. 93.

God Knows Why.

J. M. HASMAN.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

mp *p*

1. Dear child, dear child, we can-not always know Why sor-rows to us come, and
2. The poor we see a-bout us ev-'ry-where; The rich and gay, who know no
3. In pa-tience we must live un-til the end, And to the suffer-ing ones a
4. We walk in dark-ness, but He clear-ly sees; Un-folds before our minds His

mf *f*

pleasures from us go; Why oft we fail when hard-est we do try, But God knows
want nor a-ny care; Up-on His jus-tice we must all re-ly, For God knows
help-ing hand extend, With His just plans we ev-er must comply, For God knows
meth-od by degrees; Re-pays our du-ty with a home on high, For God knows

pp rit. *mp a tempo.* *p rit.*

why, But God knows why, And we shall un-der-stand it by and by.
why, For God knows why, And we shall un-der-stand it by and by.
why, For God knows why, And we shall un-der-stand it by and by.
why, For God knows why, And we shall un-der-stand it by and by.

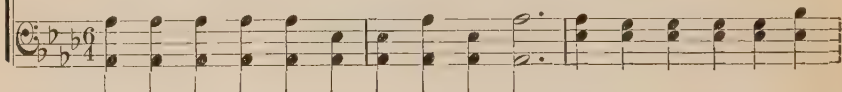
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

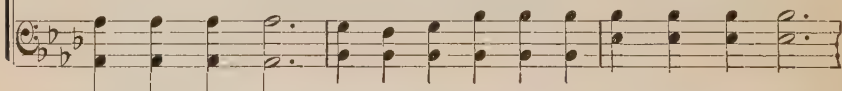
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace I am ac - cord - ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



CHORUS.



Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. Oh, that will be
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. Oh, that will



glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, When by His grace
 be glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me,



Oh, That Will Be Glory.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 95.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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J. M. STILLMAN.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com - mand o - bey.
To com - fort the bro - ken heart - ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

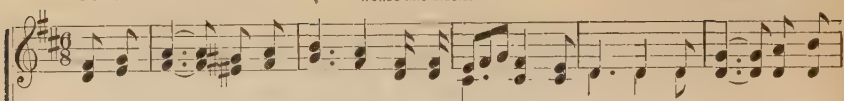
REFRAIN.

More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be; . . . My Savior who died for me.
I ever would be;

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.



1. In the ha - ven of bless-ing I am tent-ing to day, With the beau - ti - ful
2. In the ha - ven of bless-ing I am rest - ing in peace, With sweet tho'ts of the
3. In the ha - ven of bless-ing there is sun-shine for all, Where the breez-es of



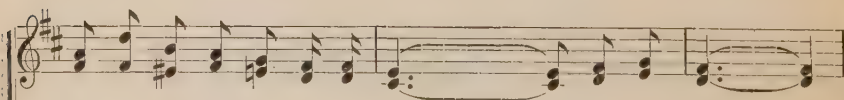
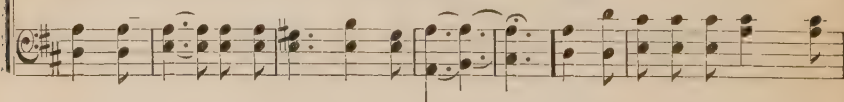
hills all a - round, Cloud-less skies shed a ra - di-ence ov - er my way,
home-land so bright, Where my toil - ing and tent - ing for - ev - er will cease,
heav'n ev - er stay; Chill - ing frosts that so with - er and blight nev - er fall,



CHORUS.



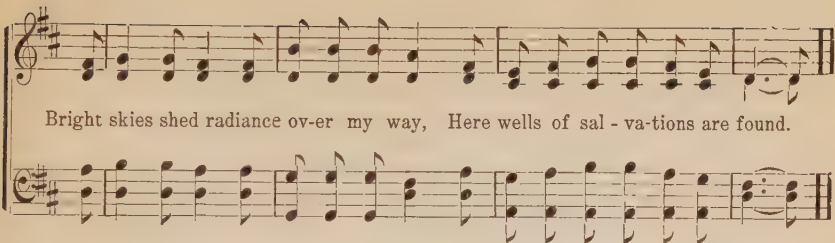
Here the wells of sal - va - tion are found. . . In the ha - ven, the
There to dwell in the man-sions of light. . .
Here the night is it - self per - fect day. . . . ha - ven of bless - ing



ha - ven of bless - ing I am tent - ing to - day,
tent-ing, I am tent-ing to - day, to - day;



The Haven of Blessing.



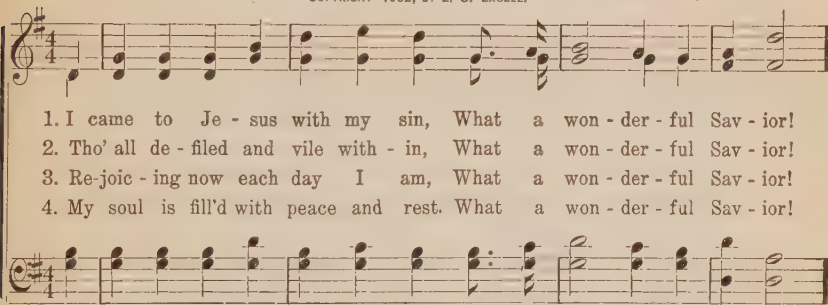
Bright skies shed radiance ov-er my way, Here wells of sal - va-tions are found.

No. 97. What a Wonderful Savior!

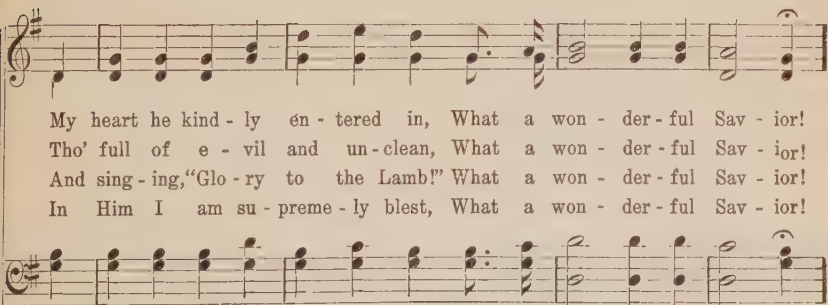
E. A. H.

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Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

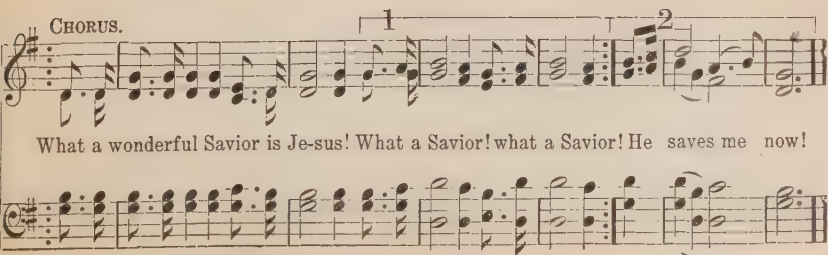


1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 2. Tho' all de - filed and vile with - in, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 3. Re-joic - ing now each day I am, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 4. My soul is fill'd with peace and rest. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



My heart he kind - ly en - tered in, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 Tho' full of e - vil and un-clean, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 And sing - ing, "Glo - ry to the Lamb!" What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 In Him I am su - preme - ly blest, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

CHORUS.



What a wonderful Savior is Je-sus! What a Savior! what a Savior! He saves me now!

1. I love to think of the ransom'd throng, I love to think of the joy-ful song;
 2. I love to think of the mar-tyrs grand Who pass'd thro' life to the promised land,
 3. I love to think of the robe and crown, Of those at home with the cross laid down
 4. I love to think of that wondrous clime, I love to think of the scene sub-lime,

The song of praise in the courts a - bove, The wondrous song of re-deem-ing love.
 Now chanting praise to their Savior King; Oh, sweet in-deed is the song they sing.
 Be - fore the throne of the great I Am, With songs of praise to the blessed Lamb.
 Where thro' the Lamb I may join that throng And sing with them that triumphant song.

CHORUS.

Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,
 Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,

Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, I
 Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,

That Joyful Song.

love to think of the joyful song, Sav'd, sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.
joy-ful song, blood of the Lamb.

No. 99.

Under the Cross.

WM. McDONALD

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CHORUS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e-vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom-is-es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod-y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for ev-er-more.
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

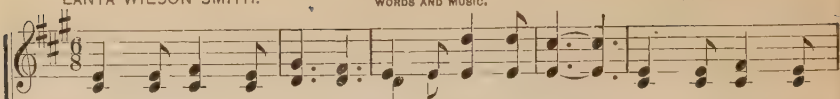
CHORUS.

Un-der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
 2. Slight-est ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
 3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's



need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
 dai-ly, Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
 pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed



You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev 'ry-where you go.
 You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
 Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.



CHORUS.



Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
 Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine o-ver the way,



Scatter Sunshine.



bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
Ev - 'ry pass - ing, pass - ing day;

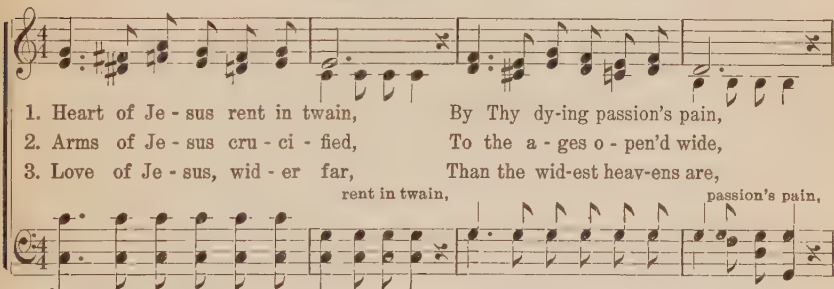
No. 101.

Take Me In.

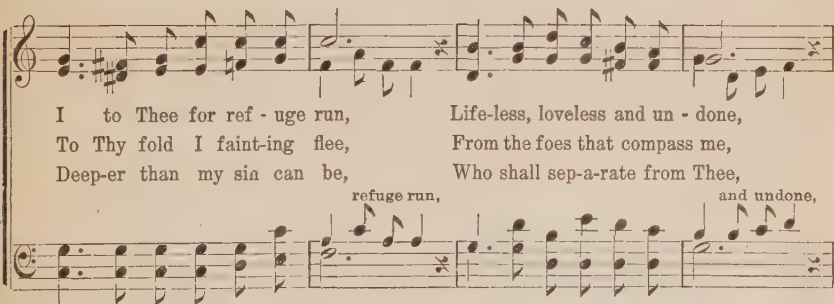
MARY A. LATHBURY.

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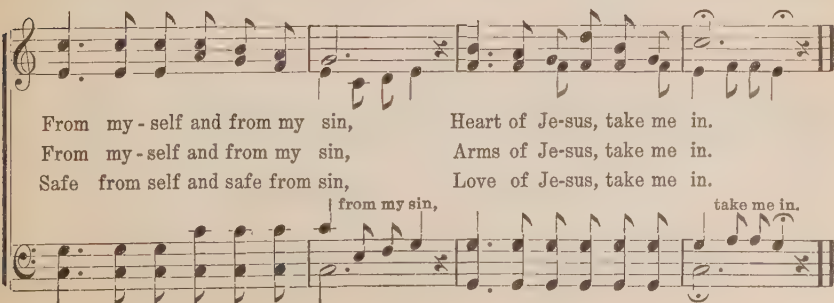
FLORA H. CASSEL.



1. Heart of Je - sus rent in twain, By Thy dy - ing passion's pain,
2. Arms of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, To the a - ges o - pen'd wide,
3. Love of Je - sus, wid - er far, Than the wid - est heav - ens are,
rent in twain, passion's pain,



I to Thee for ref - uge run, Life-less, loveless and un - done,
To Thy fold I faint - ing flee, From the foes that compass me,
Deep - er than my sin can be, Who shall sep - a - rate from Thee,
refuge run, and undone,

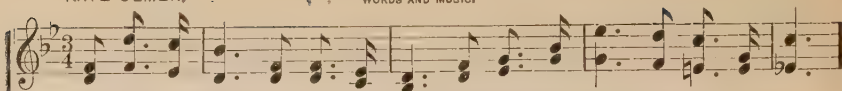


From my - self and from my sin, Heart of Je - sus, take me in.
From my - self and from my sin, Arms of Je - sus, take me in.
Safe from self and safe from sin, Love of Je - sus, take me in.
from my sin, take me in.

KATE ULMER,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

M. L. McPHAIL.



1. How shall I tell the matchless love, That brought my Sav - ior from a - bove;
2. No pow'r had I my soul to save, But He the ran - som free - ly gave;
3. No works I boast, no mer - it claim, My trust is stay'd on His dear name;
4. Ah! some glad day His face I'll see, Who gave this price - less boon to me;



From His e - ter - nal throne on high, For me to suf - fer, bleed and die?
 He bore the curse, en - dured the pain, That I thro' Him might live a - gain.
 The pre - cious blood He shed for me, Hath purchased par - don full and free.
 And then, as ne'er be - fore I'll sing, The wor - thy prais - es of my King.



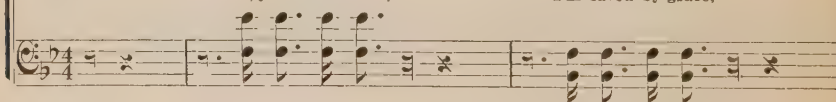
CHORUS.



Oh, praise His name, I'm saved by grace, I'll sing it

Oh, praise His name,

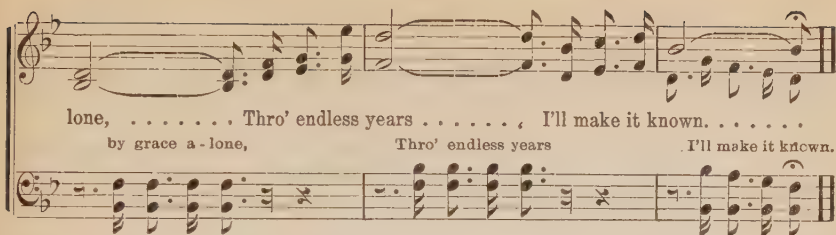
I'm saved by grace,



till I see His face, Then glo - ri - fied by grace a -
 I'll sing it till I see His face, I see His face, Then glo - ri - fied



I'm Saved by Grace.



lone, Thro' endless years I'll make it known.
 by grace a-lone, Thro' endless years I'll make it known.

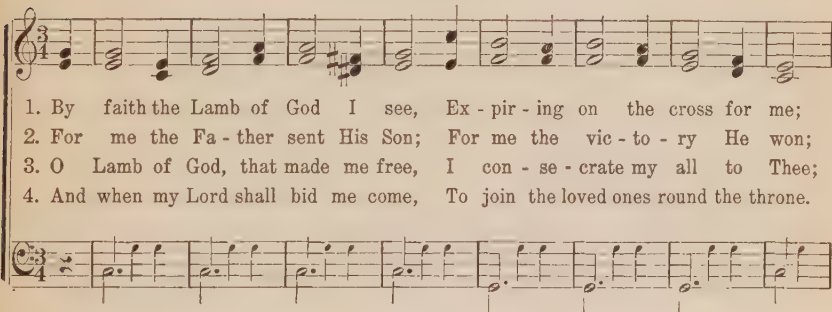
No. 103.

He Loved Me So!

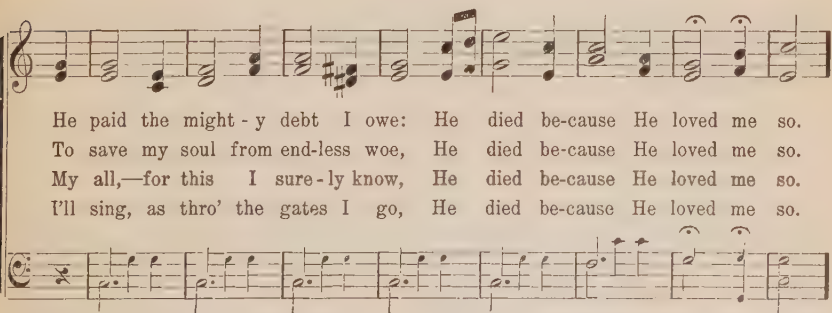
E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

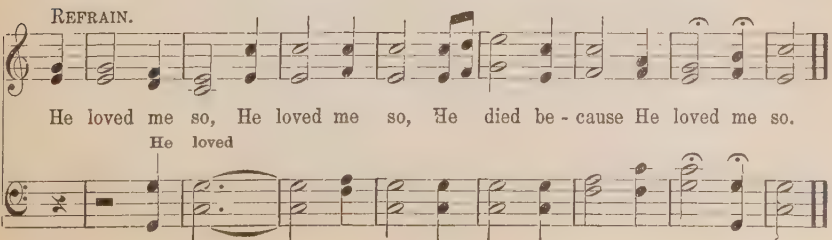


1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me;
 2. For me the Fa - ther sent His Son; For me the vic - to - ry He won;
 3. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to Thee;
 4. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones round the throne.



He paid the might - y debt I owe: He died be - cause He loved me so.
 To save my soul from end - less woe, He died be - cause He loved me so.
 My all, - for this I sure - ly know, He died be - cause He loved me so.
 I'll sing, as thro' the gates I go, He died be - cause He loved me so.

REFRAIN.

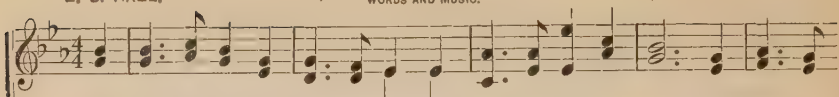


He loved me so, He loved me so, He died be - cause He loved me so.
 He loved

E. S. HALL,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

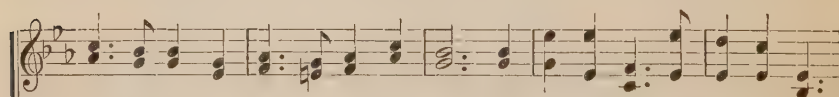
E. O. EXCELL.



1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly
 2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can - not, for I know That Je-sus
 3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come A - broad o'er all the land, If I may



that my soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that
 guides my falt'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not
 on - ly feel the touch of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble



I should walk By faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go,
 see His face, My faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis-tress,
 when I think How weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know



CHORUS.



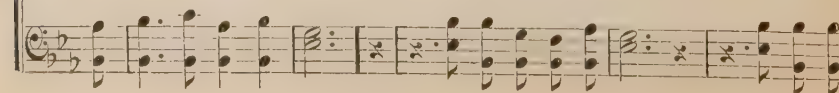
But oh, I know my Guide.

My Sav-ior will be near. His love . . . can nev-er fail, His love . . . can

His love can nev-er fail.

His love can nev-er fail,

His love can



His Love Can Never Fail.



nev-er fail; My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.



No. 105.

Jesus Is Passing By.

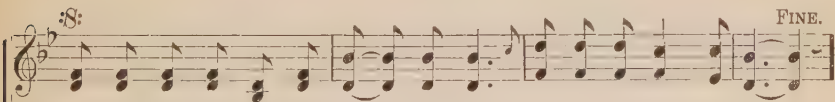
E. A. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

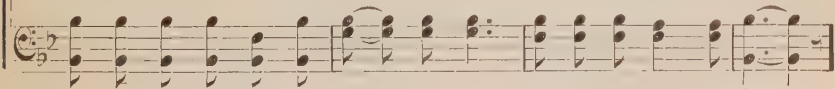


1. This is the sea-son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;



FINE.

This for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.



D.S.—Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

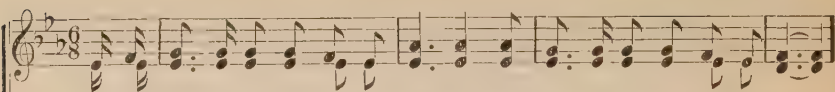
CHORUS.

D. S.

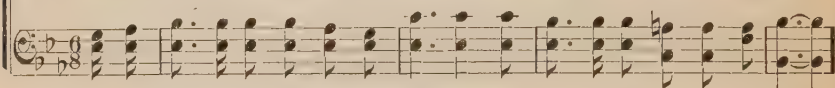


Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

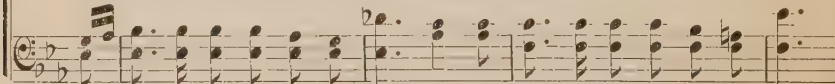




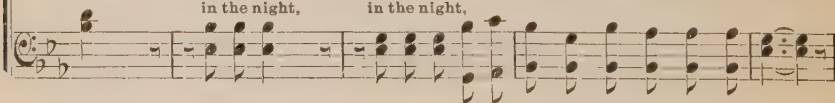
1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,



I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list-en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-



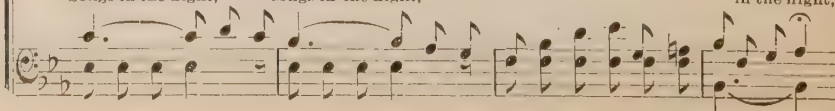
ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,



REFRAIN.



Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! in the night! . . . Oh, how precious the songs in the night, . . .
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night,



Songs in the Night.

My heart run-neth o - ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
 My heart runneth o - ver, runs o - ver,

No. 107. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Oh, Pil - grim bound for the heav'n - ly land, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
 2. When-e'er you're tempt - ed to go a - stray, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
 3. Tho' dark the path - way may seem a - head, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
 4. When death is knock - ing out - side the door, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

He'll lead you gen - tly with lov - ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Press on - ward, up - ward, the nar - row way, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 "I will be with you," His word hath said, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
 Tw safe - ly land - ed on Ca-naan's shore, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

CHORUS. D. S.

Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL,

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest toss'd, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er bur - den'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -

cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your ma - ny blessings, name them one by
 heav - y you are call'd to bear? Count your ma - ny blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told, Count your ma - ny blessings, mon - ey can - not
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all, Count your ma - ny blessings, an - gels will at -

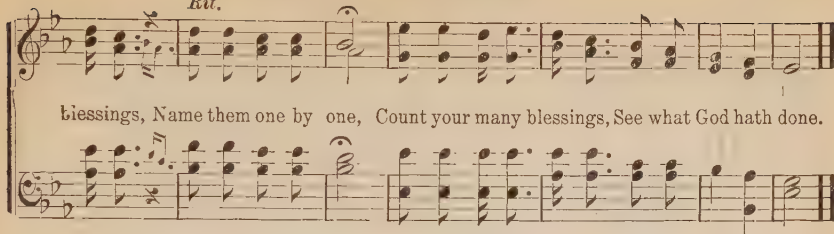
CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
 fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
 buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
 tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings,

one by one, Count your blessings, See what God hath done, Count your
 Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done, Count your many

Count Your Blessings.

Eu.



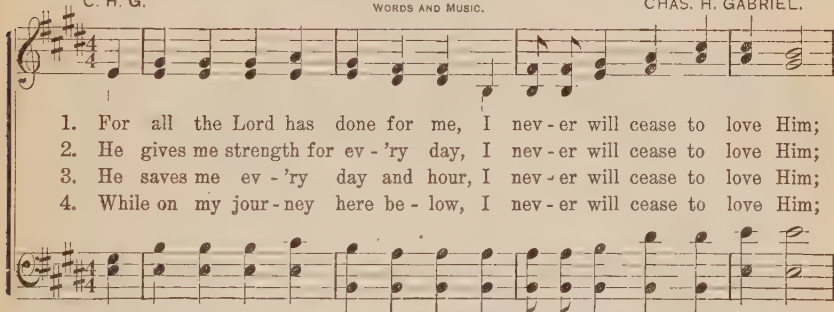
blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 109. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

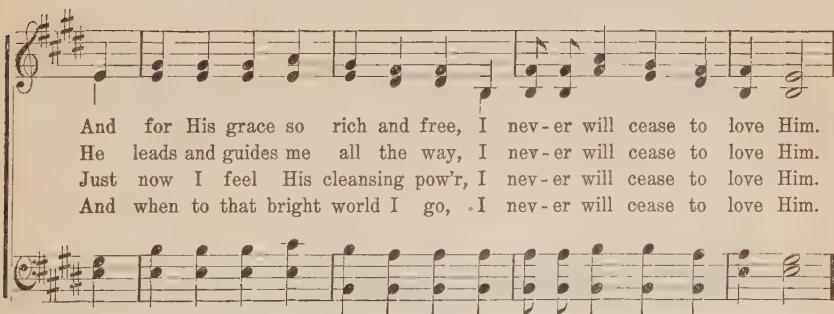
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

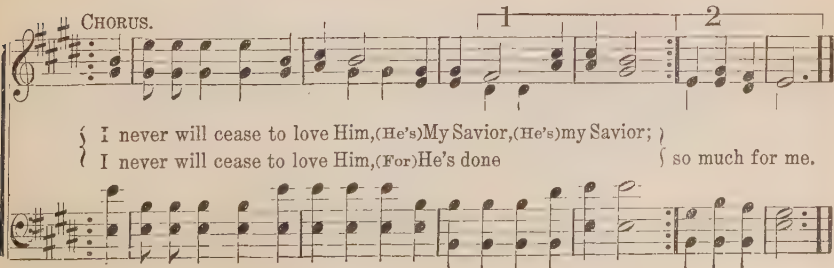
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I nev-er will cease to love Him;

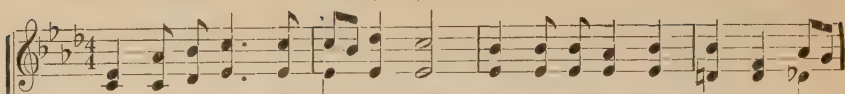


And for His grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love Him.

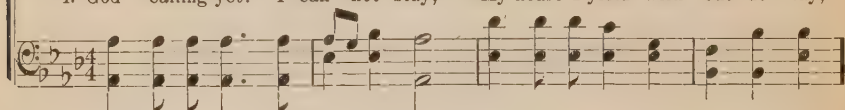


CHORUS.

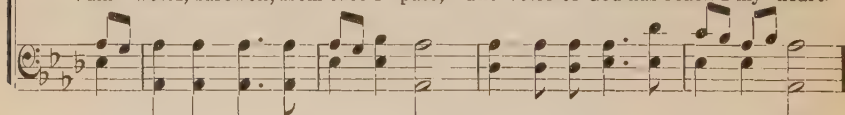
{ I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior; }
{ I never will cease to love Him, (For) He's done } so much for me.



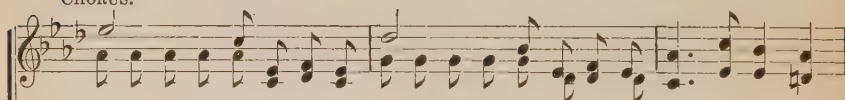
1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
 3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



CHORUS.



Call - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, Call - ing, oh, hear Him, Call-
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing



God is Calling Yet.

rit.

ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
yet,

No. 111.

Gleanse Me Now.

MELVILLE W. MILLER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL

1. Sav-ior, at Thy feet I bow; In Thy blood cleanse me now; Make me free from
2. Hear me as I hum-bly plead Thy great love, my great need; Now to me Thy
3. As I am I come to Thee, Take me, Lord, ev - en me; Thine own cleansing,
4. While in faith I to Thee call, Let Thy peace on me fall; Let me feel that

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry sin, Like Thy-self, pure with-in.
Spir - it give, Ev - er - more in me live. Cleanse me now, Oh, cleanse me now, While be-
Lord, impart, Pu-ri-fy, cleanse my heart.
I am free, As Thy blood cleans-eth me.

fore Thy throne I bow; Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin, Make me clean and pure with-in.

F. A. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Draw me near-er, O my Sav-ior and my Guide, In the shadow of Thy
 2. I would always live ac-cord-ing to Thy will, And Thy wondrous love to
 3. In the se-cret of Thy presence let me hide, Thou would'st shield me then what-
 and my Guide,

wing, oh, let me hide; For the bil-lows' an-gry groaning, And the
 oth-ers ev-er tell; Hold Thy hand when death shall sev-er All my
 ev-er may be-tide; In Thy strength a-lone I glo-ry, As I
 let me hide;

tempests' fear-ful moan-ing Have no ter-ror if I nest-le by Thy side.
 earth-ly ties for-ev-er, Then with Thee, in pearl-y man-sions I would dwell.
 sing and tell the sto-ry Of the Sav-ior who for me was cru-ci-fied.

REFRAIN.

{ Draw me nearer, O my Savior, day by day, I will fol-low, ev-er
 { Cheer a brother that is weary, Car-ry (Omit.)
 day by day, I will follow in Thy footsteps, I would

Draw Me Nearer.

fol - low; sunshine to the dreary, Rescue souls that are in darkness and dismay.
fol-low all the way:

No. 113.

To the Rescue.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells tolling, toll-ing, toll-ing, Wrecks a - drift and break-ers roll-ing;
2. Voic-es cheer-ing, life-boats steering, See, the help - ing hands are near-ing,
3. Joy-bells ring - ing, ring - ing, ring-ing, Friends a heart - y wel - come bringing;

Where the floods of in-tem-p'rance rave, Light the bea - con, and speed to save.
While the pledge, our glad sig - nal, flies Hope - ful mes - sage to wea - ry eyes.
Heav'n bends down our joy a - near, Greet the res - cued with words of cheer.

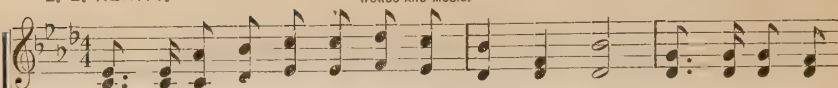
CHORUS.

{ Sign . . . our pledge, now sign, And strength divine shall yet be thine; }
{ Sign . . . our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not (*omit*) } the wine.
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

E. E. HEWITT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

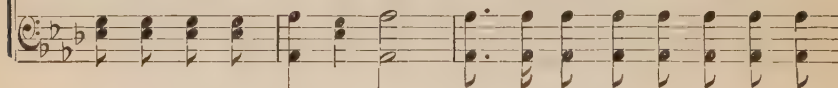
F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful to the King's com - mand, Faith - ful to the
2. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, thro' His sav - ing pow'r, In the try - ing
3. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, boundless grace I seek; May His Ho - ly
4. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, to the task as - signed; In the Mas - ter's



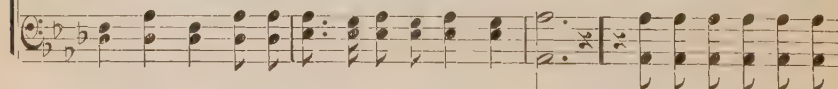
guid - ance of His lov - ing hand; As His loy - al sol - dier, may I
con - flict, in temp - ta - tion's hour; Read - y for His bid - ding in life's
Spir - it give the words I speak; Prompt my will to ac - tions, kind, for -
serv - ice, sweet - est joy I'll find; For the com - ing har - vest, pre - cious



CHORUS.



brave - ly stand, Faithful to the Lord who died for me. Ev - er faithful
sun and show'r, Faithful to the Lord who died for me.
giv - ing, meek, Faithful to the Lord who died for me.
sheaves I'll bind, Faithful to the Lord who died for me. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful,



to the end, Ev - er faith - ful to the end, Then a crown e -
Faith - ful, ev - er



Faithful, Ever Faithful.



ter-nal, and the joys of heav'n su-per-nal, Faithful to the Lord who died for me.



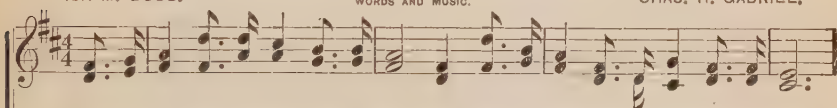
No. 115.

Jesus Leadeth Me.

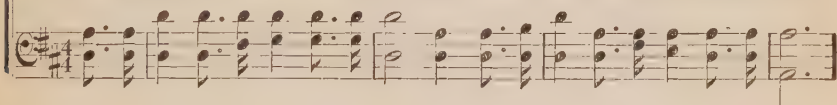
IDA M. BUDD.

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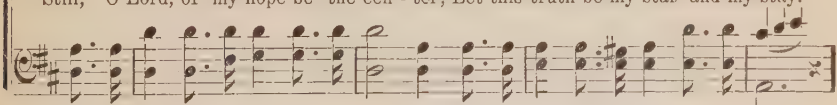
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a joy that consoles me in sor-row, There's a peace in the midst of my pain;
2. Tho' the way may be dark, He is near me, Step by step He will show me the light;
3. Tho' the best of earth's gifts He de-ny me, Yet no grief to my heart shall it bring;
4. When the vale of the shadows I en - ter, And all earth scenes are fading a-way;



There's a bright, gladsome hope for the morrow, And my song has this joyous re - frain:
And His presence doth constantly cheer me, While He giveth this song in the night:
For the One who is walk-ing be - side me, Still is teach-ing my spir-it to sing.
Still, O Lord, of my hope be the cen - ter; Let this truth be my staff and my stay.



CHORUS.



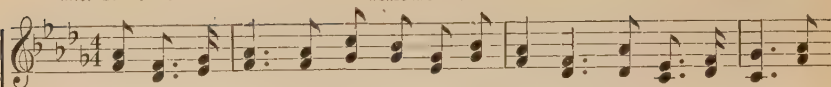
{ Je - sus leadeth me, yes, He leadeth me, I shall fear no earthly foe; }
{ For He lov-eth me with a ten-der love, And with Him I (omit) } glad-ly go.



Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

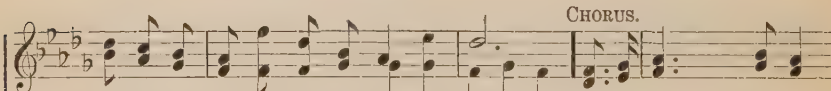
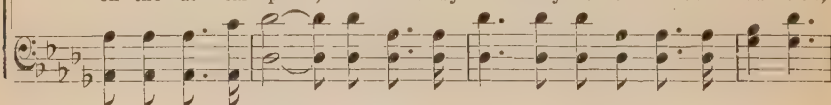
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



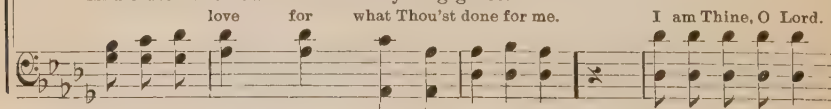
1. My life, my love, my all, O bless-ed Sav - ior, In con - se - cra - tion
2. Sa - cred to God, my hands to toil and la - bor, To do His bid - ding
3. Sa - cred to God, the tal - ents He has giv' - en, If small and few or
4. Here, once for all, I make a full sur - rend - er, And here my all up -



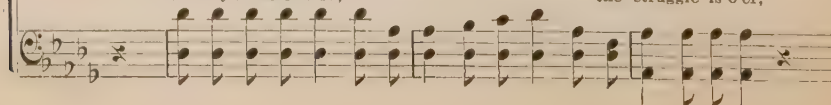
I have giv'n to Thee, And will-ing serv-ice ev-er-more will ren - der
a - ny time or where; My feet to be as mes-sen-gers of mer - cy
ma - ny may they be; My voice to sing, my lips to speak His prais - es,
on the al - tar place; I claim by faith Thy ut - ter-most sal - va - tion,



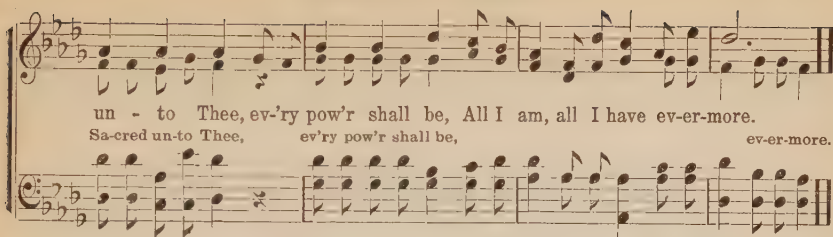
To prove my love for what Thou'st done for me. I am Thine, O Lord,
To seek and save the wand'ring from de-spair. My ears to hear, my eyes for Him to see.
And trust Thee now for sanc-ti - fy - ing grace.



whol-ly Thine, O Lord, Thou hast conquer'd, the struggle is o'er; . . . Sa - cred
whol-ly thine O Lord, the struggle is o'er,



Sacred to Thee.



un - to Thee, ev'ry pow'r shall be, All I am, all I have ev-er-more.
Sa-cred un-to Thee, ev'ry pow'r shall be, ev-er-more.

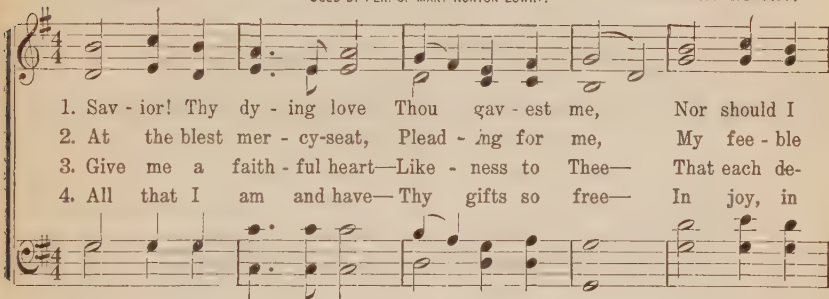
No. 117.

Something for Jesus.

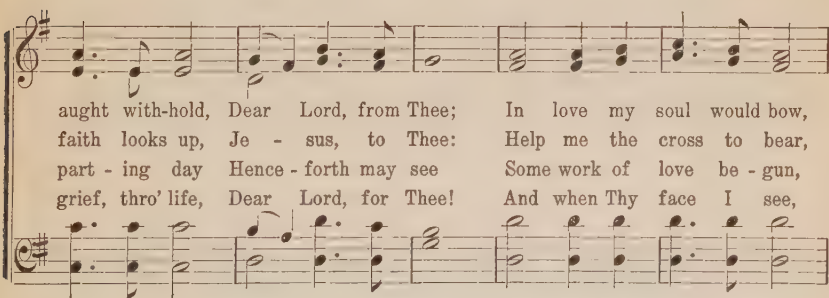
S. D. PHELPS.

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USED BY PER. OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

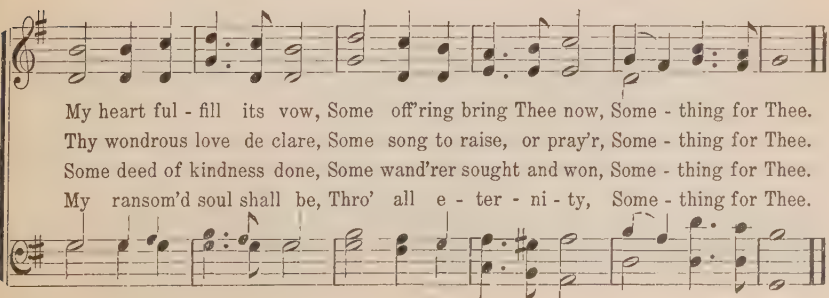
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in



aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

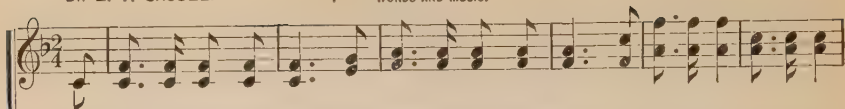


My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

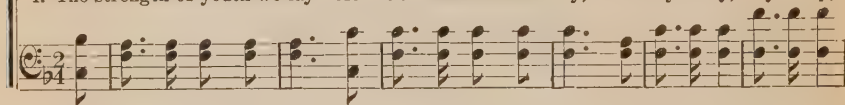
Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

FLORA H. CASSEL.



1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the sig - nal strain, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth a - round, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty.
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,



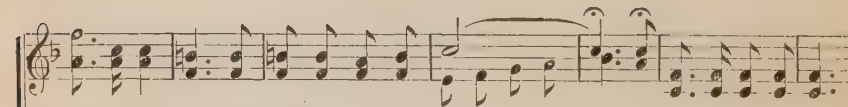
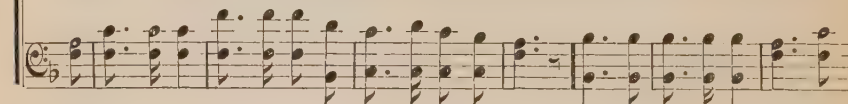
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's do-main,



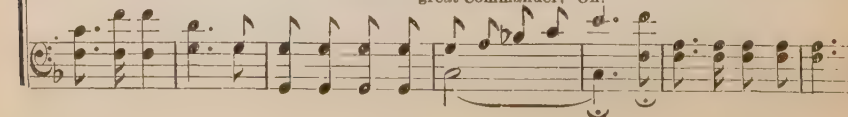
CHORUS.



Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ. "On to vic - to - ry! On to



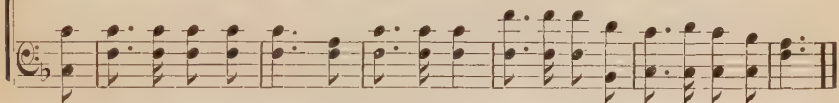
vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



Loyalty to Christ.



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.



No. 119.

Something for Thee.

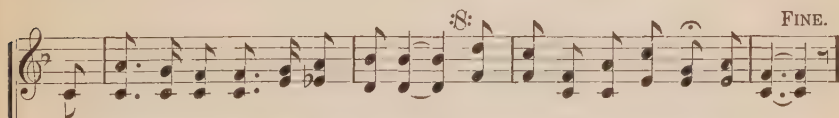
WM. H. GARDNER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. H. PACKARD.



1. My tal - ents are few, dearest Mas - ter, Yet I long of some use to be;
2. I can - not with fi - er - y warn - ings, Make the wick - ed their guilt to see,
3. No rich - es, a - las! can I give Thee, For they nev - er have come to me,

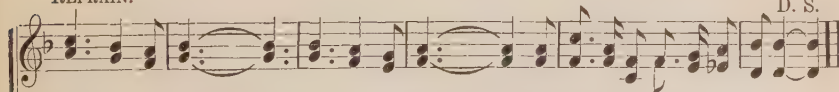


Then tell me, I pray Thee, dear Je - sus, How may I do something for Thee?
Yet sure - ly some pathway is o - pen, Where I may do something for Thee.
But free - ly I lay on Thine al - tar, My life, to do something for Thee.

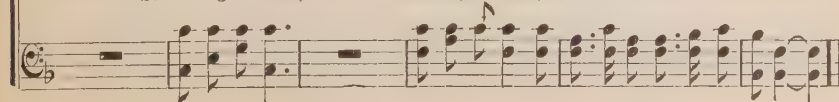


D. S.—How may I do some-thing for Thee.

REFRAIN.



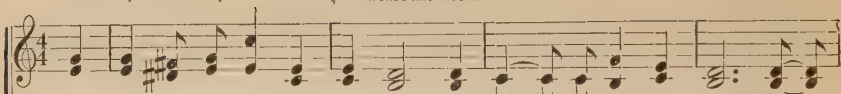
Something for Thee, . . . something for Thee, . . . Oh, tell me I pray Thee, dear Master,
Something for Thee, something for Thee,



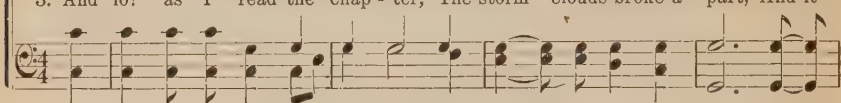

EBEN E. REXFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

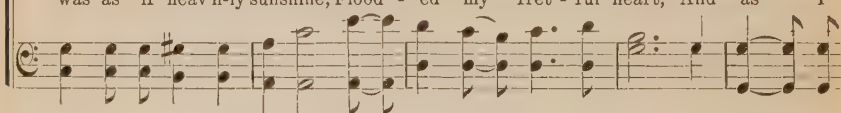

J. S. FEARIS.



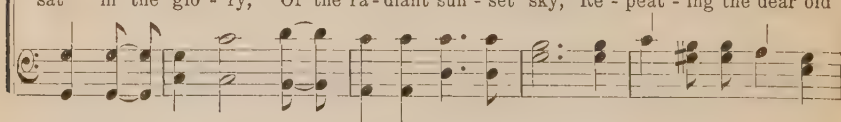
1. The day had been dark and drear-y, And full of sad un-rest, I
2. The tho't of the sweet old prom-ise, Was balm to my troubled soul, For
3. And lo! as I read the chap-ter, The storm-clouds broke a-part, And it

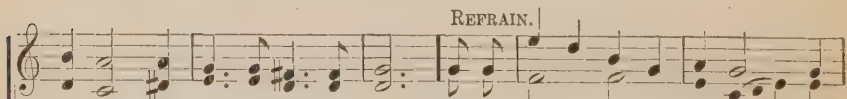
sat, as it neared its end-ing, And looked to-ward the west, But not one
God was be-hind the tempest, And the storm in His con-trol; I o-pened His
was as if heav'n-ly sunshine, Flood-ed my fret-ful heart, And as I

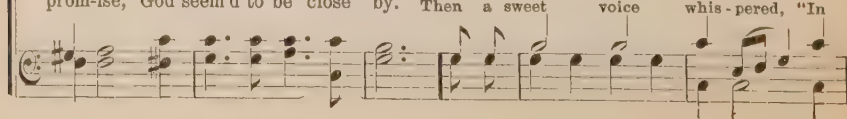
gleam of sun-shine Broke thro' the gath'ring gloom, That darkened the skies a-
Book of Com-fort, And peace came, as I read What one of the grand old
sat in the glo-ry, Of the ra-diant sun-set sky, Re-peat-ing the dear old



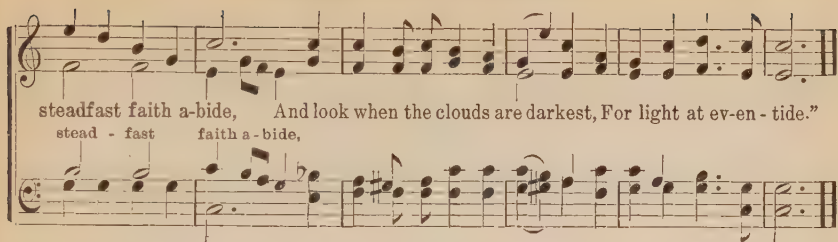
REFRAIN.



bove me, And filled my lone-ly room. Then a sweet voice seemed to whis-per "In
proph-ets, In time of troub-le said.
prom-ise, God seem'd to be close by. Then a sweet voice whis-pered, "In



Light at Eventide.



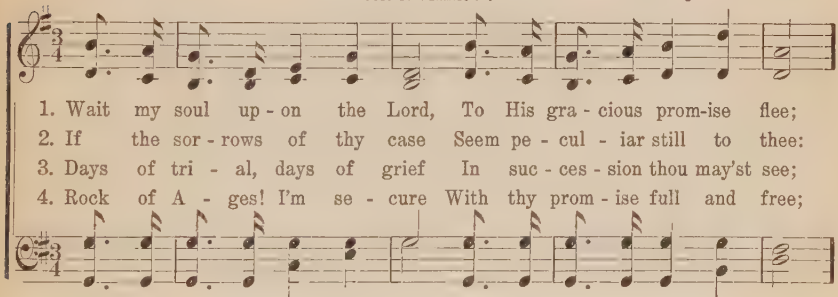
steadfast faith a-bide, And look when the clouds are darkest, For light at ev-en-tide."
stead - fast faith a-bide,

No. 121. As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be.

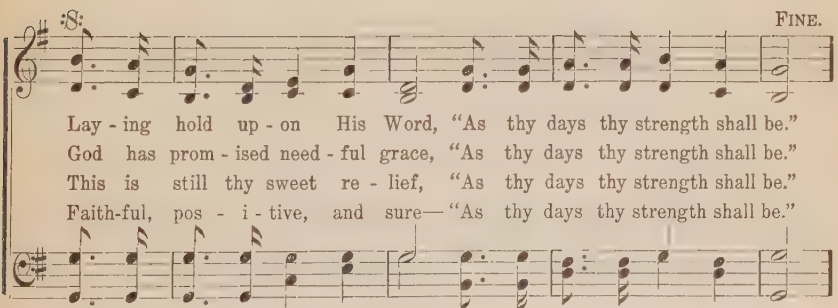
WM. F. LLOYD.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

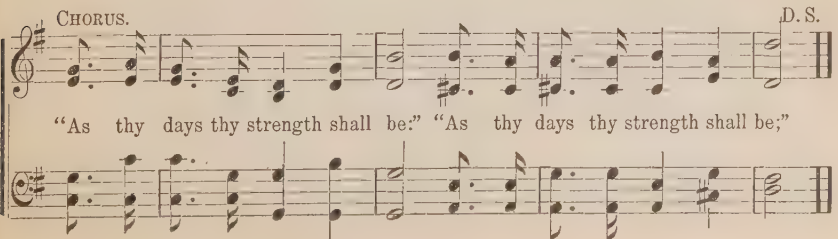


1. Wait my soul up-on the Lord, To His gra-cious prom-ise flee;
2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe-cul-iar still to thee:
3. Days of tri-al, days of grief In suc-ces-sion thou may'st see;
4. Rock of A-ges! I'm se-secure With thy prom-ise full and free;



FINE.
Lay-ing hold up-on His Word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
God has prom-ised need-ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
This is still thy sweet re-lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Faith-ful, pos-i-tive, and sure—"As thy days thy strength shall be."

D. S.—This is still thy sweet re-lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."



CHORUS. D. S.
"As thy days thy strength shall be." "As thy days thy strength shall be;"

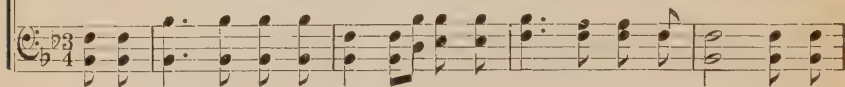
Dr. M. V. STALEY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

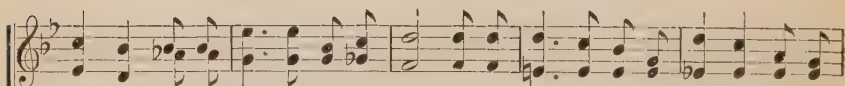
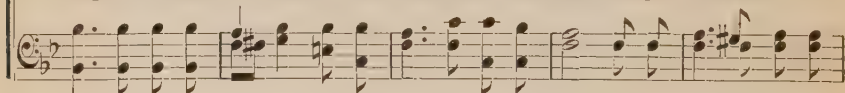
H. G. BRIEL.



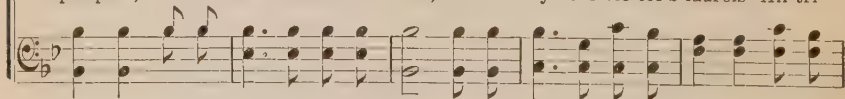
1. Come, Thou dear and bless-ed Sav - ior, Take, oh, take my hand in Thine; Let me
 2. Of - ten does the world misjudge me, But to Thee my heart is known; Thou canst
 3. Firm - ly may I wage the bat - tle, Tho' it should be fierce and long; Let Thine



feel Thy sweet com-pas-sion In this sin-ful heart of mine; Thou dost know the weary
 read the hid-den mo-tive, Thou, O Christ, and Thou a-lone; So, whene'er my friends de-
 own right hand sustain me, Stay my faith and make me strong; Strong of heart and firm of



strug-gle I en-dure from day to day; Pit-y, then, O gracious Mas-ter, And turn
 sert me, Oft mis-tak - ing what they see, Grant, O Lord, that I may freely Come and
 pur-pose, That shall nev-er know de-feat, 'Till I lay the vic-tor's laurels All tri-

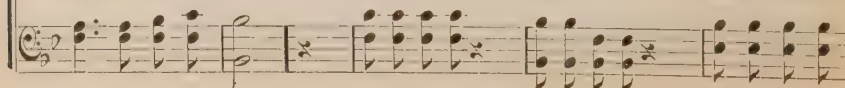


CHORUS.



not Thy face a - way.

bare my heart to Thee. Blessed Sav - ior! Blessed Sav - ior! Look in - to this
 umph-ant at Thy feet. Blessed Savior! Blessed Savior; Look in - to this



Come Blessed Savior.

heart of mine; Take it, cleanse it, con-se-crate it; Make, oh, make it wholly Thine.

Take it, cleanse it, con - se - crate it;

No. 123.

The Old Church Bell.

BIRDIE BELL.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. When the old church bell that we love so well Swings a - loft in bel - fry tall,
2. Hear the old church bell as its glad notes swell On the balm - y morn - ing air,
3. Swings the old church bell, oh, its meas - ures tell In - vi - ta - tions soft and sweet,
4. Ring the old church bell, o - ver hill and dell, Spread a - far the tune - ful peal;

FINE.

With a joy - ous peal, oh, how glad we feel! As we hast - en to its call.
Par - ents, teach - ers, all, At its plead - ing call, Gath - er at the house of pray'r.
And our school - mates dear, As its chimes they hear Speed to school with will - ing feet.
Call the street - waifs in, Let them now be - gin In the Sun - day - school to kneel.

D S.—Let us haste a - way, in the ear - ly day, To the Sunday-school so dear.

CHORUS.

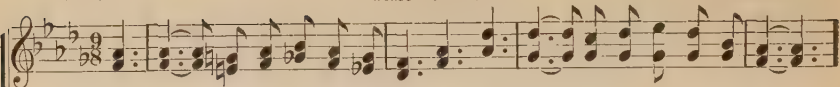
D. S.

Hark! the old Church bell, in its glad chimes dwell, In - vi - ta - tions sweet and clear;

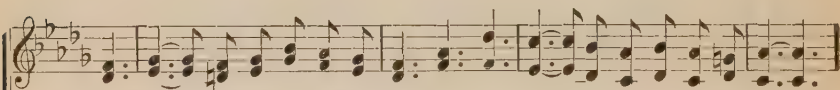
C. H. G

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



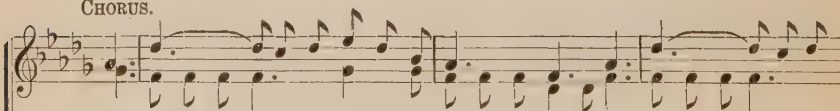
1. Oh, sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won - der - ful Savior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er; His love is unmeasured and free;



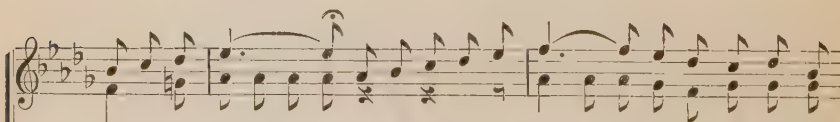
Who suf - fered and died for the sin - ner—I'll tell it a-gain and a - gain!
To pur - chase e - ter-nal re-demp-tion, And oh, He is might-y to save!
His grace is for - ev-er suf - fi-cient, It reach-es and pu - ri - fies me.



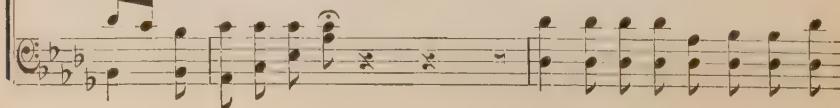
CHORUS.



Oh, won - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear - est that
Oh, won-der-ful sto - ry, Oh, won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-



ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo - ry, The won-der-ful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo - ry, The



The Wonderful Story.

sto - ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto - ry, Where I shall His beau - ty, His beau-ty be-hold,

Rit.

No. 125. *Forward Be Our Watchword.

HENRY ALFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.

1. For-ward be our watch-word, Steps and voic-es join'd; Seek the things be-
2. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries, Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that
3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a-

CHO.—For - ward ev - er for - ward Thro' the toil and fight, Till the vail be

fore us, Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar,
love Him, One day to be shared; Eye hath not be - held them,
bid - eth; That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas - per,
lift - ed, Till our faith be sight.

FINE.

At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
Ear hath never heard, Nor of these hath ut - tered Tho't or speech a word.
Shine the gates with gold; Flows the glad'ning riv - er, Shedding joys un-told.

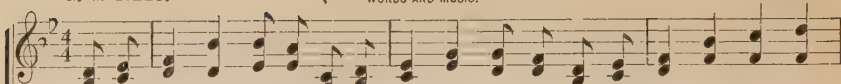
D. C.

* Processional.



G. M. BILLS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.


M. L. McPHAIL.



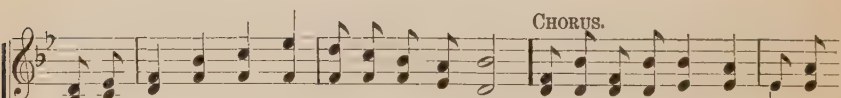
1. Keep in line with Je-sus, if you love the Sav-ior; Let His ho-ly foot-prints
 2. Keep in line with Je-sus, marching on to glo-ry; Lay-ing all a-side that
 3. Keep in line with Je-sus, tell the friends you cherish, That your sweetest hours are
 4. Keep in line with Je-sus, soul to Christ u-nit-ed; Let Him see how faith-ful



be your read-y guide, When the foe is frowning, nev-er, nev-er wav-er,
 keepeth you from God, That the world be-hold-ing may be-lieve the sto-ry,
 spent at Je-sus' feet, Go with pray'r and sun-shine to the souls who per-ish,
 dai-ly you can be; For your loy-al serv-ice you will be re-quit-ed




CHORUS.



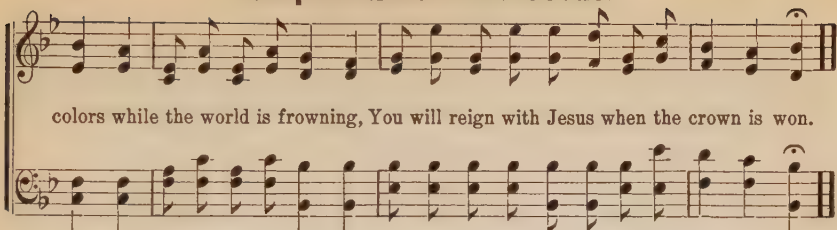
While you bear the standard of the Cru-ci-fied.
 Of your trust in Je-sus, and his precious blood. Keep in line with Je-sus, marching
 Lead the blind-ed sin-ner to the mer-cy seat.
 In the fin-al crowning of the pure and free.

to the crowning, Be a gos-pel he-ro till the war is done; Loy-al to your



Keep in Line with Jesus.

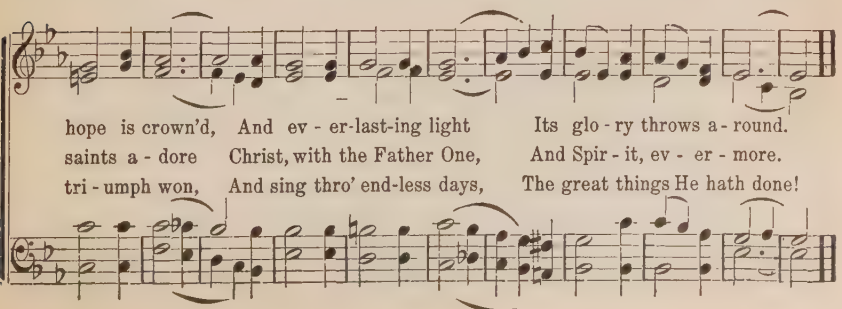
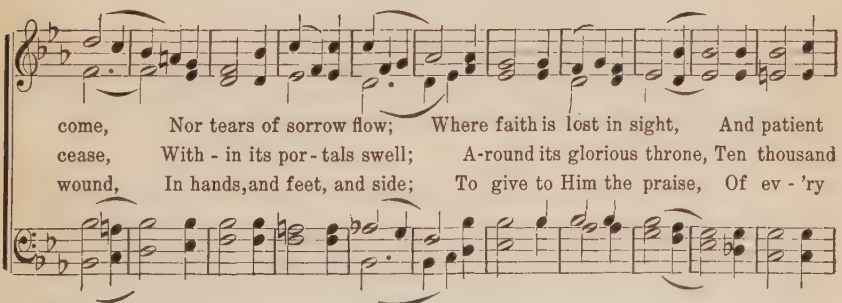
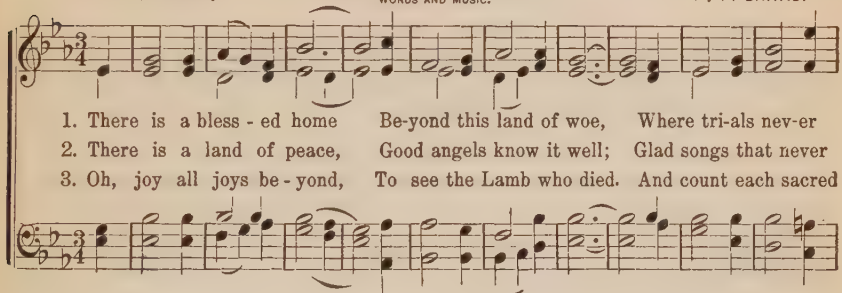


No. 127. There is a Land of Peace.

Sir H. W. BAKER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

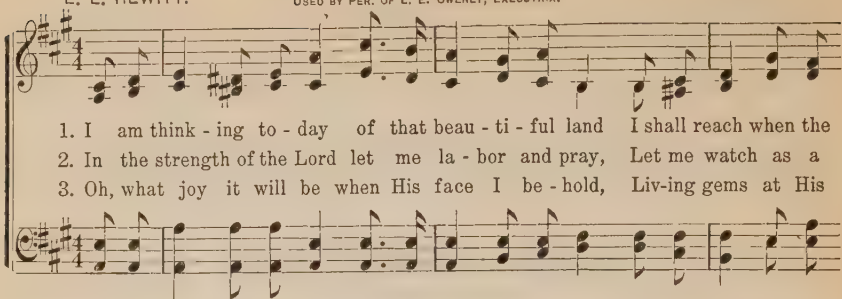
H. P. DANKS.



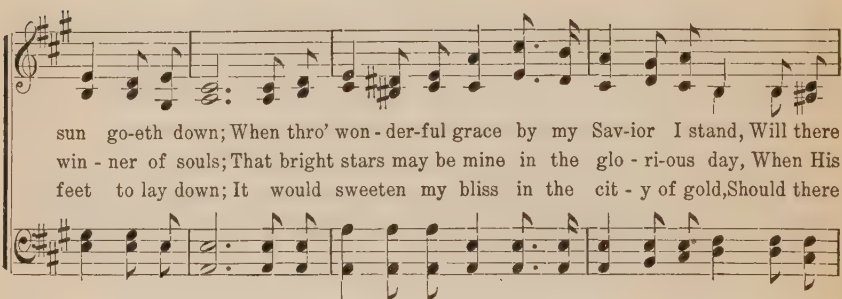
E. E. HEWITT.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

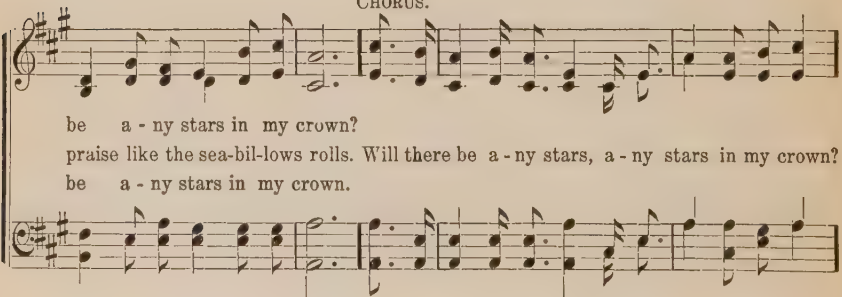


1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing gems at His

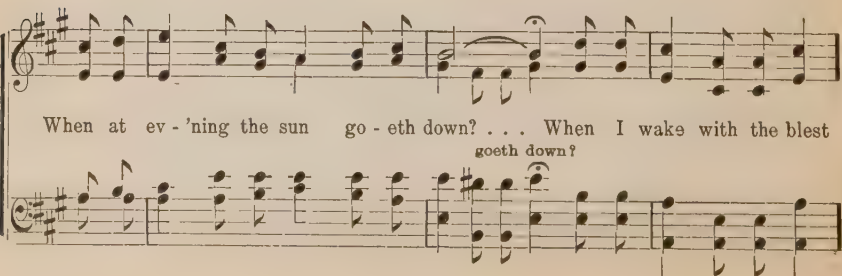


sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand, Will there
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day, When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.



be a - ny stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea - bil - lows rolls. Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown?
 be a - ny stars in my crown.



When at ev - 'ning the sun go - eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?

Will There be any Stars?

In the man - sions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
a - ny stars in my crown?

No. 129.

I'm Nearer My Home.

Duet.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. One sweet - ly, sol-emn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er my home to
2. I'm nearer my Father's house, Where heav'nly mansions be; I'm nearer the great white
3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; I'm near-er the time to

CHORUS.

day Than ever I've been be-fore. I'm near - er my home, I'm near - er my
throne, Nearer the Jas - per sea.
leave The cross and wear the crown.
I'm nearer my home, my heavenly home, I'm nearer my home, my

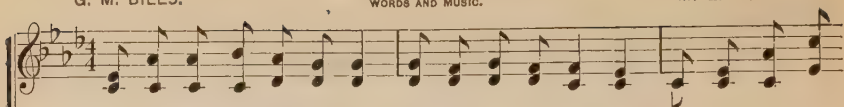
Rit.

home, I'm near - er my home to-day, Then ev - er I've been be - fore.
heavenly home, I'm nearer my home,

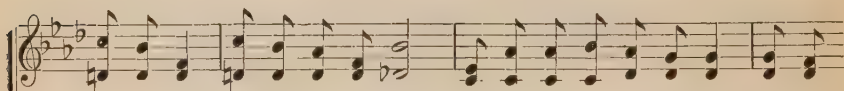
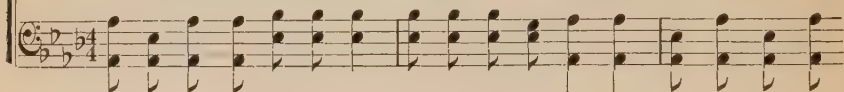
G. M. BILLS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

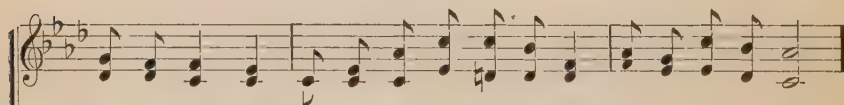
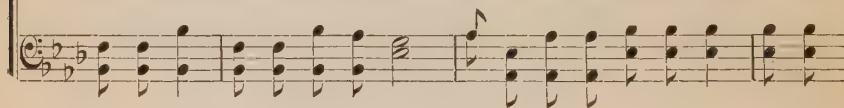
M. L. McPHAIL.



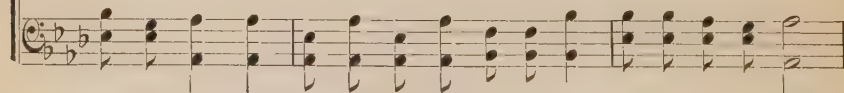
1. Like a chime of sil-ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag-ic sto-ry, That can charm a-
3. Lo! the tempt-er doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness, Then he mocks you



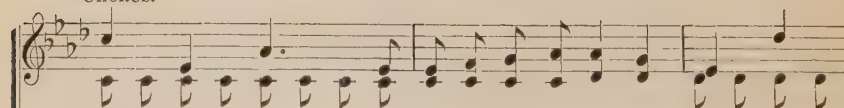
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold, Love is
way your fears When earth's joys de-part? Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your
while you grieve, Point-ing to de-spair; From his fet-ters break a-way, Seek the



ev - er bring-ing, Ti-dings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
eyes the glo-ry, That for-ev-er will a-bide, With the pure in heart?
path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleas-ures that de-cay, Of their sting be-ware.



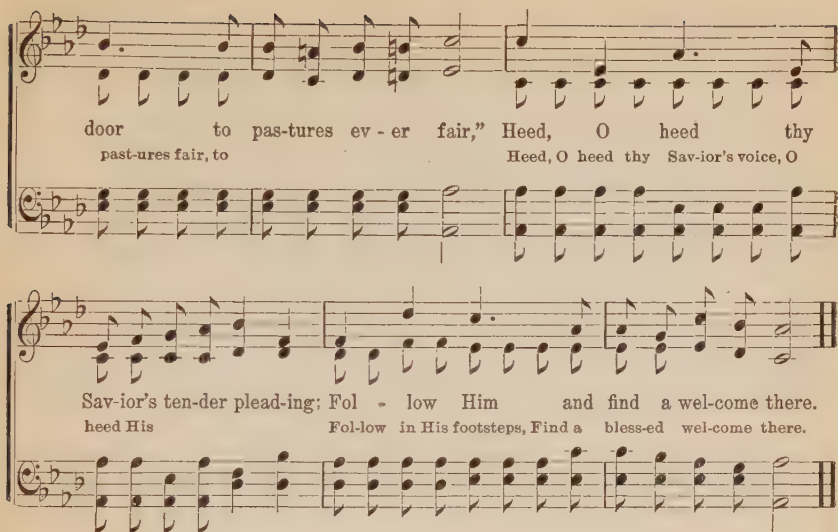
CHORUS.



"Fol - low me," O hear the Shep-herd say-ing, Seek the
"Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me," Seek the door to



Follow Me.



door to pas-tures ev - er fair," Heed, O heed thy
past-ures fair, to Heed, O heed thy Sav-ior's voice, O

Sav-ior's ten-der plead-ing; Fol - low Him and find a wel-come there.
heed His Fol-low in His footsteps, Find a bless-ed wel-come there.

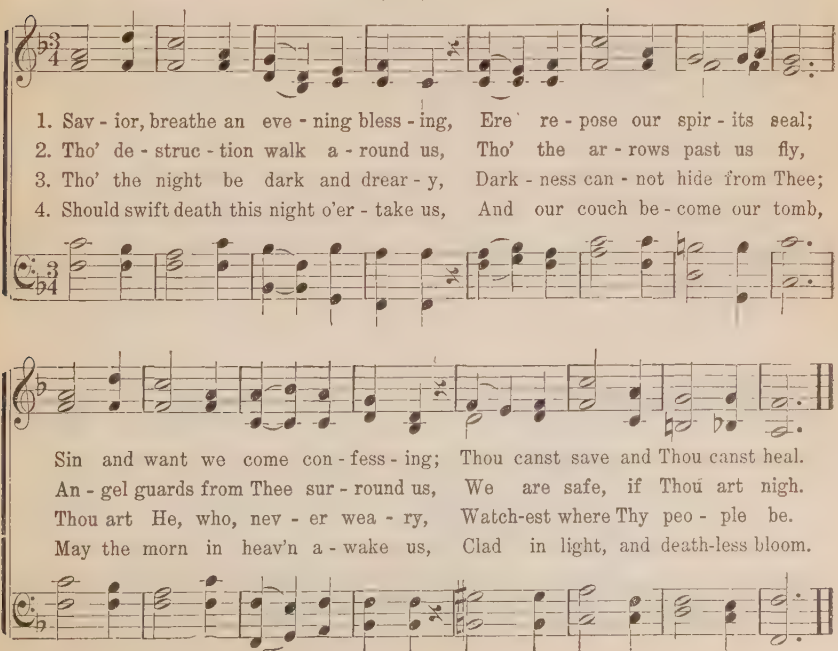
No. 131.

Glosing Hymn.

JAMES EDMESTON.

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E. O. EXCELL.



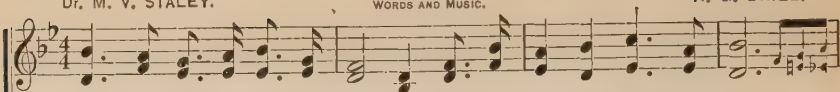
1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere' re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He, who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light, and death-less bloom.

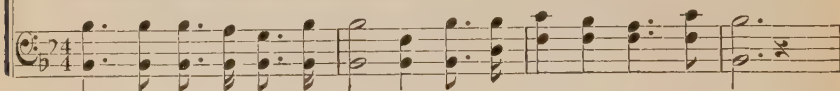
Dr. M. V. STALEY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. G. BRIEL.



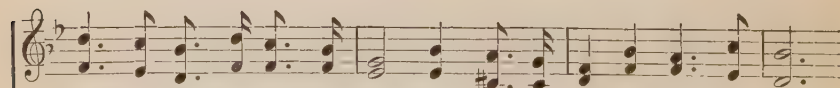
1. Tho' the skies grow dark with an - guish, Tho' my heart be weigh'd with care,
2. Tho' temp-tations round me hov - er, Till I all but yield to sin;
3. Blest the hour of close com-mun-ion, Face to face with One I love;



I can al-ways find a sol - ace In the bless-ed hour of pray'r;
Way-ward tho'ts de-part for - ev - er, When His pres-ence en - ters in,
Then my tho'ts from earth a - ris - ing, Cen - ter on the things a - bove;



Then, al-though the storm be rag - ing, I can see His smil-ing face,
In my heart my pray'r to an - swer, In my soul to make me pure;
Then my burdened heart re - joic - es, Cast-ing off its load of care;

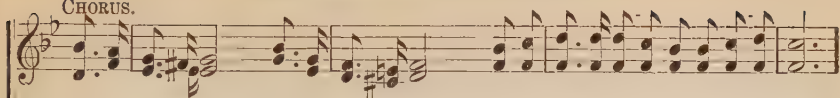


And dis - pel the clouds of sor - row In the sun-shine of His grace.
Then the hour of pray'r my strength is; Heart is firm and faith is sure.
Then my soul finds sweet con-tent - ment In that bless-ed hour of pray'r.

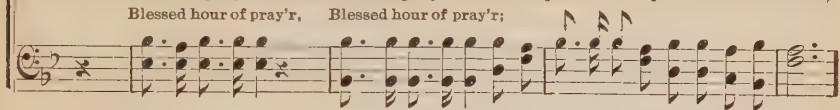


Blessed Hour of Prayer.

CHORUS.



Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r; When I speak unto my Savior face to face;
Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;



Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r; When I bask within the sunshine of His grace.
Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;



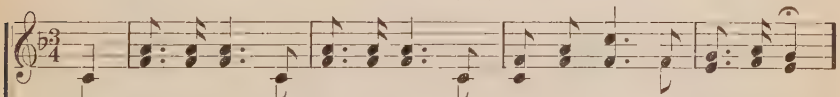
No. 133.

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;



CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

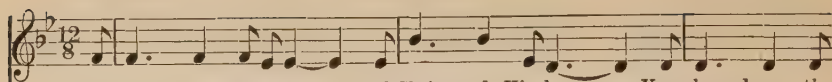


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

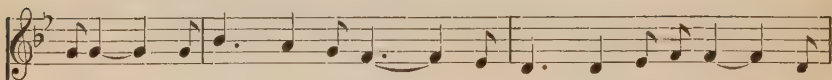
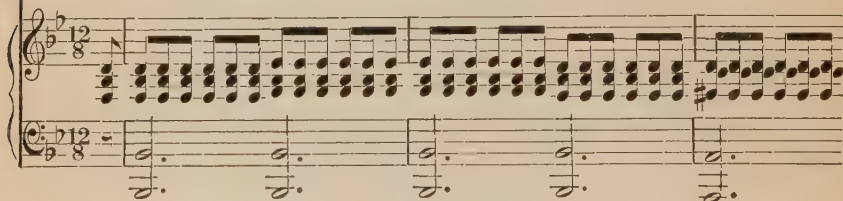
E. E. HEWITT.

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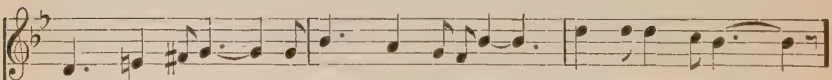
E. O. EXCELL.



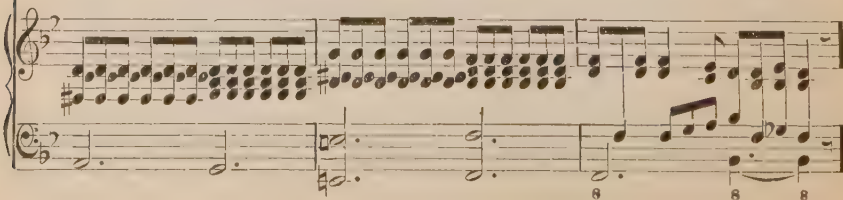
1. You told me the sto-ry of Christ and His love, You showed me the
 2. You showed me the fountain that cleans-eth the soul, The streams of sal-
 3. You told me of mercies that fail nev - er-more, Of grace all-suf-
 4. The light of that country shall nev - er grow dim, So bright is the



path-way to man - sions a - bove; I called to the Sav - ior, He
 va - tion that won - drous - ly roll; I sought the Great Healer, the
 fi - cient, of love's bound-less store; And now I am trust-ing the
 glo - ry that stream-eth from Him; Oh, joy ev - er - last-ing, be-



an - swer'd my pray'r; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
 bless - ing to share; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
 Fa - ther's kind care; You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.
 yond all com-pare! You led me to Je-sus, I will meet you there.

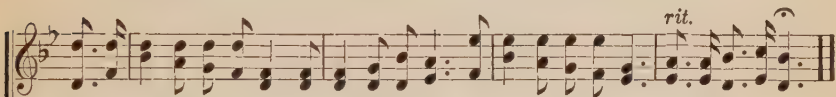


I Will Meet You There.

CHORUS.



I will meet you there, I will meet you there; Is a-ny one say-ing, I will meet you there?



In the beautiful city so bright and so fair, You led me to Jesus, I will meet you there.



No. 135.

Now the Day is Over.

S. B. GOULD.

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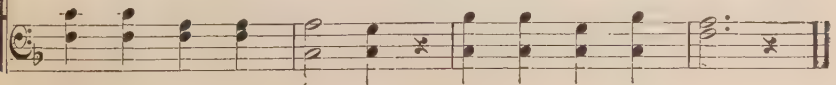
E. O. E.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Now the day is o - ver, | Night is draw - ing nigh, |
| 2. Je - sus give the wea - ry | Calm and sweet re - pose; |
| 3. Thro' the long night - watch - es, | May Thine an - gels spread |
| 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, | Then may I a - rise, |



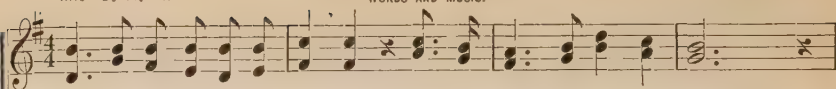
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning	Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tend'-rest bless - ing	May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me,	Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less	In Thy ho - ly eyes.



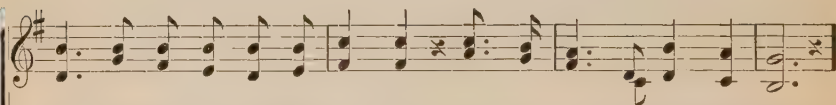
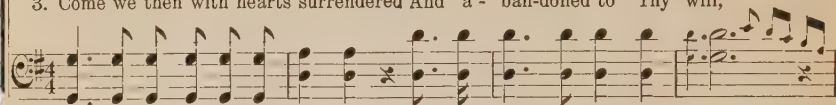
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS



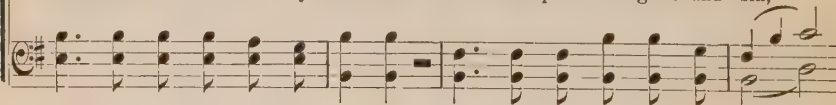
1. We be-lieve, O God, our Fa - ther, Thou in con - de-scend - ing grace,
2. First we came to Thee, O Fa - ther, Dead in tres - pass - es and sin,
3. Come we then with hearts surrendered And a - ban-doned to Thy will,



Hast the hu-man heart cre - a - ted For the Spir - it's dwell - ing place;
 Thou in love and great com-pas - sion Ope'd Thine arms, and took us in;
 Plead - ing that the Ho - ly Spir - it May our ev - 'ry bo - som fill;



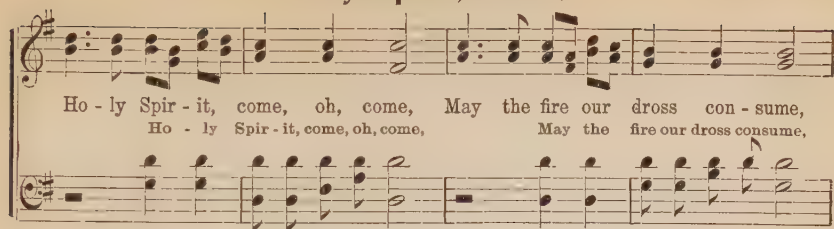
Noth - ing else can fill the long - ing, Noth - ing else can sat - is - fy,
 Now we would pre - sent our bod - ies As a liv - ing sac - ri - fice;
 Cleanse us now and whol - ly save us From the pow'r of guilt and sin,



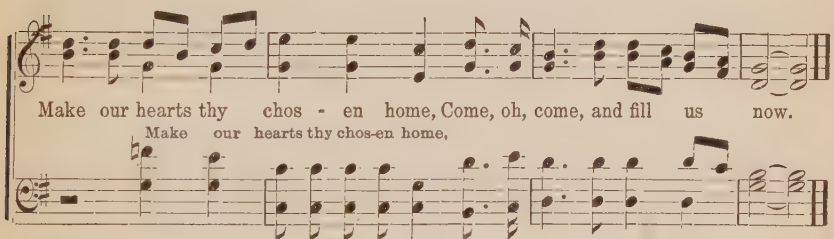
Till He comes in all His ful - ness, And the tem - ple oc - cu - py.
 This our rea-son - a - ble serv - ice, And the al - tar sanc - ti - fy.
 Then in all Thy glo - rious full - ness, Take up Thine a - bode with - in.



Holy Spirit, Come.



Ho - ly Spir - it, come, oh, come, May the fire our dross con - sume,
 Ho - ly Spir - it, come, oh, come, May the fire our dross consume,



Make our hearts thy chos - en home, Come, oh, come, and fill us now.
 Make our hearts thy chos-en home,

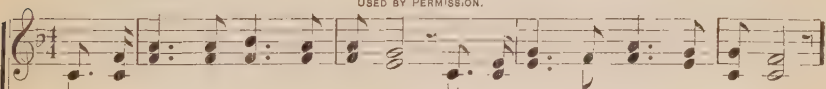
No. 137.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY.

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J. S. NORRIS.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, | I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, |
| 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, | I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, |
| 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, | I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, |
| 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, | He will give me grace and glo - ry, |

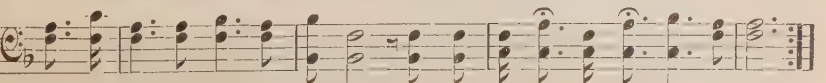


Where He leads me I will foll - ow, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



ad lib.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

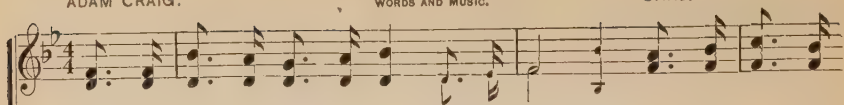


Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

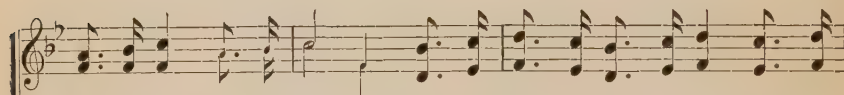
ADAM CRAIG.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. On the bat - tle field of life, Be a he - ro! In its tur - moil
2. There are gi - ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of
3. When you see a broth - er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help - ing



and its strife, Be a he - ro! Show your col - ors in the fight, And with
Je - sus stand, Be a he - ro! In the dark - ness and the light, Fight like
hand to all, Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a



sword and ar - mor bright, Strike out brave - ly for the right, Be a he - ro!
Da - vid for the right, Stay the tem - pter in his might, Be a he - ro!
word of hope and cheer, Do what good you can while here, Be a he - ro!



CHORUS.



Be a he - ro! Trust in God and nev - er fear! Be a
Be a he - ro!



Be a Hero!

he - ro! He will help you, He is near; On, ye sol-diers to the fray!
Be a he-ro!

Hear the great Commander say We shall sure-ly gain the day, Be a he-ro!

The musical score for 'Be a Hero!' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

No. 139.

Prepare Thy God to Meet.

Selected.

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H. H. McGRANAHAN,

1. On ev-'ry side a voice I hear, That loud-er speak-eth year by year,
2. The fall-ing leaf, the fad-ing flow'r, The sink-ing sun at ev-'ning's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll-ing bell, The grave where dy-ing I must dwell,
4. Wher-e'er I turn, what-e'er I do, This warn-ing mes-sage thrills me thro';

Rall

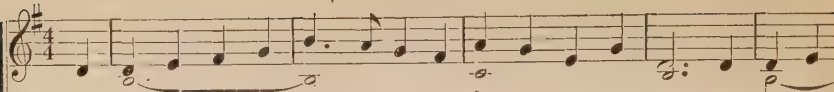
A voice I dare not light-ly treat, "Pre-prepare, pre-prepare thy God to meet!"
All ev-er-more to me re-peat, "Pre-prepare, pre-prepare thy God to meet!"
My throbbing heart with ev-'ry beat Whispers, "Pre-prepare thy God to meet!"
In si-lent hall, or noi-sy street, "Pre-prepare, pre-prepare, thy God to meet!"

The musical score for 'Prepare Thy God to Meet.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a 'Rall' marking above the final measure. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

NEAL A. McCAULAY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. FEARIS.



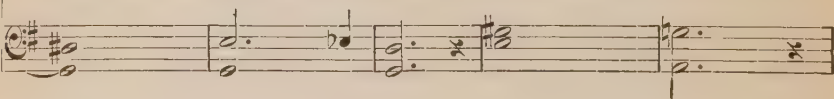
1. I dreamed one night not long a-go, Of Mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all Di-rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that



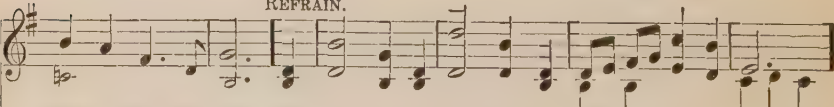
love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work-ers here, In words I now re-call; "For-bid them not," He
I the lit-tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



happy throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voic-es clear and sweet With
gen-tly said: "The children bring to Me, Their por-tion in the world of light, Re-
dai-ly grace, Their precious souls to cheer: Till they could sing like yon-der choir, Ho-



REFRAIN.



mu-sic fill the air.

deem'd shall ev-er be." Ho - san - na! Ho - san-na! Our songs of love we bring,
san - na, bright and clear.

we bring,



The Children's Hosanna.

Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! To Christ the children's King; Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!

Our songs of love we bring; Ho - san - na! Hosanna! To Christ, the children's King.

No. 141.

The Cross, the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. { When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died, }
 { My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on (Omit) } all my pride.
 2. { Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; }
 { All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them (Omit) } to His blood.

CHORUS.

{ The cross, the cross by faith I see, With-in its shad-ow I will hide; }
 { The blood, the blood avails for me, For me the Prince of (Omit) } Glory died.

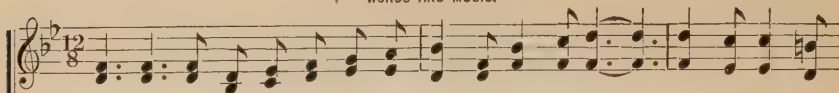
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all?

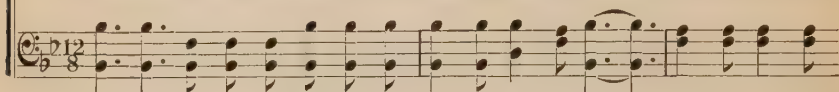
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him



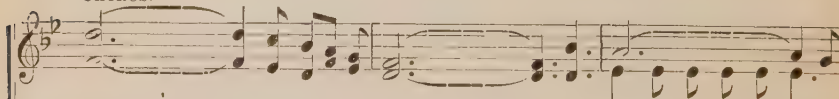
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; . . Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; . . Oh! re-turn while the spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; . . Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee,



pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes; Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . .
call-ing still,



CHORUS.



Call - - - ing now for thee, O wea - - - ry
Calling now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,



Galling the Prodigal.

prod-i-gal, come, Call - - - ing now for
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, Call-ing now for thee,

thee, . . . O wea - - ry prod-i-gal come.
calling now for thee, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come.

No. 143.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

M. M. W.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

D.C.—*Whis'ring soft - ly, "Wanderer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2. Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubts and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3. When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet.

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

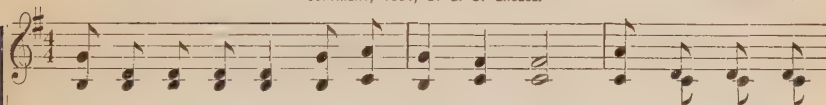
CHILDRENS SONGS

No. 145.

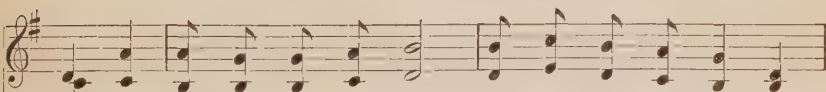
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.



1 Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; Ho will ev - er help us,



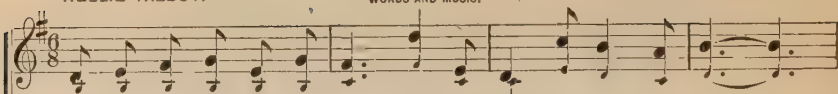
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



NELLIE TALBOT.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus, I can, if I but try;



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
 Serv-ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam,



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lit - tle feet, be ver - y care - ful where you go, (where you go,)
 2. Lit - tle hands, be ver - y care - ful what you do, (what you do,)
 3. Lit - tle ears, be ver - y care - ful what you hear, (what you hear,)
 4. Lit - tle hearts, be ver - y care - ful to be true, (to be true,)

As in life you dai - ly trav-el to and fro; (to and fro,)
 Wrong or tho't - less ac-tions you will sure - ly rue; (you will rue,)
 When the temp - ter whis-pers to you, dan-ger's near; (ver - y near,)
 Love the Lord and He will sure-ly care for you; (care for you;)

Nev - er for a mo - ment stray from the straight and nar - row way,
 In - to mis-chief nev - er go, for 'tis ver - y wrong you know,
 Tho' he prom-ise ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry prom - ise is a sting!
 Je - sus will not en - ter in where there is the least of sin,

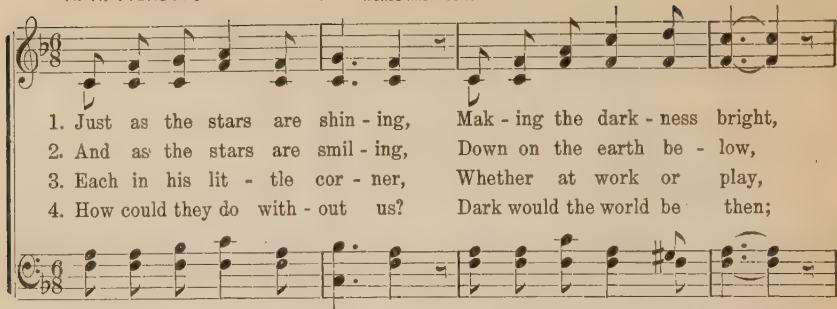
FINE.

Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle feet.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hands.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle ears.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hearts.

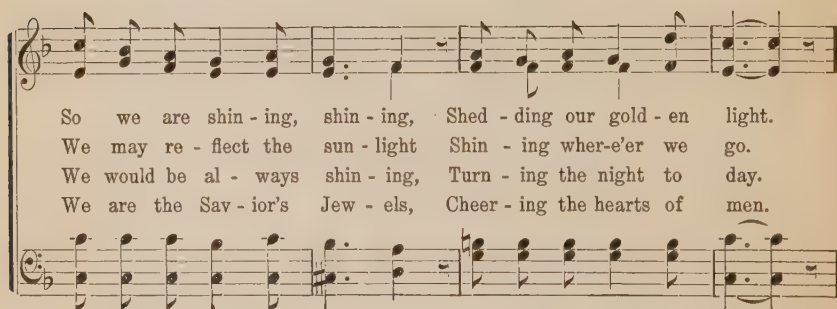
H. H. PIERSON.

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J. S. FEARIS.

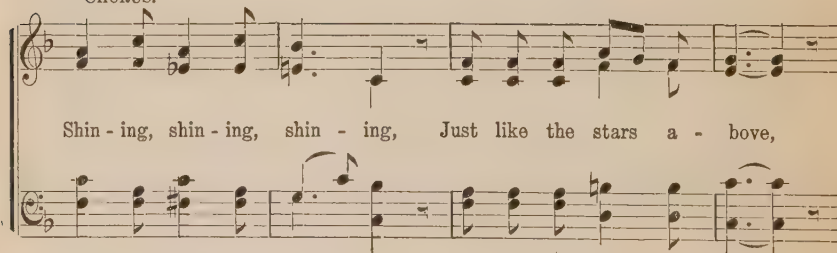


1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
 2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
 3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Whether at work or play,
 4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

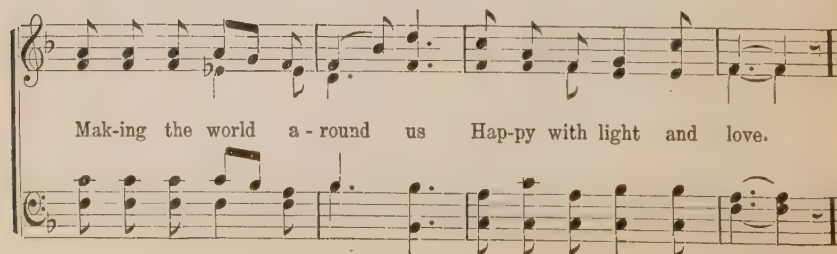


So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed - ding our gold - en light.
 We may re - flect the sun - light Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
 We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
 We are the Sav - ior's Jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,

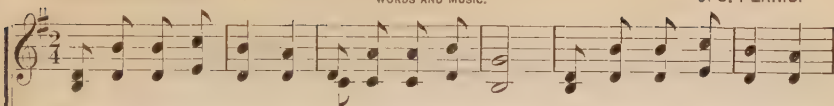


Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

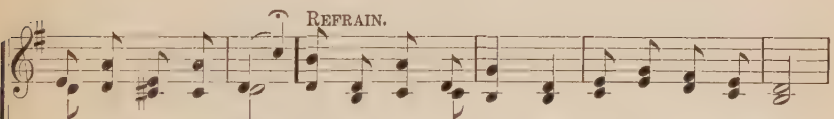
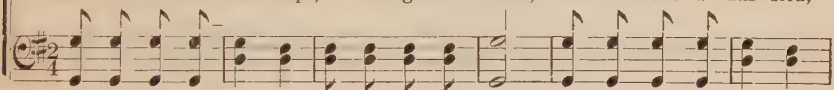
LAURA M. WINSLOW,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. FEARIS.



1. When God sees the flow - ers, Need His ten - der care, He sends lit - tle rain - drops
2. We are lit - tle rain drops, God has sent us here, From His fount of bless - ing,
3. Ev - 'ry drop re - flect - ing, God's most tender love, Helps to light the path - way,
4. Tho' we are but rain - drops, We are glad to know, That we have a mis - sion,



With a bless - ing there.

Bring - ing hope and cheer. Bus - y lit - tle rain - drops, Let us be to - day,
To the Home a - bove.

In this world be - low.



As we strive to scat - ter bless - ings, All a - long the way; Help - ful lit - tle



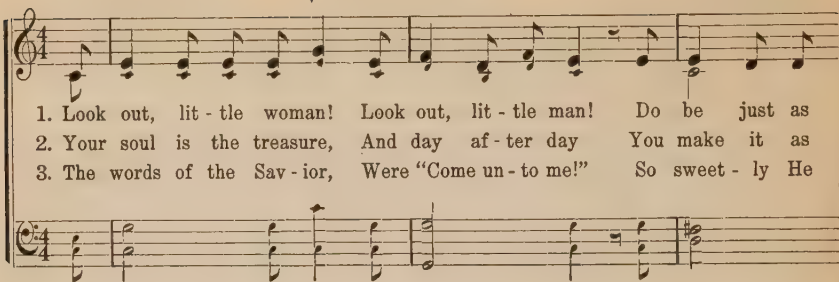
rain - drops, Will we be to - day, Do - ing work for Je - sus In a rain - drop's way.



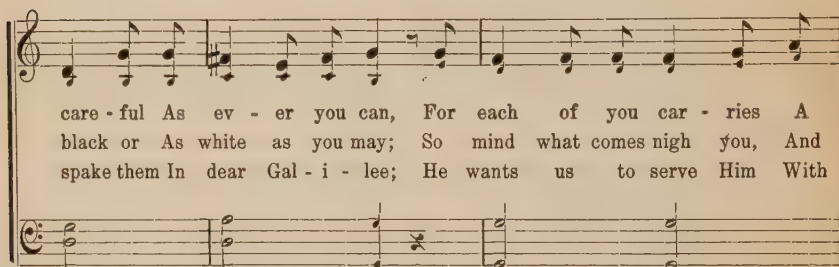
JUDITH GARNETT.

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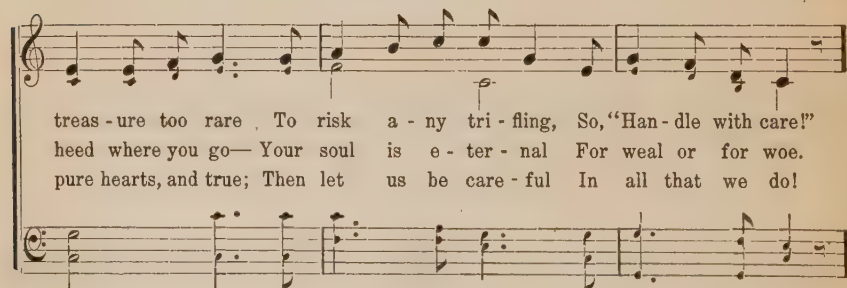
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Look out, lit - tle woman! Look out, lit - tle man! Do be just as
 2. Your soul is the treasure, And day af - ter day You make it as
 3. The words of the Sav - ior, Were "Come un - to me!" So sweet - ly He

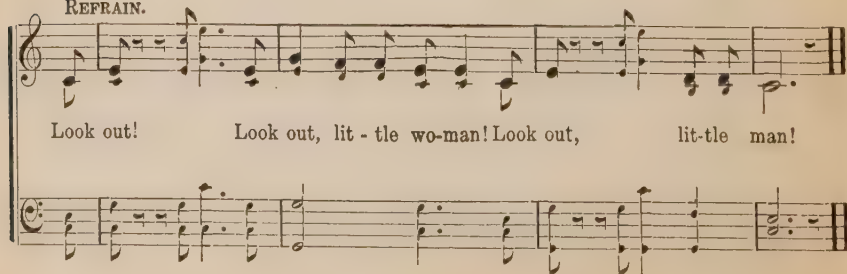


care - ful As ev - er you can, For each of you car - ries A
 black or As white as you may; So mind what comes nigh you, And
 spake them In dear Gal - i - lee; He wants us to serve Him With



treas - ure too rare To risk a - ny tri - fling, So, "Han - dle with care!"
 heed where you go— Your soul is e - ter - nal For weal or for woe.
 pure hearts, and true; Then let us be care - ful In all that we do!

REFRAIN.



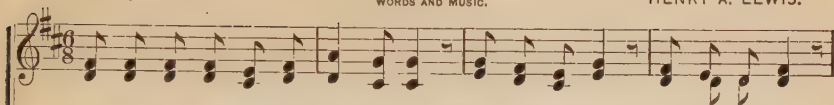
Look out! Look out, lit - tle wo-man! Look out, lit - tle man!

Gather Them In.

H. A. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

HENRY A. LEWIS.



1. Gath-er the chil-dren in days of youth, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;
2. Gath-er the chil-dren from out the streets, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;
3. Gath-er the chil-dren from scenes of strife, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;



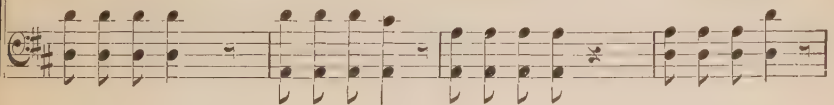
Teach them the right way, the way of Truth, Gath-er the chil-dren in.
In from the hov-els and dark re-treats, Gath-er the chil-dren in.
Gath-er them in - to the way of Life, Gath-er the chil-dren in.



CHORUS.



Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in,
Gath-er them in, gath-er them in, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,



Gath-er them in for the gar-ner a-bove, Gath-er the chil-dren in.



C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Low in a man-ger—dear lit-tle Strang-er, Je-sus, the won-der-ful
 2. An-gels de-scend-ing, o-ver Him bend-ing, Chant-ed a ten-der and
 3. Dear lit-tle Strang-er, born in a man-ger, Mak-er and Monarch, and

Sav-ior was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
 sil-ent re-frain; Then a won-der-ful sto-ry told of His glo-ry, Un-to the
 Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev-er! grieve Thee? no, nev-er! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an-gels were watch-ing that morn.
 shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
 me make Thy bed in a stall.

{ Dear lit-tle Stranger, slept in a man-ger,
 But with the poor He slumber'd secure, The

1
 2

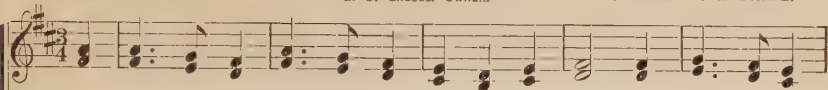
No down-y pil-low un-der His head; dear lit-tle babe in His bed.

Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for—



Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Look'd
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
 ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In



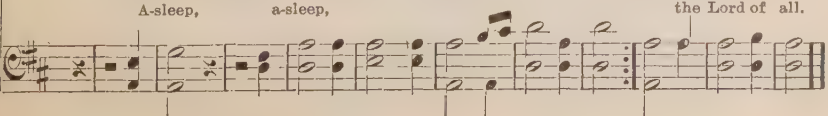
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
 Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.



CHORUS.



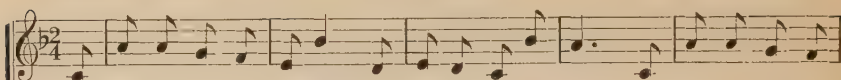
A - sleep, a - sleep, A-sleep, The Sav-ior, in a stall! Lord of all!
 A-sleep, a-sleep, the Lord of all.



EBEN E. REXFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

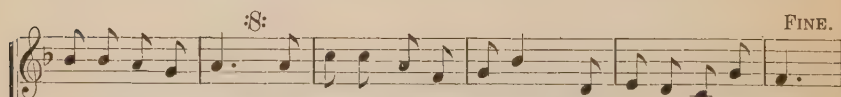
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I think God gives the children, As thro' the land they go, The most de-light-ful
2. The clouds may hide the sunshine Of heav-en from our sight, And life have much of
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day, And scat-ter joy and



mis-sion That an-y-one can know; He wants us to be sun-beams Of
 sor-row To mar the heart's de-light; But if, like faithful sun-beams, We
 brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With



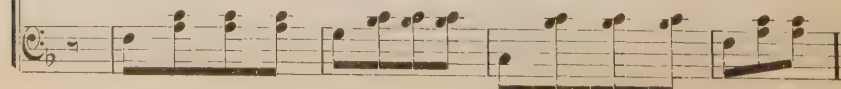
love, and hope, and cheer, To brighten up the sha-dows That oft-en gath-er here.
 chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To ev-'ry shadow'd heart.
 lov-ing thought and deed, And be the sun-shine-makers Of which the world has need.



D. S.—In all life's shad-y plac-es, We shine as best we can.



Oh, we are lit-tle sun-beams Sent down from God to man,



ISAAC NAYLOR,

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be a gold-en sun-beam, ra-di-ant and bright, Chas-ing from life's pathway
 2. When the way is gloom-y, cheer it with a song,—Ban-ish mist and shad-ow
 3. Be a gold-en sun-beam, bright, and pure, and fair; With thy smiles and son-nets

sor-row's frowning night; With thy gold-en sun-light dry the dew-y tear,
 as you march a-long; In the place of bri-ers, strew the fair-est flow'rs,
 light-en hu-man care; With the sweet-est mu-sic from the harp of love,

CHORUS.

Scat-ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.
 Wreating brows with roses pluck'd from heav'nly bow'rs. { Be a golden sunbeam, beau-ti-
 Lure the sad and wear-y to our home a-bove. { Be a golden sunbeam, joy-ful-

ful and bright, Scat-ter-ing clouds and darkness with thy shining light: }
 ly and glad, Scat-ter-ing rays of sun-light (*Omit*) } when the way is sad.

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. { We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see, That is why we
For our watchword we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, (Omit)

2. { We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de-feat, you see, If we fight for
For our lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, (Omit)

band ourselves to-geth-er; And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
right, we'll win the battle; No matter how the guns and sabres rattle.

For the right, then; Hon-or bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work 'till the setting of the sun,

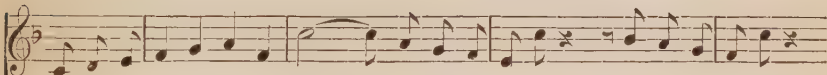
Sunday School Cadets.



Colors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing, To be true, as our banner is unfurled.
Colors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing, To be faith-ful until the victory's won.



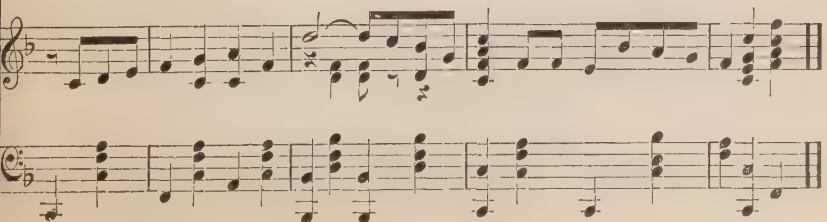
CHORUS.



Then see us marching as to war, With purpose steady, Our hearts are ready;



Our gallant Leader goes be-fore; Then see us march! We're the Sunday School cadets!



SOLO.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Please o - pen wide the door, mother, And let the an-gels in; They are so bright and
2. I know that death has come, mother, His hand is on my brow; You cannot keep me

fair, moth-er, So pure and free from sin; I hear them speak my name, mother, They
here, moth-er, For I must leave you now, The room is growing dark, moth-er, I

soft-ly whis-per, "Come!" Oh, let the an-gels in, moth-er, They wait to take me home.
tho't I heard you weep, 'Tis ver - y sweet to die, moth-er, Like sinking in - to sleep.

CHORUS.

I hear them speak my name, moth-er, They soft-ly whis-per, "Come!"

Oh, let the an - gels in, moth-er, They wait to take me home.

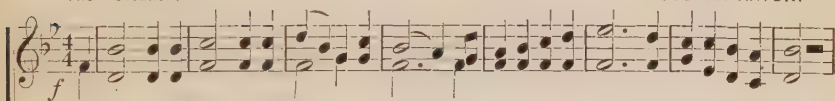
SPECIAL SELECTIONS

No. 158.

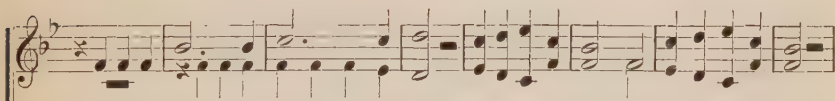
The Heavens Are Telling.

The "Creation."

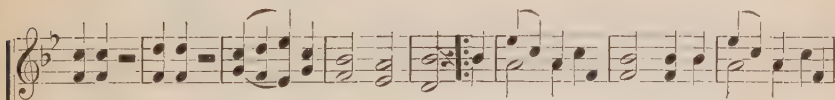
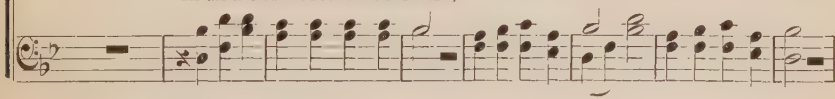
JOSEPH HAYDN.



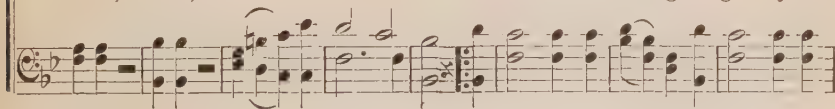
The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.



In all the lands resounds the word, Never un-per-ceiv-ed, ev-er un-der-stood,
In all the lands resounds the word,

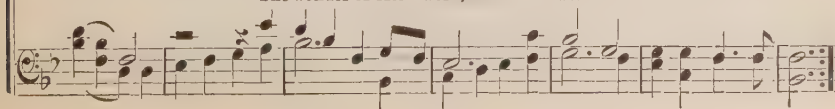


ev-er, ev-er, ev - er un-der-stood. The heavnes are tell-ing the glo - ry of



God, The wonder of His work, The wonder of His work displays the firm-a-ment.

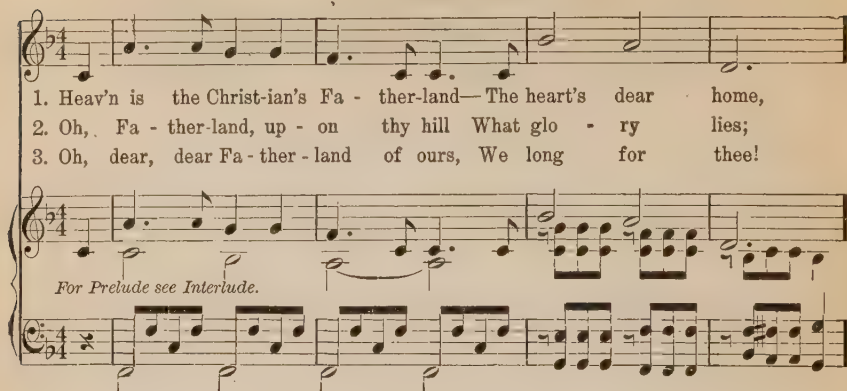
The wonder of His work, His work



EBEN E. REXFORD.

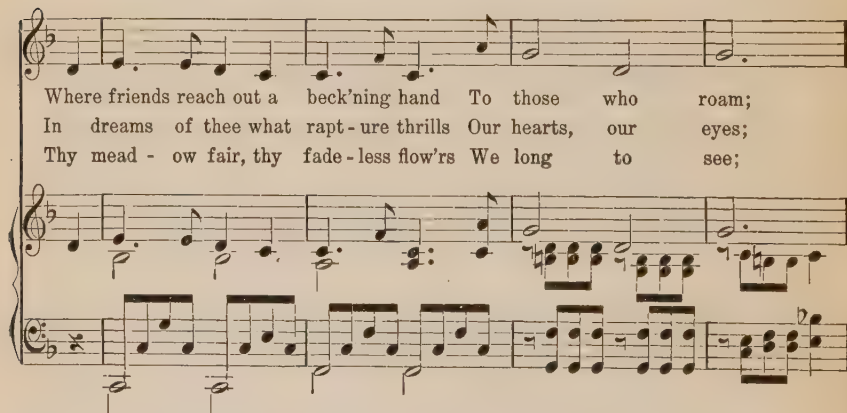
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

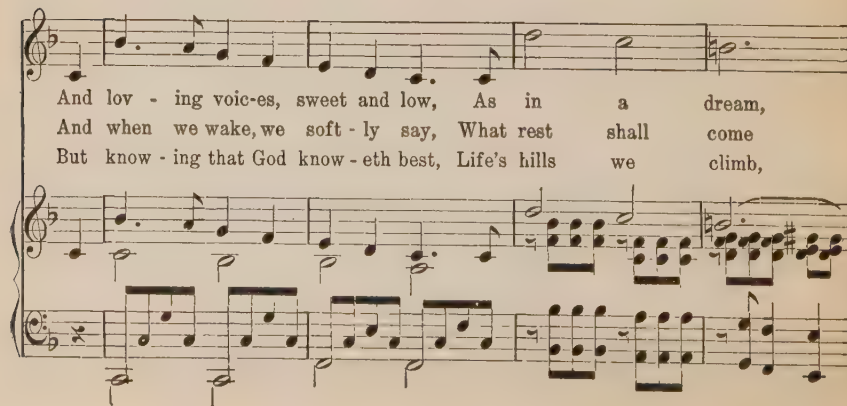


1. Heav'n is the Christ-ian's Fa-ther-land—The heart's dear home,
 2. Oh, Fa-ther-land, up-on thy hill What glo-ry lies;
 3. Oh, dear, dear Fa-ther-land of ours, We long for thee!

For Prelude see Interlude.



Where friends reach out a beck'ning hand To those who roam;
 In dreams of thee what rapt-ure thrills Our hearts, our eyes;
 Thy mead-ow fair, thy fade-less flow'rs We long to see;

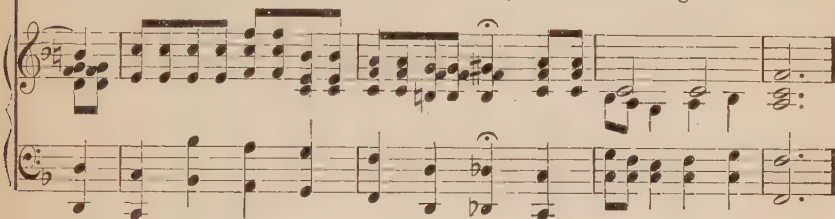


And lov-ing voic-es, sweet and low, As in a dream,
 And when we wake, we soft-ly say, What rest shall come
 But know-ing that God know-eth best, Life's hills we climb,

The Homeland of the Heart.



We oft - en hear, when soft winds blow A - cross the stream.
To us that hap - py, hap - py day When we get home.
And say, He'll call us home to rest, In His good time.



CHORUS.



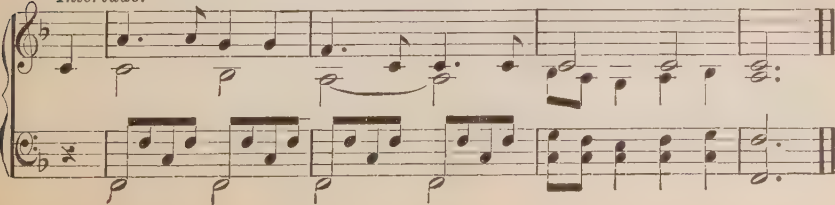
Oh, Heav'n's the home - land of the heart, So far, so near!



Faith swings the doors of space a - part, And Heav'n is here!
And Heav'n is here, Heav'n is here!



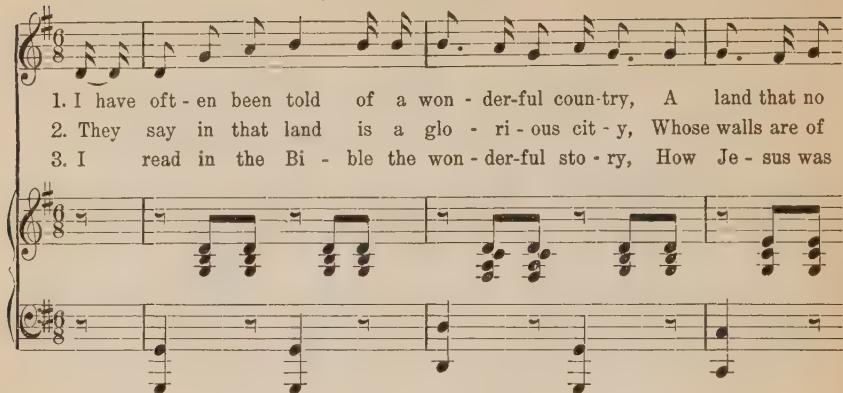
Interlude.



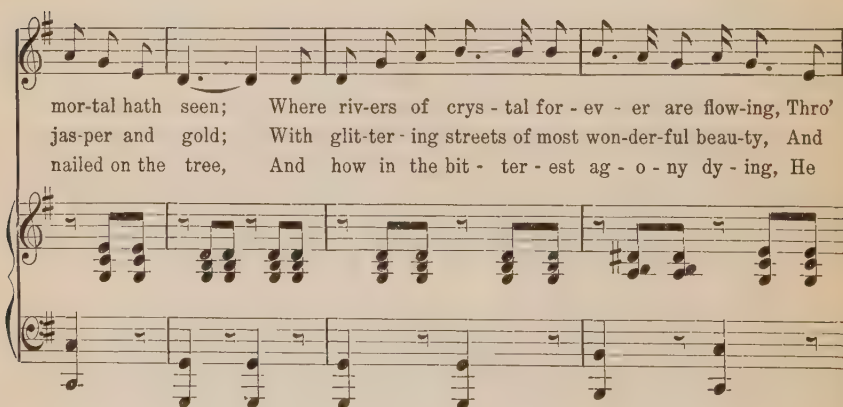
C. H. G.

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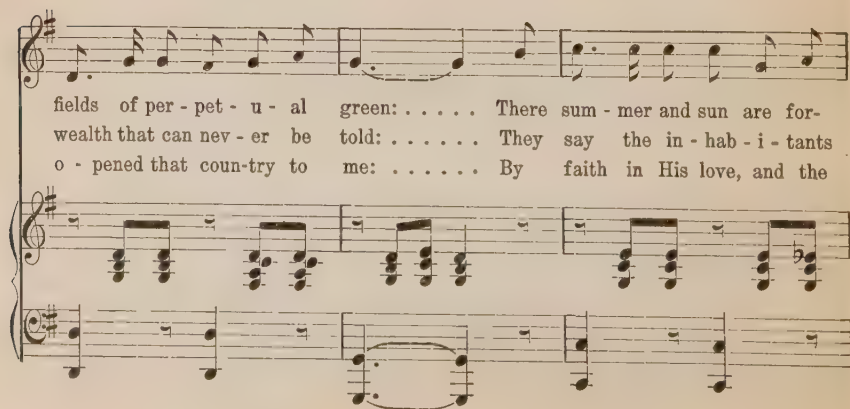
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have oft - en been told of a won - der - ful coun - try, A land that no
2. They say in that land is a glo - ri - ous cit - y, Whose walls are of
3. I read in the Bi - ble the won - der - ful sto - ry, How Je - sus was



mor - tal hath seen; Where riv - ers of crys - tal for - ev - er are flow - ing, Thro'
jas - per and gold; With glit - ter - ing streets of most won - der - ful beau - ty, And
nailed on the tree, And how in the bit - ter - est ag - o - ny dy - ing, He



fields of per - pet - u - al green: There sum - mer and sun are for -
wealth that can nev - er be told: They say the in - hab - i - tants
o - pened that coun - try to me: By faith in His love, and the

The Wonderful Country.

ev - er un-cloud-ed, And nev - er there falleth the night A land where the
nev - er grow weary, They nev - er know sorrow or care, That joy with-out
grace that He gives me, I look to that country di - vine, And know that a-

brightest of flow-ers are grow-ing, In gar - dens e - ter - nal and bright
meas-ure and peace ev-er - last-ing, Are giv - en the bless-ed ones there
mong the rewards there a-wait-ing, A robe and a crown shall be mine

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful country, home of my Sav-ior, How I am longing for thee, for thee,

Where nev-er a sor-row or care for the mor-row Shall trouble the blessed and free.

D. B. WATKINS.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
 2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
 3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri-
 4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of

call'd "The sweet sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, where-
 came to the earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and
 umph - ant o'er death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that
 peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is

ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've
 make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
 cit - y of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our
 half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in -

thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as
 He was de - spis'd, and with thorns He was crown'd, On the cross was ex-
 kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er more part, And oh, while I
 vites you to come—He will free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage He

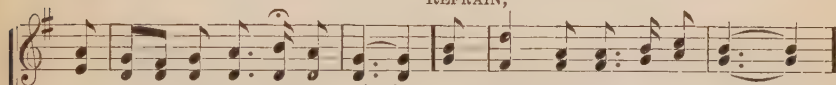
That Old, Old Story is True.



if it were new; But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,
tend - ed to view; But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found
tell it to you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart,
send - eth to you, "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be - lieve,"



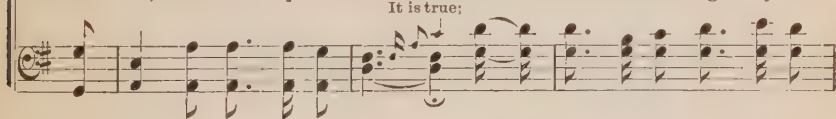
REFRAIN,



That old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true,
That old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true,
That old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true,
That old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true,



That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've found out the rea - son they
That old, old sto - ry is true, But oh, what sweet peace in my
That old, old sto - ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
That old, old sto - ry is true. "There a man - sion in glo - ry for
It is true;



loved it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
all who be - lieve," That old, old sto - ry is true.



C. H. G

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

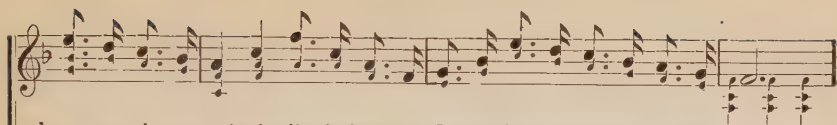
1. Beau-ti-ful songs we sing un-to our Sav-ior King, Spreading the joys of His
 2. Telling His wond'rous love, pointing to things a-bove, Scat-ter-ing sunlight up-
 3. Seeking the lambs a-stray out on the broad highway, Tell-ing a-gain and a-

won-der-ful sal-va-tion; Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied,—He is our Friend and Guide,
 on a world of sad-ness; Do-ing a kind-ly deed, sowing the pre-cious seed,
 gain the won-d'rous sto-ry, How in a low-ly stall, He, for the sins of all,

And with Him we can-not go a-stray. Trying to do His will, and His com-
 That will yield, at last an hundred fold; Lifting a brother's load, pointing him
 Slept,—the King, Re-deem-er, Prince of Peace, Is a di-vine em-ploy,—is a de-

mands ful-fill, Un-to His name we will sing with ex-ul-ta-tion; Proudly floats our
 in the road, Cheering him onward with words of joy and glad-ness, Fills the heart with
 light, a joy, Filling the heart with His love, the soul with glory! Now in ev-'ry

Marching, Marching.



ban - ner o'er us, vic-t'ry lies before us; Je - sus lead-ing, hap-py is the way!
 peace and pleasure vain words cannot measure, And a happiness that is un - told.
 land and na-tion of the whole cre-a-tion Let His praise begin, and nev-er cease.



CHORUS.



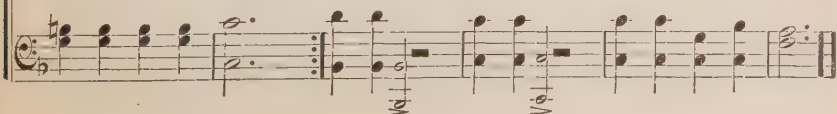
{ Gai - ly sing - ing, our voic - es ring - ing, We are a-
 { Mu - sic swell - ing, the sto - ry tell - ing, We'll make the



hap - py, hap - py band of vol - un - teers, Marching, marching,
 ev - er - last - ing arch - es ring with cheer, (omit.)



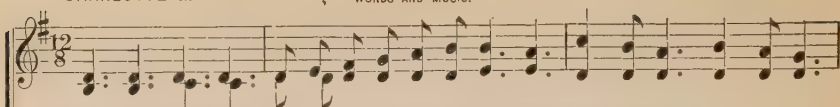
up the nar - row way; Marching, marching, on - ward day by day,



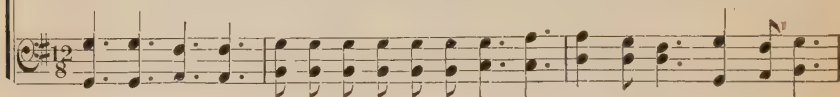
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

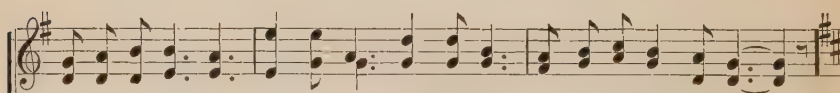
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



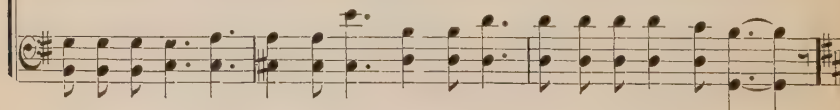
1. We are march-ing un - der the ban-ner vic-to-rious, Leav-ing all at the call
2. God is with us, strong to support and de-liv - er; In His might day and night,



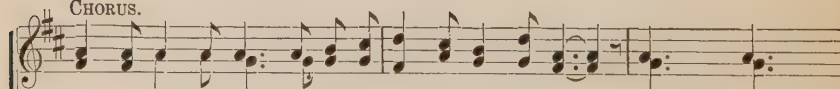
of the Com-man - der we love; Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments
stead - i - ly on - ward we move; Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er



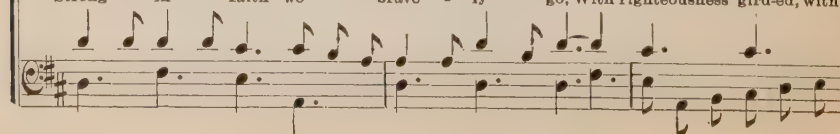
trem - ble be-fore us, "Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! ech - o the courts a - bove!
mount-ain or riv - er, We will go, for we know in - fin - ite is His love.



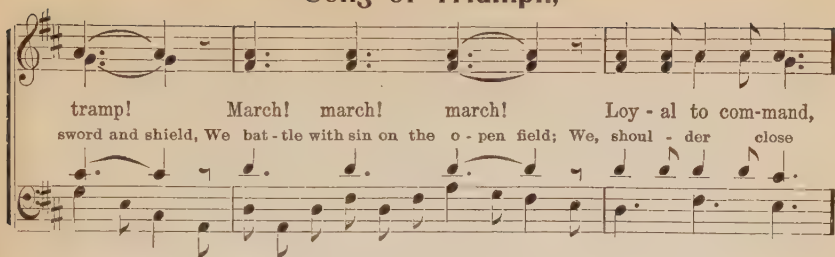
CHORUS.



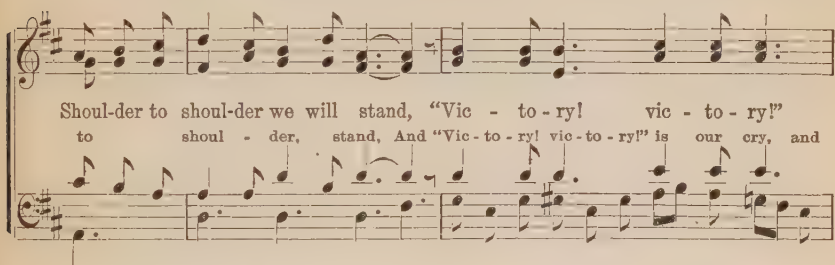
Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave-ly go. Tramp! tramp!
Strong in faith we brave - ly go, With righteousness gird-ed, with



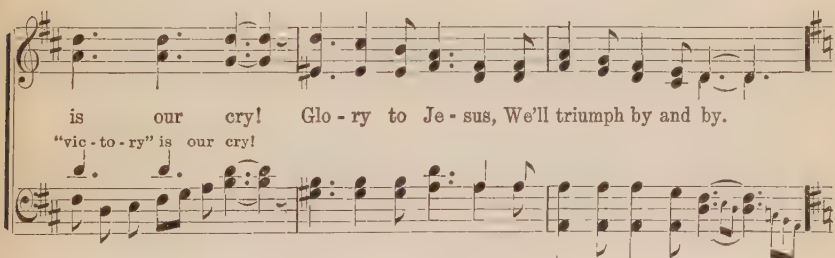
Song of Triumph,



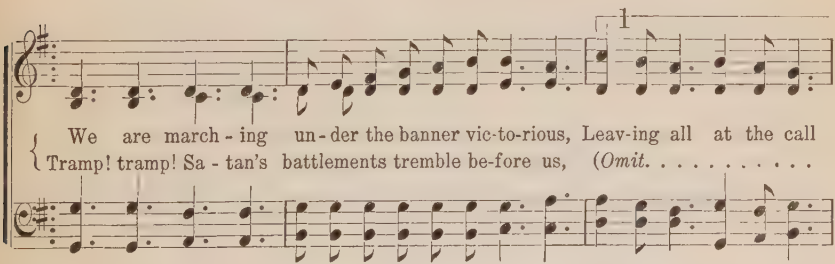
tramp! March! march! march! Loy-al to com-mand,
 sword and shield, We bat-tle with sin on the o-pen field; We, shoul-der close



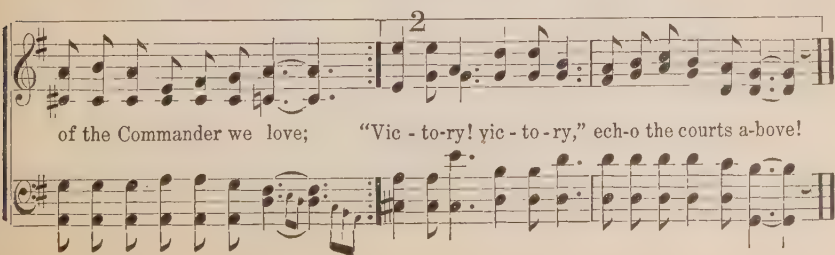
Shoul-der to shoul-der we will stand, "Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!"
 to shoul-der, stand, And "Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" is our cry, and



is our cry! Glo-ry to Je-sus, We'll triumph by and by.
 "vic-to-ry" is our cry!



We are march-ing un-der the banner vic-to-rious, Leav-ing all at the call
 { Tramp! tramp! Sa-tan's battlements tremble be-fore us, (Omit.)

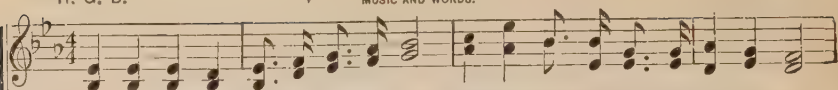


of the Commander we love; "Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry," ech-o the courts a-bove!

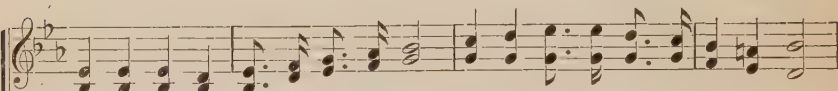
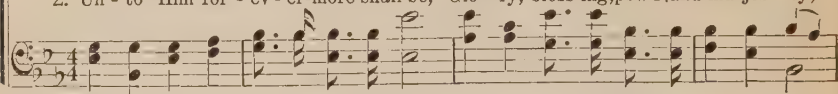
H. G. B.

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MUSIC AND WORDS.

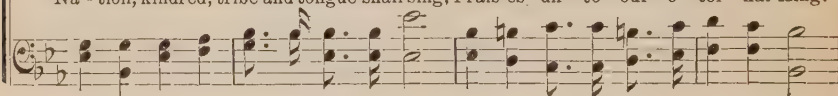
H. G. BRIEL.



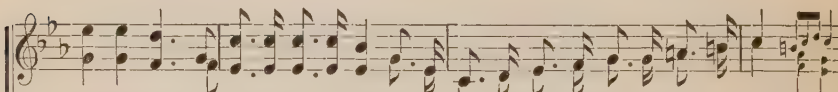
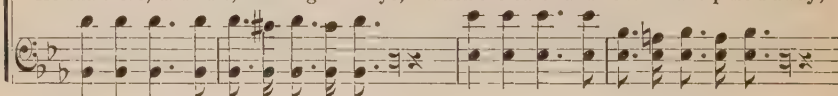
1. Make a joy-ful noise un - to the Lord; Serve and hon-or Him with one ac-cord;
2. Un - to Him for - ev - er-more shall be, Glo - ry, bless-ing, pow'r and ma-jes - ty;



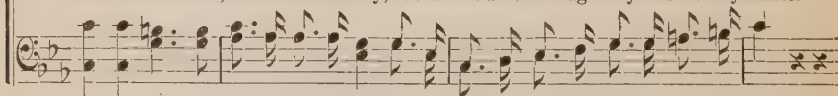
Come be-fore His pres-ence with a song; Prais-es un - to Him a - lone be - long.
Na - tion, kindred, tribe and tongue shall sing, Prais-es un - to our e - ter - nal King.



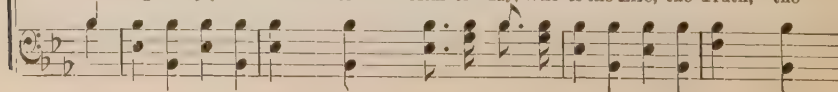
Praise Him for the grace that never fails When the foe re-lent-less-ly assails;
He shall live, and rule, and reign for aye, When the earth and heav'n have pass'd away;



For the love that o-ver all prevails, We will laud and mag-ni-fy His ho - ly name.
Then for - ev - er, thro' eternal day, We will laud and mag-ni-fy His ho - ly name.



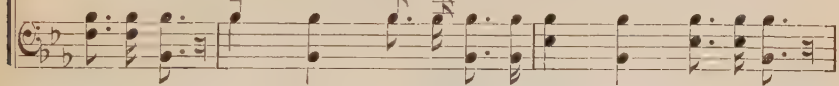
Let songs of joy as-cend to Him to-day, Who is the Life, the Truth, the
Let songs of joy as-cend to Him to-day, Who is the Life, the Truth, the



Make a Joyful Noise.



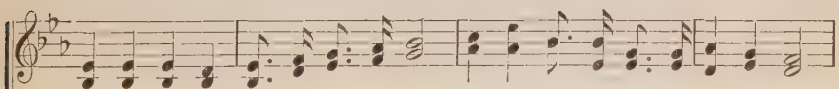
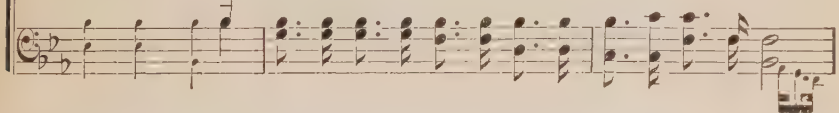
on - ly Way; Let the hills and vales resound With praise wherever man is found,
on - ly Way; Let the hills resound With praise where man is found,



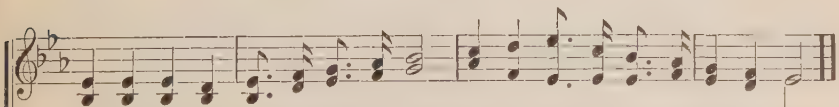
For the love that paid the price, Made for us the sac - ri - fice,



And paid for us the debt of sin no oth - er one could pay;



Un - to Him a - lone our song shall be; Un - to Him a - lone we bend the knee;



In His name a - lone shall be our boast, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



C. H. G.
*Unison Solo.*COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faithful reapers we,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band,
3. The golden hours like moments fly,

Who gather for e-ter-ni - ty,
And la-bor at our Lord's command,
And harvest days are passing by;

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'-ry val - ley, hill and plain;
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few;
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fade-less crown;

Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King—
Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is grow-ing late!

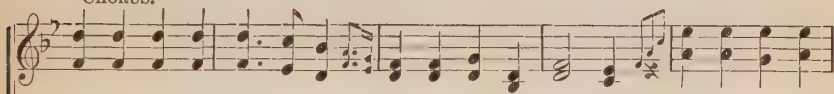
To the Harvest Field.



The Mas-ter of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, «Go reap for me to-day.»
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?



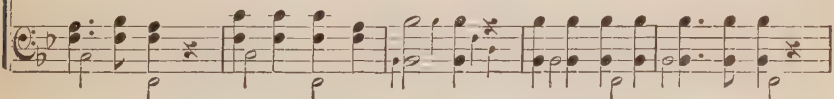
CHORUS.



To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter call-eth; There is work for



ail to-day, Ere the dark-ness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly,



Har-vest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.



Moderato.

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E. O. EXCELL.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of ju-bi-lee;
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju-bi-lee;

m Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
Wake the song, wake the song, *f*

m Let it ech-o o'er the sea, . . . Let it ech-o o'er the sea,
Let it ech-o, o'er the sea, Let it ech-o o'er the sea, *3*

f Wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of

ju - bi - lee; Loud as might - - y thunders roar, when it
of ju - bi - lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar, *f*

Wake the Song.

ff

Wake the song, . . . of ju - bi - lee, . . .
 breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore, Wake the song, wake the

f

. . . of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech-o . . . o'er the sea. See Je-
 song, . . .

ho-vah's banner furl'd, Sheath'd the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, now the kingdoms of this
And now

f

world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A - men;

ff

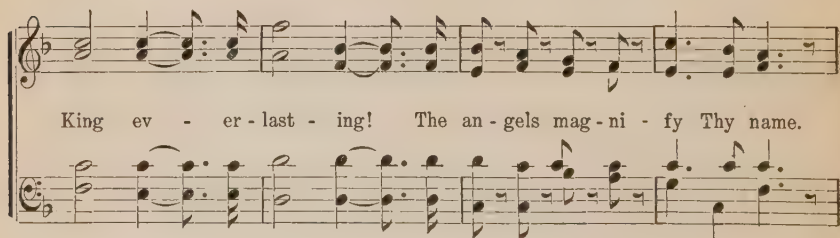
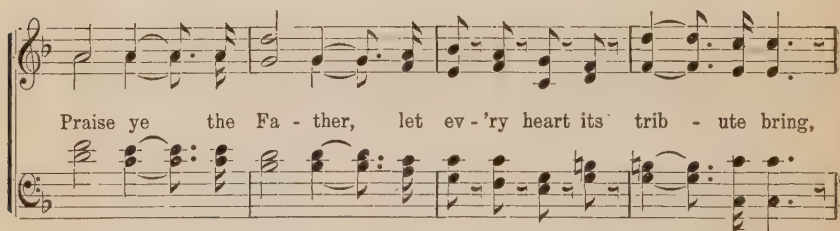
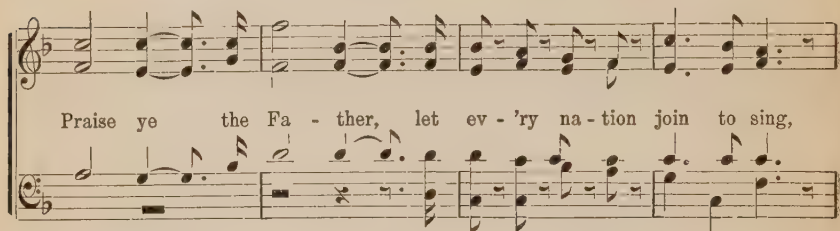
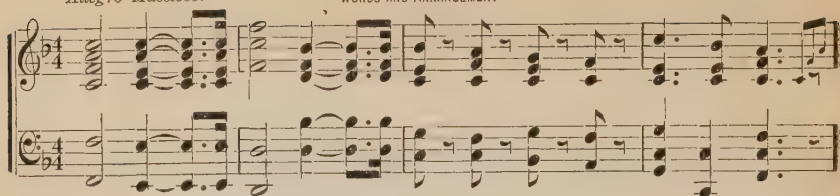
Hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, A - men.
 Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah,

No. 167.

Praise Ye the Father.

E. O. E.
*Allegro Maestoso.*COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT

C. GOUNOD.



Praise Ye the Father.

Praise . . . ye the Lord, . . . ev-'ry heart break forth and sing, For He is
O praise, our God break forth, and sing.

good . . . un-to all, . . . and His mer-cy is ev-er - last - ing.
is good, to all, His mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing.

He hath re-deemed, and hath made us to be His chil-dren. By His death on the
our Lord, re-deemed, and made us chil-dren.

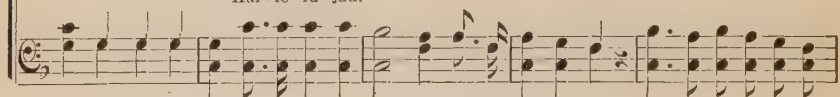
cross He ransomed the world. Hal-le-lu - jah! praise ye the Father. Glo - ry be to the

Fa-ther, to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, We sing glo-ry, we sing glo - ry, un - to

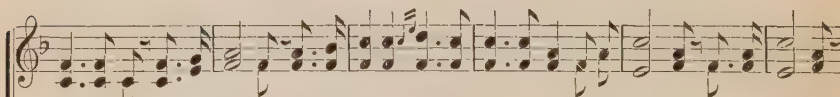
Praise Ye the Father.



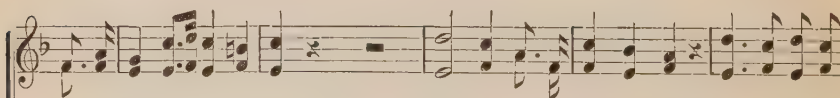
Christ our Lord and King, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry un-to Christ our King. As it was in the be-



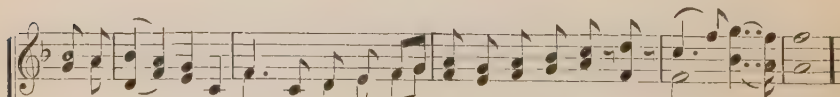
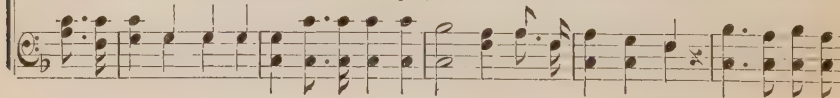
gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.



Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, We sing glo-ry, we sing glo-ry



un-to Christ our Lord and King, Hal le - lu - jah! Glo - ry un - to Christ our King, As it was in



the be - gin-ning, is now and ev-er shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.



SELECTED HYMNS

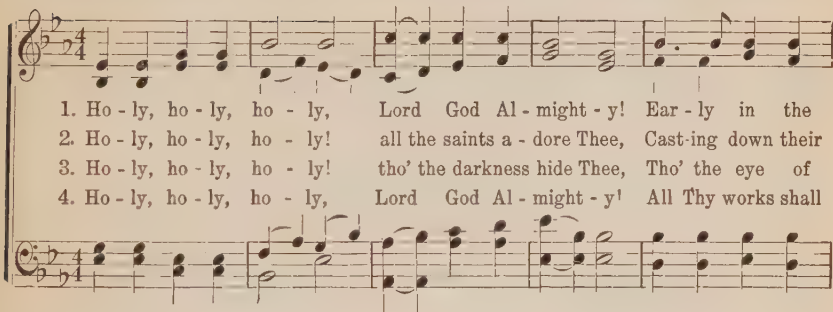
No. 168.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

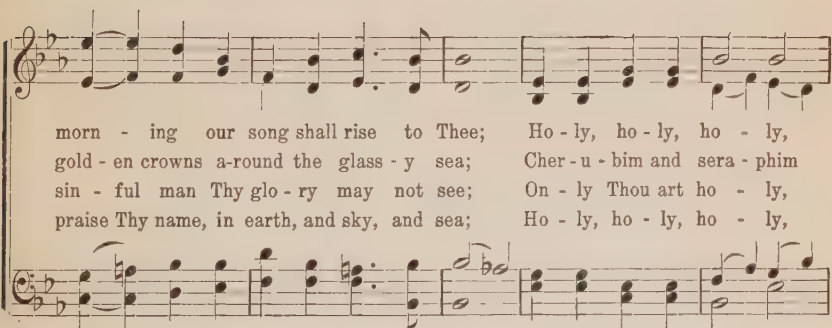
REGINALD HEBER.

Nicæa. 11s, 12s, 10s.

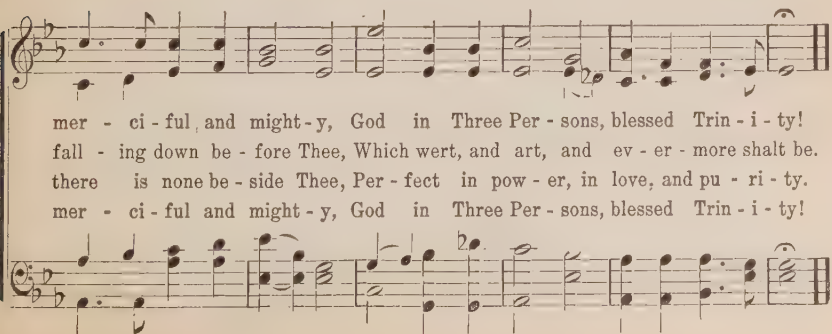
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer - ci - ful, and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

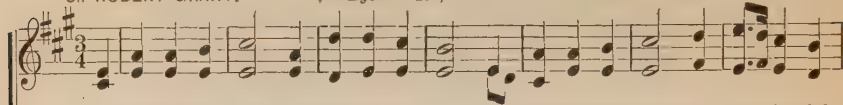
No. 169.

O Worship the King.

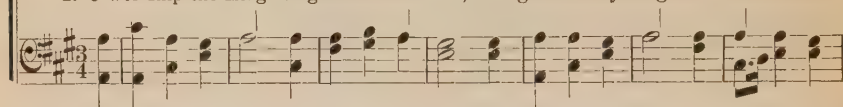
Sir ROBERT GRANT.

Lyons. 10s, 11s.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



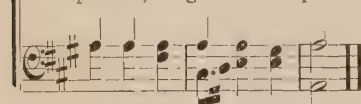
1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful



love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ion'd in



splendor, and gird-ed with praise.



2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

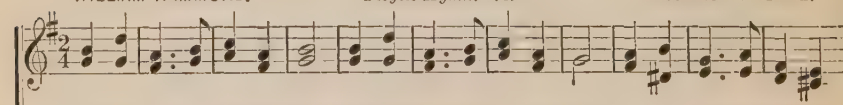
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

No. 170. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

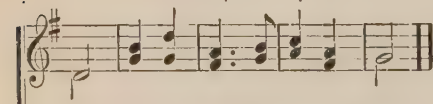
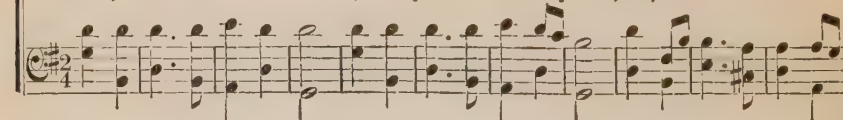
WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Pleyels Hymn. 7s.

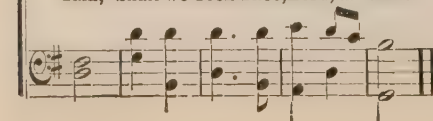
IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis-



dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?



2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3. In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow. *Horton. 7s.*

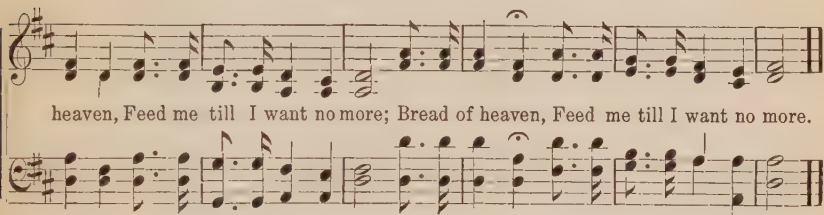
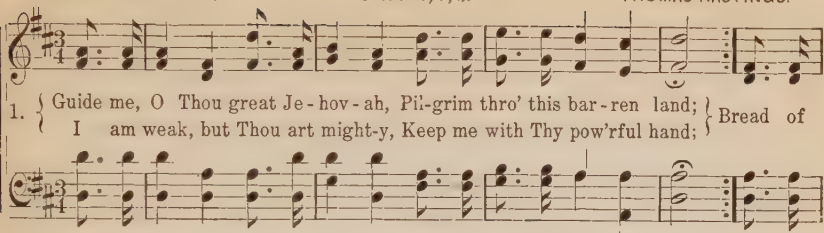
No. 171.

Guide Me.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Zion. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield. •

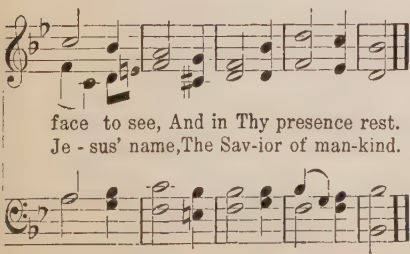
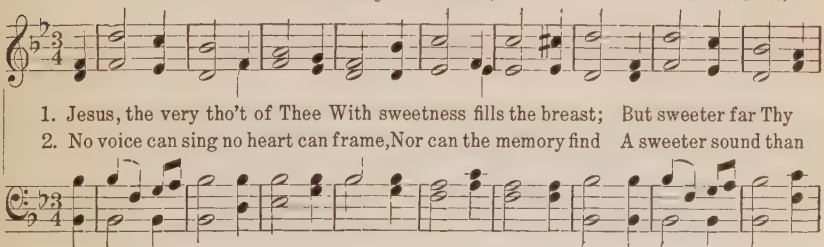
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

No. 172.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Holy Cross. C, M.

UNKNOWN.



3. O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

No. 173.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s, 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I

am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant

scene; one step e-nough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

No. 174.

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY,

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
earth abroad, The honors of Thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 175.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

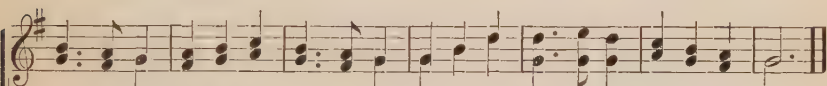
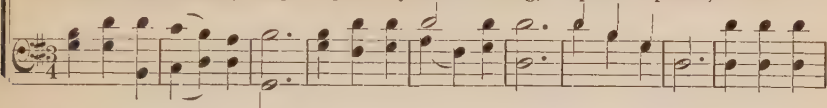
CHARLES WESLEY,

Italian Hymn. 6, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!



2. Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3. To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

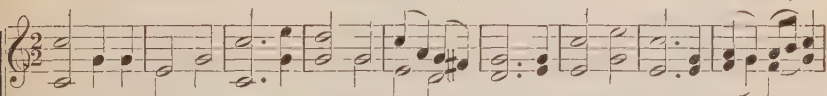
No. 176.

Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

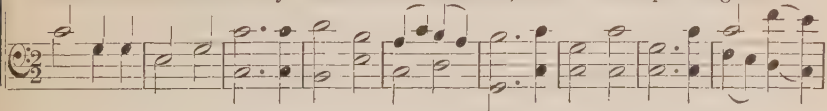
Silver Street. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall re-

2. Grace first contrived a way To save re-bel-lious man; And all the steps that grace dis-



sound, And all the earth shall hear.
play, Which drew the won-drous plan.



3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

No. 177.

Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

Eventide. 10s.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness deepens—Lord, with

me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless,

O a - bide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3. Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 178.

Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCET.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

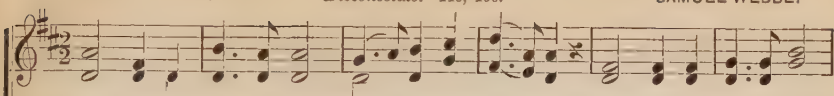
No. 179.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE.

Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

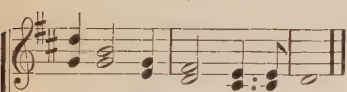
SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer-cy-seat,



fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no



sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.



2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

No. 180.

A Charge to Keep.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



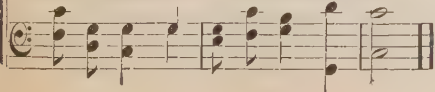
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing

2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, Oh, may it all my



soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.



3. Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 181.

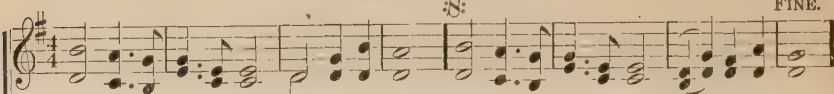
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

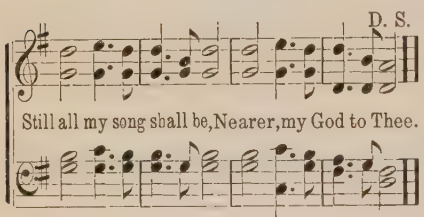
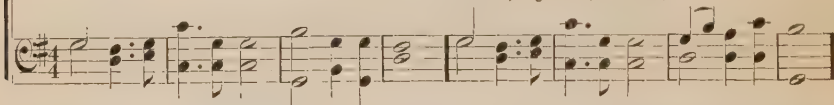
Bethany. 6s, 4s, 6s.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



1. Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
D. S.—*Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.*



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee.

2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee; ||
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, ||
Nearer to Thee!
4. Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, ||
Nearer to Thee!

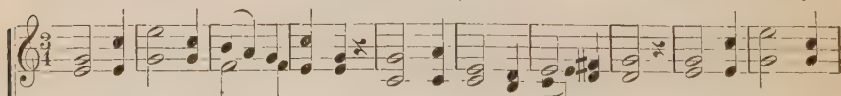
No. 182.

In the Cross.

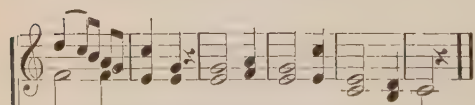
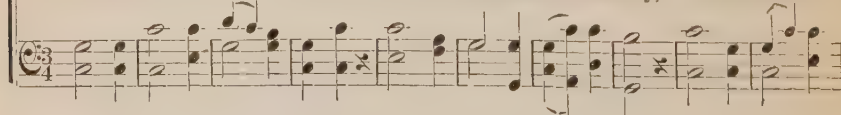
JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

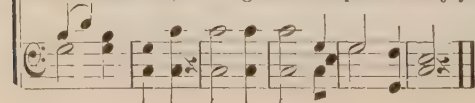
ITHMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the



sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

No. 183.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER,

Olivet. 6, 4.

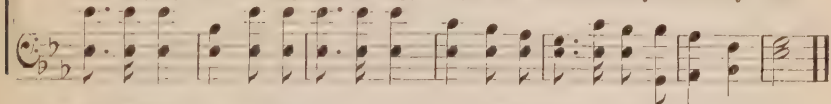
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine: Now hear me



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.



2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

No. 184.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

St. Thomas. S. M.

HANDEL.

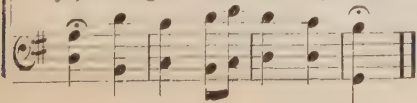


1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer

2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of Thine



saved With His own pre-cious blood.
eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.



3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 185.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, } My gra-cious Re-deem-er,
 { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign! }

My Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee, because Thou
 Hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon
 On Calvary's tree;
 I love Thee for wearing
 The thorns on Thy brow;
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory
 And endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee
 In heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering
 Crown on my brow;
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 186.

There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Wellesley. 88, 78.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea, There's a kindness
 2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good; There is mer-cy

in His justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 with the Savior, There is healing in His blood.

3. For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal,
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4. If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 187.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Hursley. L. M.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep

My wearied eye-lids gently steep,

Be my last thought, now sweet to rest

Forever on my Savior's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,

For without Thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh,

For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine

Have spurned, today, the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;

Let him no more lie down in sin,

5. Come near and bless us when we wake,

Ere through the world our way we take;

Till, in the ocean of Thy love,

We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 188.

Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

Manoah. C. M.

HAYDN.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love, His Spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
light en-shrined, In whom no darkness is.
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 189.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Toplady. 7s, 6s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
D. C.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 190.

Rock of Ages Chorus.

[For hymn see No. 191.]

Ages. 7s, 6s.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly;
CHO.—Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Rock of A-ges cleft for me,

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the temp-est still is high.
Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 191.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. J. W. BLISS. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, }
 While the nearer waters roll, While the (Omit) } tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the haven guide,

Oh, receive my soul at last; Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring!
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 192.

Martyn. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

D. C.

No. 193.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER,

Pilot. 78, 6.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

D. C.

2. As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 Chart and compass came from Thee;
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3. When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar,
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No 194.

Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross.

J. H. GERNEY.

St. Agnes. C. M:

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-given, So let Thy life our
 2. Help us, thro' good report and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear, Like Thee to do our

pattern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
 Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.

3. If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
 Father, Thy will be done?

4. Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
 To conquer them by love.

No. 195.

Oh, For a Heart to Praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Woodland. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that al-
 2. A heart resigned, submissive meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where on-ly Christ
 3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean, Which neither life

ways feels Thy blood, A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.
 is heard to speak, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a-lone.
 nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part, From Him that dwells within.

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart.
 Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 196.

Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease, While others fought to

own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

No. 197.

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

St. Catherine. L. M.

Ad. by J. G. WALTON.

1. { Faith of our fathers! liv-ing still, In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword: } that glo-
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear

rious word: Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3. Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 198. Never Further Than Thy Cross.

Allegretto. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Never further than Thy cross; Nev-er higher than Thy feet: Here earth's precious things seems
2. Gaz-ing thus our sin we see, Learn Thy love while gazing thus; Sin, which laid the cross on

cross; Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
Thee, Love, which bore the cross for us.

3. Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4. Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

No. 199.

Majestic Sweetness.

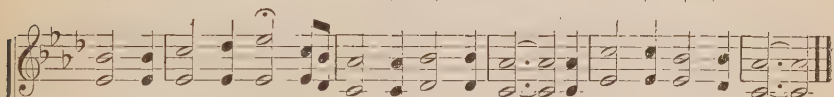
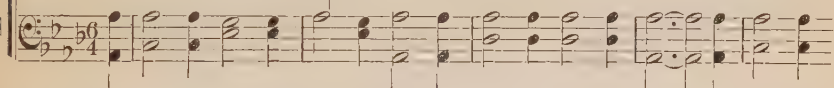
SAMUEL STENNETT.

Ortonville. C. M.

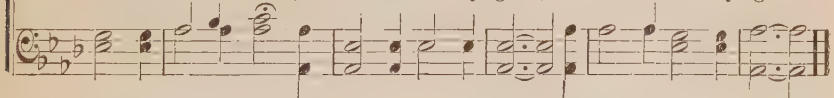
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma-jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He



- ra-diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow; His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair, That fill the heav'nly train; That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief; And car-ried all my grief.



4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
||: He saves me from the grave. :||

5. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
||: Lord, they should all be Thine. :||

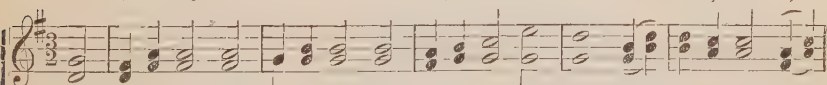
No. 200.

I Do Believe,

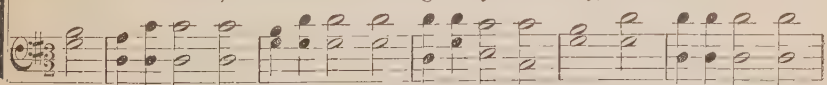
ANDREW REED.

Believe. C. M.

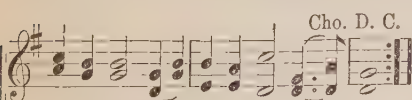
Arr. by E. O. E.



1. I would be Thine, oh, take my heart, And fill it with Thy love, Thy sa-cred im - age,
2. I would be Thine; but while I strive To give myself a - way, I feel re-bell - ion



CHO.-I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me! And thro' His blood, His



Lord, impart, And seal it from a - bove.
still a - live, And wander while I pray.



precious blood, I am from sin set free.

3. I would be Thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:
Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4. I would be Thine; I would embrace
The Savior, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

No. 201.

All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

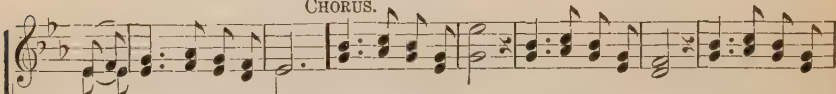
JOHN T. GRAPE.



1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness watch and pray,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone Can change the leper's spot,



CHORUS.



- Find in me thine all in all." Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe, Sin had left a
And melt the heart of stone.



crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.



3. For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4. And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

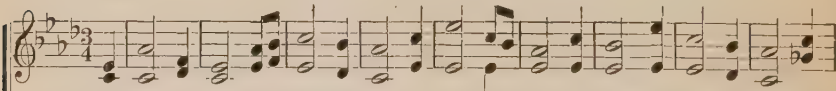
No. 202.

Oh, For a Gloser Walk.

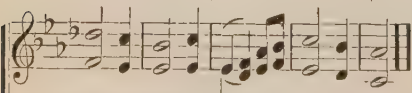
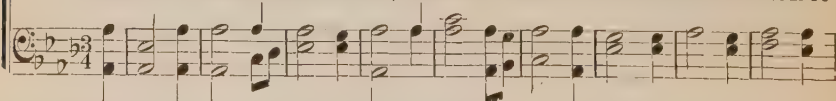
COWPER.

Avon. C. M.

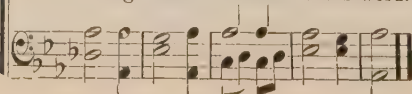
HUGH WILSON.



1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up-
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-



on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
fresh - ing view Of Je-sus and His word?



3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

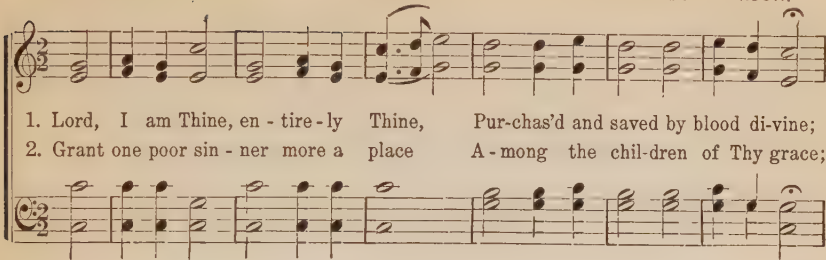
No. 203.

Lord, I Am Thine.

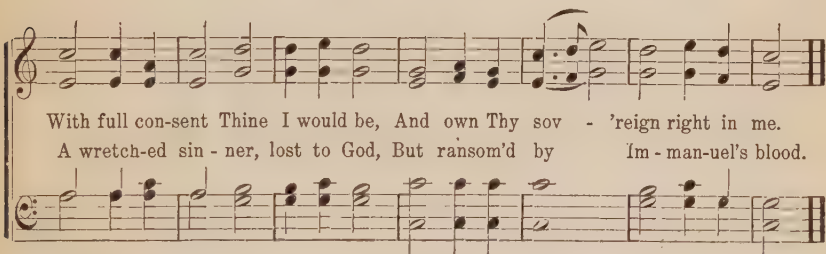
DAVIES.

Sessions. L. M.

LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Pur - chas'd and saved by blood di - vine;
2. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A - mong the chil - dren of Thy grace;



With full con - sent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov - 'reign right in me.
A wretch - ed sin - ner, lost to God, But ransom'd by Im - man - uel's blood.

3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

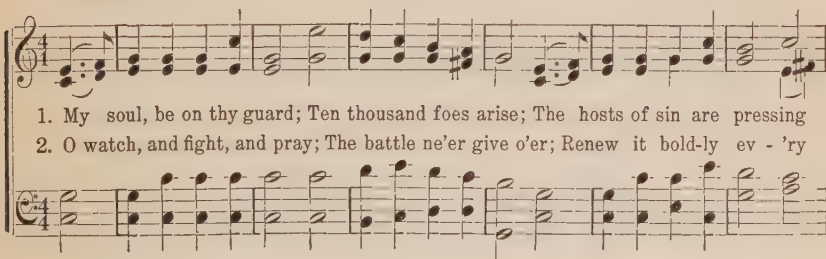
No. 204.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

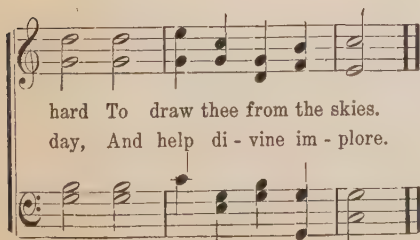
GEORGE HEATH.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it bold - ly ev - 'ry



hard To draw thee from the skies.
day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay Thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

No. 205.

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my - self of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight - ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 206. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

[For hymn see No. 205.]

Mercy-Seat, L. M.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 CHO.—1. We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat,
 CHO.—2. I can, I will. I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,

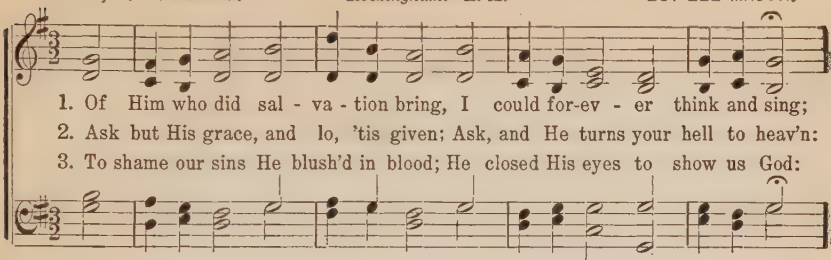
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come!
 We're kneel - ing at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 207. Of Him who Did Salvation Bring.

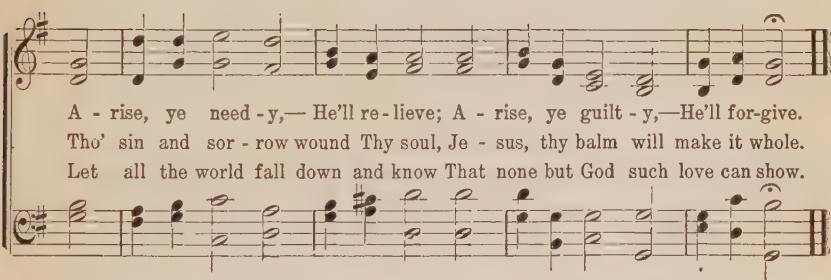
Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for-ev - er think and sing;
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given; Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n:
 3. To shame our sins He blush'd in blood; He closed His eyes to show us God:



A - rise, ye need - y,—He'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,—He'll for-give.
 Tho' sin and sor - row wound Thy soul, Je - sus, thy balm will make it whole.
 Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.

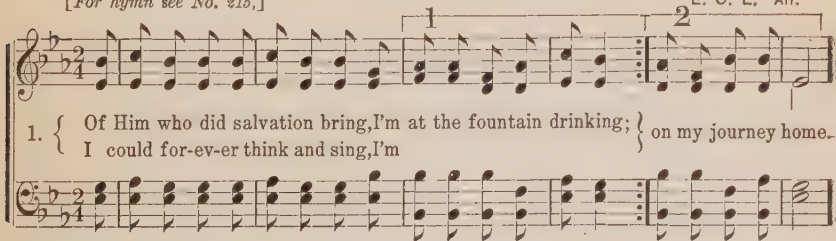
4. 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5. Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

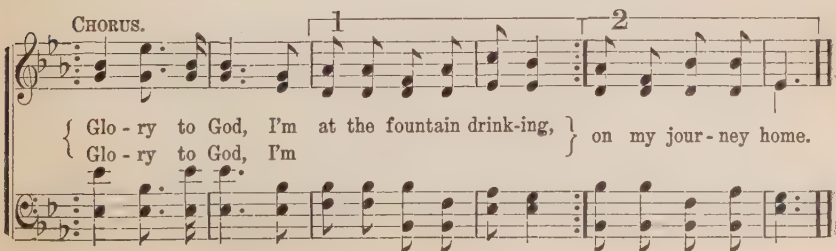
No. 208. At the Fountain.

[For hymn see No. 215.]

E. O. E. Arr.



1. { Of Him who did salvation bring, I'm at the fountain drinking; } on my journey home.
 I could for-ev-er think and sing, I'm



CHORUS.
 { Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drink-ing, } on my jour - ney home.
 Glo - ry to God, I'm

No. 209. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

HUGH STOWELL.

Retreat. L. M.

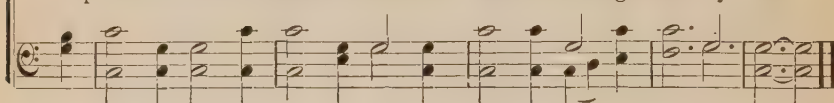
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;



- There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.



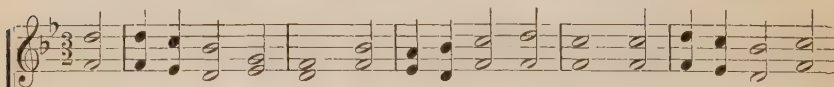
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
4. There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 210. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

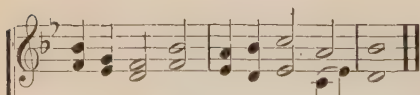
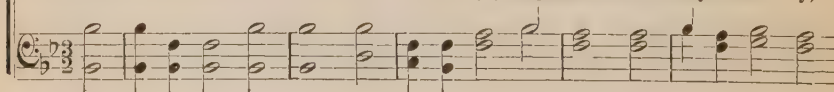
BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Slate Street. S. M.

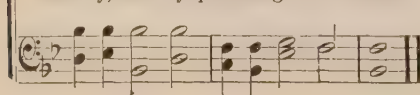
JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor be-
2. From the ce - les - tial hills Light, life, and joy dispense; And may I dai - ly,



- nighted soul With beams of mer-cy shine.
hour-ly, feel Thy quick'ning in-flu - ence.



3. Oh, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
4. The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

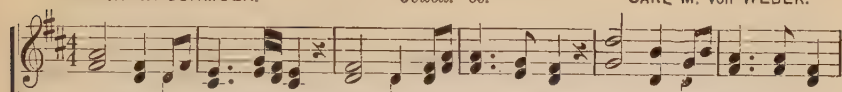
No. 211.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

— BENJAMIN SCHMOLK.

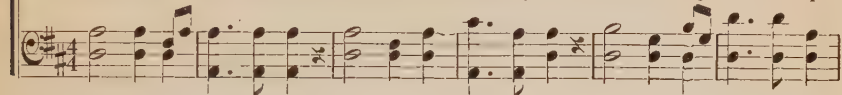
Jewett. 6s.

CARL M. von WEBER.



1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love

2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' ma - ny a tear, Let not my star of hope



I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me as Thy own,
Grow dim or dis-ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrow'd oft a-lone,



3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene

I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above

I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death

My Lord, Thy will be done!

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!



No. 212.

Art Thou Weary.

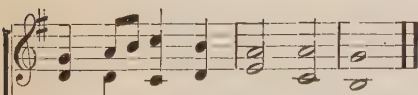
JOHN M. NEALE.

Stephanos. P. M.

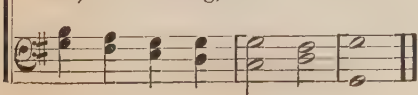
HENRY W. BAKER.



1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd? "Come to me," sa -



one, "and com-ing, Be at rest."



2. Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4. If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

No. 213.

My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. { My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, }
 { A con - se - crat - ed off'ring, Thine ev - er - } more to be.
 2. { O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name, }
 { I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise } now I claim.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire: Wait - ing, wait - ing,

wait - ing, I'm waiting for the fire.

3. O let the fire, descending
 Just now upon my soul,
 Consume my humble offering,
 And cleanse and make me whole.
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
 Washed by Thy cleansing blood,
 Now seal me by Thy Spirit
 A sacrifice to God.

No. 214.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

Mailland. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for

ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

No. 215. Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

Sabbath Morn. 7, 61.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. { Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, (*Omit*) } Waiting in His courts today;

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name }
 { Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, (*Omit*) } Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee, May we rest this day in Thee.

3. Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory met our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4. May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort siants;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

No. 216. Take My Life and Let it Be.

Seymour. 7s.

HANDEL.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and

2. Take my feet and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my voice and let me sing,
 Always, only for my King.

3. Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I with-hold.

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.

No. 217.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Trust. C. M.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow; Plunge now into the

CHORUS.
 give you rest By trust-ing in His word. { On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 crim-son flood That washes white as snow. He will save you, He will save you,

1
 On - ly trust Him now; }
 He will (Omit) } save you now.

3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in Him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

4. Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

No. 218.

There is a Fountain.

[For Hymn, see No. 219.]

Fountain. C. M.

E. O. E. Arr.

1

2 FINE. D. C.

1. { There is a fount - ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins, }
 { And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, wash me in the blood, Sav - ior, wash me
 Sav - ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,

in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit - er than the snow.
 in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 220.

1. Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 "For me the Savior died."
2. My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
4. The atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh, how I long for thee! }
 { When will my sorrows have an end? (omit) } Thy joys, when shall I see?

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the cit-y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb,

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
 My study long have been—
 Such sparkling gems by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
 And cause me to ascend
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And praises never end.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.

No. 222.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found.
 Was blind, but now I see.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

John Newton.

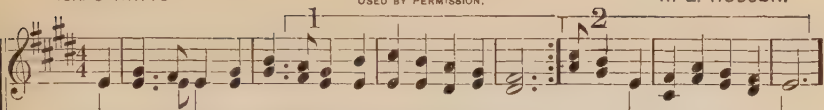
No. 223.

At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
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R. E. HUDSON.



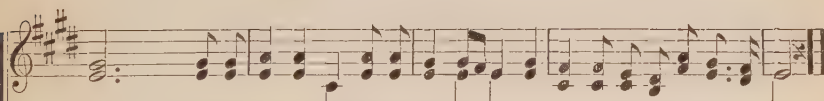
1. { Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die, } cred head For such a worm as I?



CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a



way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.



roll'd away,

No. 224.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Isaac Watts,

No. 225.

Oh, Happy Day.

P. D.

Happy Day. L. M. P.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

2. { Oh, hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.
 D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

No. 226.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

1. My soul, with humble fervor raise
 To God the voice of grateful praise,
 And all my ransomed powers combine,
 To bless His attributes divine.
2. Deep on my heart let memory trace
 His acts of mercy and of grace,
 Who, with a Father's tender care,
 Saved me when sinking in despair;
3. Gave my repentant soul to prove
 The joy of His forgiving love;
 Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
 And led my weary feet to rest.

John H. Livingstone

No. 227. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

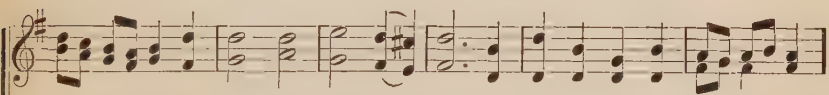
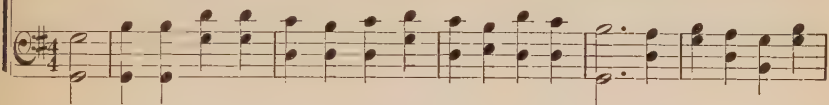
EDWARD PERRONET.

Coronation. C. M.

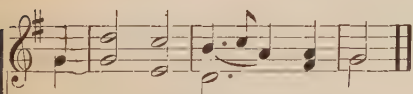
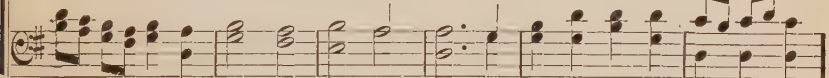
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,



And crown Him Lord of all.



2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 228.

1. Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2. Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3. Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4. Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

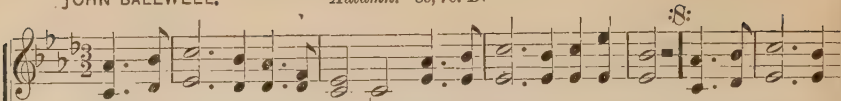
Charles Wesley.

No. 229.

Hail, Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BALEWELL.

Autumn. 8s, 7s. D.

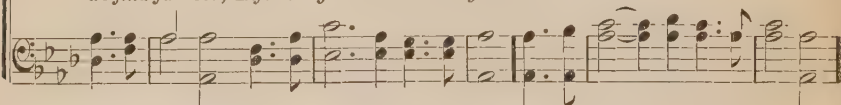


1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King! Thou didst suf-fer

D. S.—By Thy mer - its



to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring. Hail, Thou ag - o - niz-ing Sav-ior,
we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.



Bear - er of our sin and shame!



2. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3. Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

No. 230.

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will:
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

No. 231.

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

8s, 7s D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

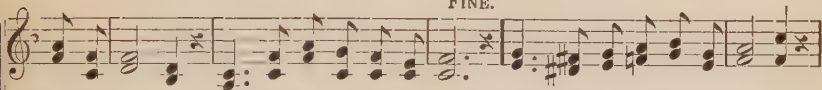


1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i-

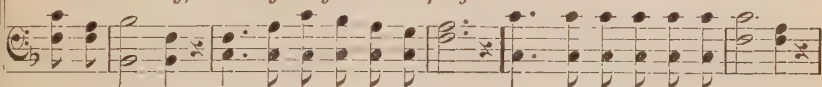
D. S.—All be-cause we



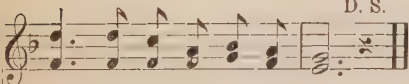
FINE.



lege to car - ry Ev -ry-thing to God in pray'r! Oh! what peace we oft-en for-feit,
do not car - ry, Ev -ry-thing to God in pray'r!



D. S.



Oh, what needless pain we bear,



2. Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,

Cumbered with a load of care,

Precious Savior, still our refuge,

Take it to the Lord in prayer;

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer,

In His arms He'll take and shield thee,

Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 232.

1. Gently, Lord, Oh, gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;

And, O Lord, in mercy give us

Thy rich grace in all our fears,

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

2. When temptation's darts assail us,

When in devious paths we stray,

Let thy goodness never fail us,

Lead us in Thy perfect way,

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

3. In the hour of pain and anguish,

In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish,

Suffer not our souls to fear,

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

4. When this mortal life is ended,

Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

Till, by angel-bands attended,

We awake among the blest.

Oh, refresh us,

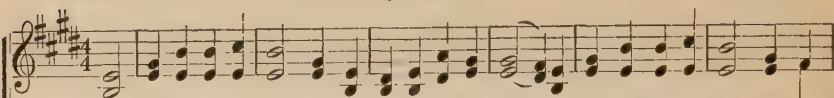
Traveling through this wilderness.

No. 233. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

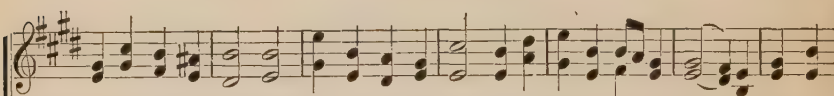
REGINALD HEBER.

Missionary Hymn. 7. 6.

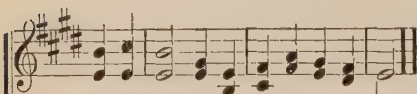
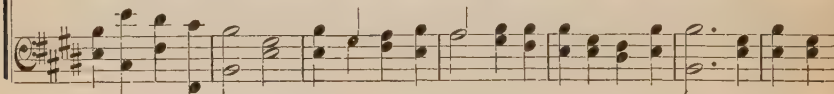
LOWELL MASON.



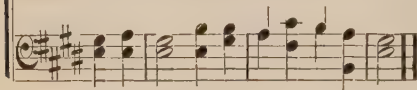
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll
2. What tho' the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases, And



down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call
only man is vile? In vain with lavish kind-ness The gifts of God are strewn, The hea-



us to deliver Their land from error's chain.
then in his blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.



3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 234.

1. Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.
2. Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.
3. The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest,
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

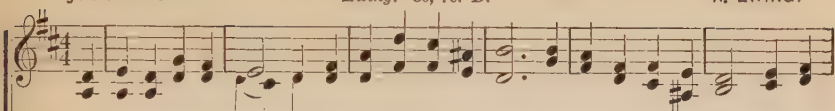
No. 235.

Jerusalem the Golden.

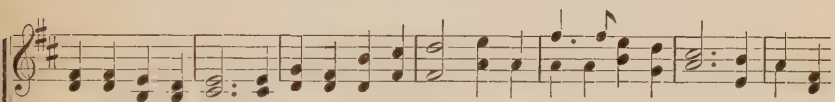
J. M. NEALE.

Ewing. 8s, 7s. D.

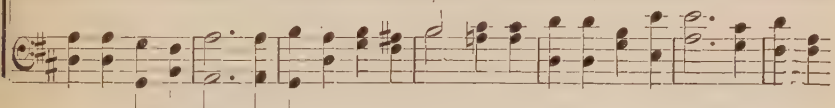
A. EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink



heart and voice oppress'd: I know not, oh, I know not, What social joys are there, What radian-



cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.



2. They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is over in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
3. There is the throne of David:
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

No. 236.

1. In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
2. Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

No. 237. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Mendebras. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and lowly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; }

Thro' a-ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

No. 238.

2. On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3. To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4. New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

1. The day of resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad!
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

3. Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein!
 Invisible and vis'ble,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.
 John of Damascus. Tr. By J. M. Neale.

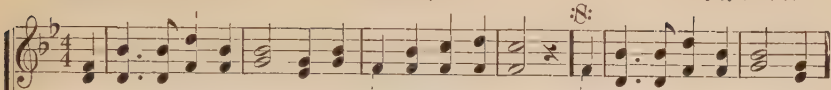
No. 239.

Stand Up for Jesus.

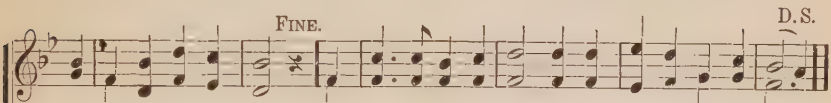
GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Webb. 7, 6. D.

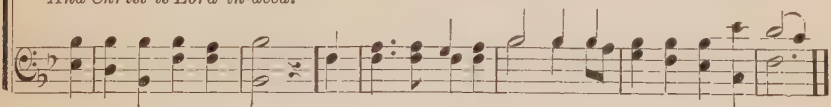
G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished



It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-try un-to vic-try His arm-y shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.



2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
'To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 240.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

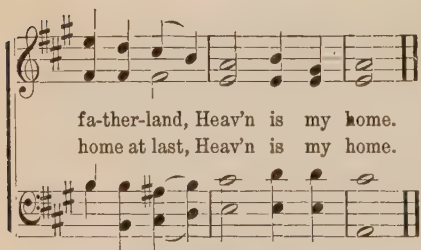
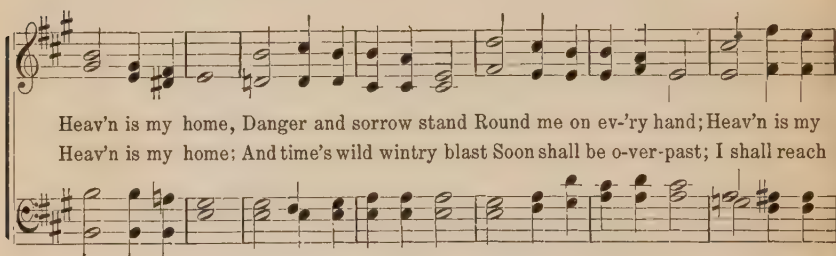
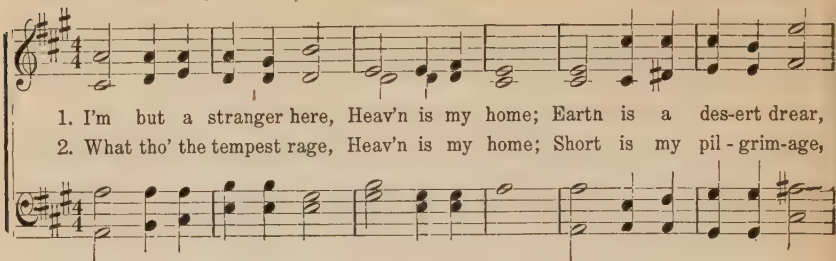
No. 241.

Heaven is My Home.

Rev. THOMAS R. TAYLOR,

Arthur. 68, 48.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



3. There, at my Savior's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 And there I too shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.
4. Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

No. 242.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break every tender tie,
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine!
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine!

No. 243. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

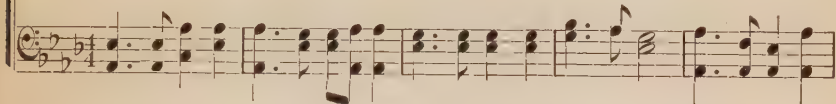
HENRY F. LYTE.

Elliside. 8s, 7s. D.

MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Na-ked, poor, de-
D. S.—*Yet how rich is*



spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev'-ry fond am-bi-tion,
my con-di-tion. God and heav'n are still my own.



All I've sought, and hop'd and known;



2. Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 244.

1. O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who has died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?
2. Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.
3. While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
Oh, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
4. Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers.

No. 245.

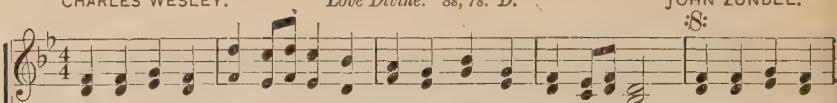
Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Love Divine. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

:S:

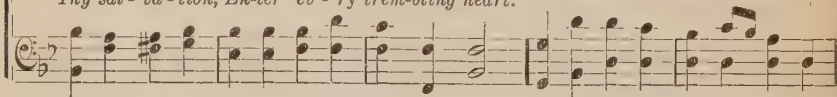


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
D. S.—*Vis-it us with*



FINE.

hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.



D. S.

Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;



2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 246,

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
' Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

John Newton.

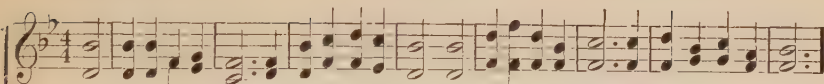
No. 247.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

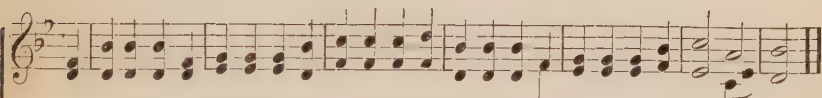
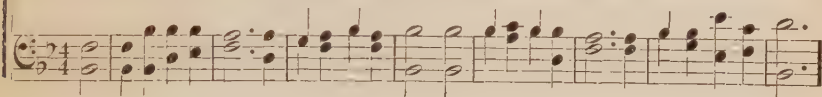
CHARLES WESLEY.

Lenox. H. M.

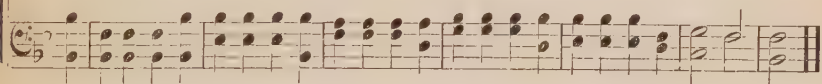
LEWIS EDSON.



1. Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice On my behalf appears.



Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my surety stands, My name is written on His hands



2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. "To God I'm reconciled;"
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 248.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
4. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

No. 249.

Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

D. C.

sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed, His precious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 250.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
4. Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Greenville. 8, 7, 4.

JEAN ROUSSEAU.

FINE. D. C.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

No. 251.

Come to Jesus.

UNKNOWN.

E. O. E. Arr.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now,

2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, just now,



just now, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, just now.

just now, He will save you, He will save you, just now.



3. He is able.

4. He is willing.

5. Call upon Him.

6. He will hear you.

7. He'll forgive you.

8. He will cleanse you.

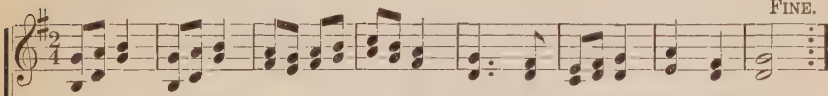
9. Jesus loves you.

10. Only trust Him.

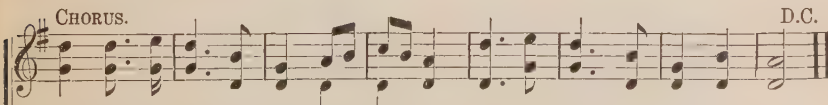
No. 252.

Turn to the Lord.

[For Hymn, see No. 250.]

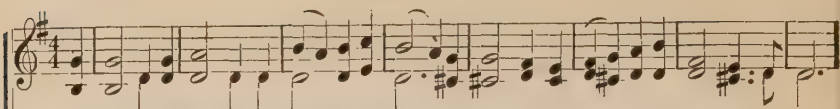
E. O. E. Arr.
FINE.1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r; }

D. C.—Glory, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

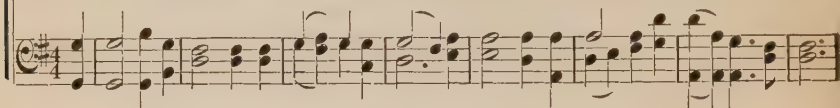


Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

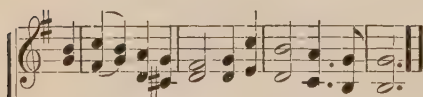




1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!



What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?



To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled.



No. 254.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

No. 255.

Leader—Holy, holy, holy! is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

All sing—

1 Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning,
Our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

Leader—For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

Response—But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

All sing—

2 Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea.

Cherubim and Seraphim,
Falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and
Evermore shalt be.

Leader—Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Response—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

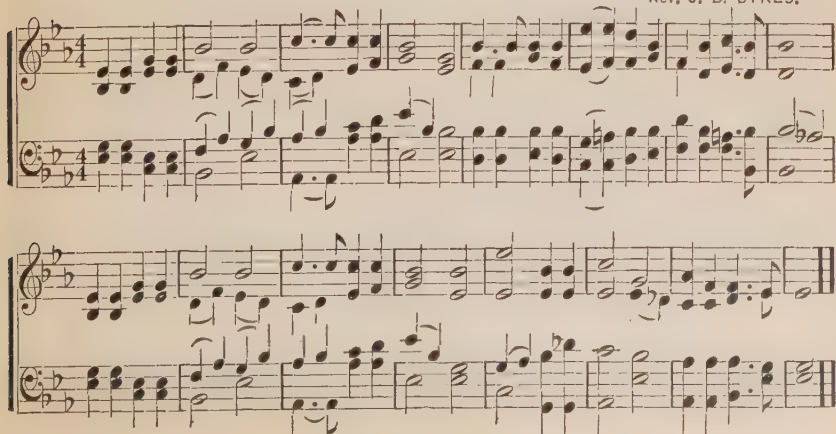
All sing—

3 Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy work shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

No. 256.

Holy! Holy! Holy!

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Leader:—For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Response:—In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

Leader:—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

All sing:—

1 We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.—REF.

Leader:—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Response:—When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.

Leader:—He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

All sing:—

2 We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.—REF.

Leader:—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten-thousand times ten-thousand, and thousands of thousands.

Response:—Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

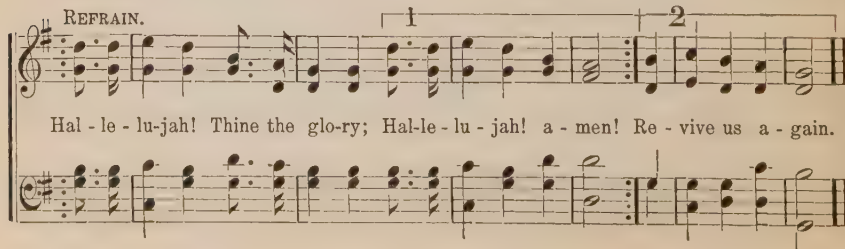
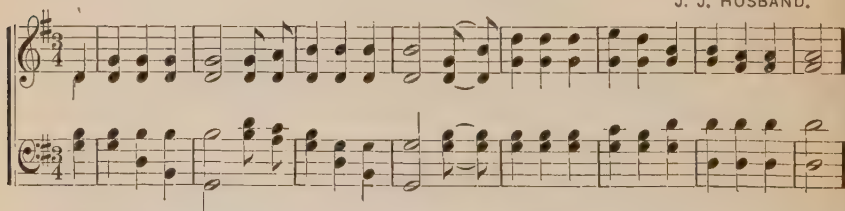
All sing:—

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.—REF.

No. 258.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. HUSBAND.



Wisdom.

Leader:—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve him with gladness, and magnify his name forever.

Response:—What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Leader:—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Response:—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Leader:—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Response:—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Leader:—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Response:—She is more precious than rubies.

Leader:—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Response:—Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Leader:—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Response:—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Leader:—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

Response:—And to temperance, patience.

Leader:—And to patience, godliness.

Response:—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Leader:—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

All Sing.

No. 260.

How Gentle God's Commands!

GEO. NAEGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Prayer.

Leader:—If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and forgive their sin.

(Sing promptly without interludes.)

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

Leader:—Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

Response:—The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

(All repeat the Lord's prayer.)

All sing:—

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Leader:—In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

Response:—The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord: but the prayer of the upright is His delight.

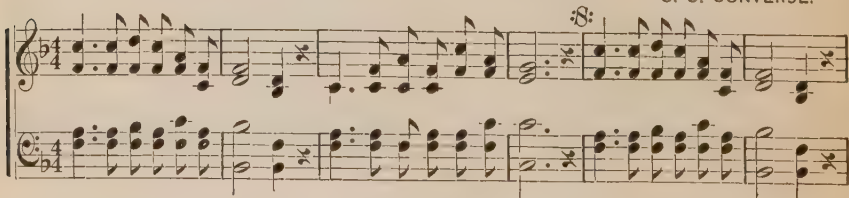
All sing:—

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 262.

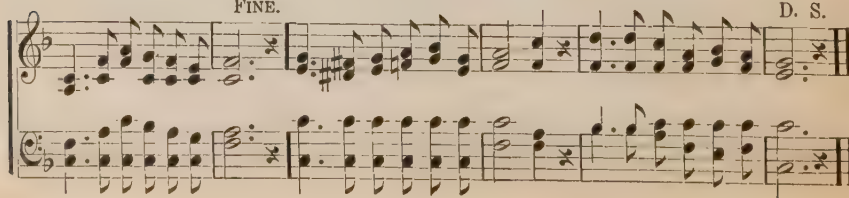
What A Friend.

C. C. CONVERSE.



FINE.

D. S.



Opening.

Instrumental Music.**One Bell.**—*Perfect quiet.***Two Bells.**—*School rise.***Hymn.**—Love Divine. No. 245.**Apostles' Creed.**—*In concert.***Invocation.****One Bell.**—*Be seated.***Singing.**—*Selected.***One Bell.**—*Officers and teachers rise.***Sup't.**—Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men.**Officers and Teachers.**—Who will render to every man according to his deeds.**Sup't.**—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.**Officers and Teachers.**—That every one may receive the thing done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.**Roll Call.**—*Respond distinctly, and be seated.***Bibles.**—*Who have their Bibles?***Sup't.**—*Where is the Scripture for our study to-day?***Topic.**—*What is the topic?***Golden Text.**—*Repeat the same.***Lesson.**—*Read the lesson.***Study of the lesson.****Music.**—*Instrumental, while classes retire.***Warning and Return Bells.****Instrumental Music.****(a) Review. (b) Notices. (c) Sec. Report.****Two Bells.**—*Entire school rise.***Sup't.**—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?**Officers.**—By taking heed thereto accord to Thy word.**School.**—Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee.**Sup't.**—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.**All.**—Order my steps in Thy word and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.**Prayer.**—*Every one in reverent attitude while the Pastor or Superintendent leads in prayer.***Dismissal.**

Glo - ry be to the Father, And to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men, A-men.

No. 265.

Responsive Readings.

ADA BLENKHORN.

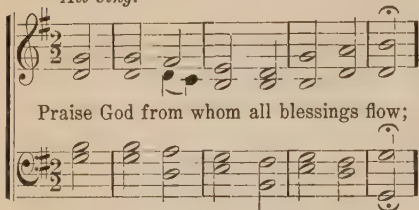
Praise God.

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Leader:

- 1 For fruitful vines, and fertile fields,
The thousand sweets that nature yields,
The glorious heav'ns that shine and glow,

All sing:

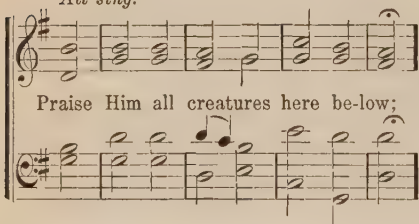


Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Leader:

- 2 Created by His hand divine,
And made to be His Spirit's shrine,
To whom His boundless love doth flow.

All sing:

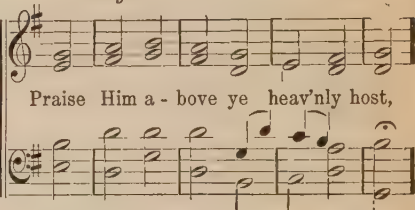


Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

Leader:

- 3 Exalt His name for evermore,
And honor, worship, and adore,
While in His holy name ye bo-

All sing:

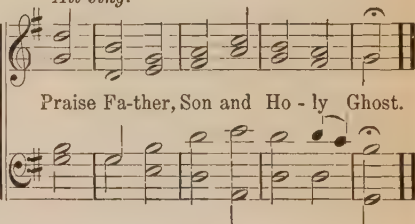


Praise Him a - bove ye heav'nly host,

Leader:

- 4 Ye Seraphim that ceaseless sing,
Ye Cherubim on golden wing,
Ye sons of earth, ye heavenly host.

All sing:

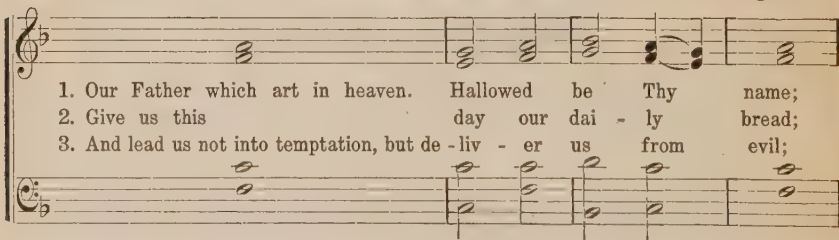


Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

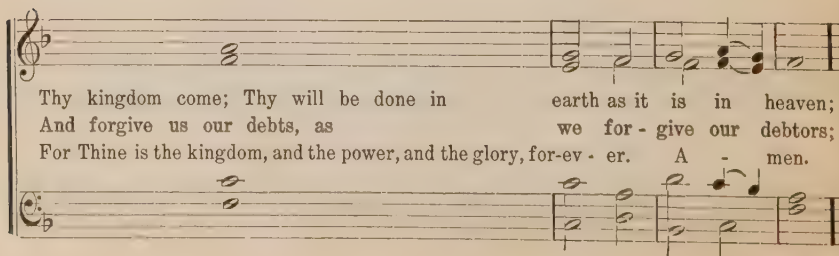
No. 266.

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.



1. Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;



Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er. A - men.

Responsive Readings.

Glosing.

No. 267.

Leader:—Be thou faithful, ever active in the service of the Lord.

Response:—May His blessed countenance ever light thy pathway.

Leader:—May the presence of Jesus be ever with you. May His life shine through yours, that others may be led to glorify His name.

Response:—To Him that died that we might live, will we ever love and serve, that we may have eternal life.

All:—The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another.

Sing:—Gloria Patri, No. 269.

No. 268.

Leader:—The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

Response:—I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Leader:—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Response:—The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

Leader:—The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Sing:—Doxology, No. 270.

No. 269.

Gloria Patri. No. 2.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

No. 270.

Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 271.

His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.)

E. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the
earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore Him. A - men.

No. 272.

Response No. 1.

(May be sung after prayer.)

E. O. E.

Hear our pray'r, O Fa - ther, hear us, ac - cept us, Lord, for Je - sus' sake. A - men.

No. 273.

Response No. 2.

(After the offering.)

All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv-en Thee. A - men.

No. 274.

Benediction.

Anon.

1. The Lord bless us, and keep us; { the Lord make His face shine upon us, and be } gracious un - to us;
2. { The Lord lift up His countenance up - } on . . us, and give . . us . . peace. A - men.

SELECTED PSALMS

No. 275. PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 276. PSALM V.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

No. 277. PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the months of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 278. PSALM XV.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalms.

No. 279. PSALM. XIX.

THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 280. PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 281. PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

No. 282. PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Psalms.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

No. 283. PSALM XLII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of

thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my Rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

No. 284. PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

Psalms.

No. 285. PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

No. 286. PSALM LXVII.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

No. 287. PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

No. 288. PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the

Psalms.

snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou shalt trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation:

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

No. 289. PSALM XCVII.

THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Confounded be all they that serve

graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgment, O Lord.

9 For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

10 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints: he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

11 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

12 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

No. 290. PSALM XCVIII.

SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten Him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Psalms.

No. 291. PSALM CVII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

7 And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

9 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

No. 292. PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

No. 293. PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 294. CXXXVIII.

I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, oh, Lord, endureth forever; forsake not the works of Thine own hands.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

No. 295.

Old Glory.

LOUISE CASTLE WALBRIDGE.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. FEARIS



1. Ye stars and stripes, Why float ye there? What is thy meaning ev - 'ry-where?
2. Un - fold, ye stars! Ye stripes, un-fold! And fling a-broad the mes-sage bold!
3. We greet thee, Herald of a day, In - jus - tice, wrong, shall pass a-way;
4. All hail, ye stars! Ye stripes, all hail! We shout from ev - 'ry hill and dale;



What stirs our hearts at sight of thee? Our fa-thers' summons—Lib - er - ty!
Our coun - try's joy! Our coun - try's pride! Yes, stand for freedom far and wide,
Thou ref - uge of the world's oppress'd Thou hope of ev - 'ry loy - al breast,
Thrice bless - ed they that fol - low thee, With home and coun - try—Lib - er - ty,



Our fa-thers' summons—Lib - er - ty! Our fathers' summons—Lib - er - ty!
Yes, stand for free-dom far and wide, Yes, stand for freedom far and wide.
Thou hope of ev - 'ry loy - al breast, Thou hope of ev - 'ry loy - al breast.
With home and coun - try—Lib - er - ty, With home and country—Lib - er - ty.



No. 296. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

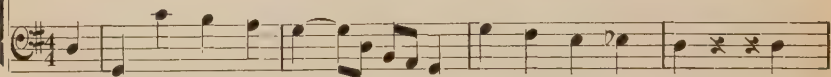
E. L. McCORD.

BY PERMISSION.

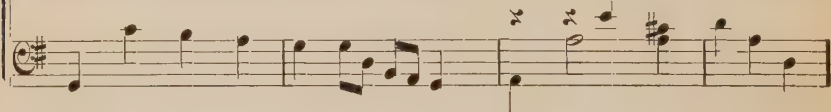
W. W. GILCHRIST.



1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too, For
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons These lit - tle sis - ters tell, The



one is red, and one is white, And the oth - er one is blue.
first is Love, then Pu - ri - ty And Truth we love so well.



CHORUS.



Hur - rah for these three lit - tle sis - ters! Hur - rah for the red, white and blue!



Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the red, white and blue!

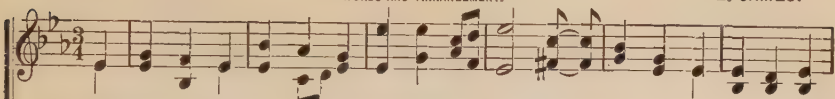


No. 297. Columbia, the Home of the Free.

JAMES MOORE.

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WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT.

E. JAMES.



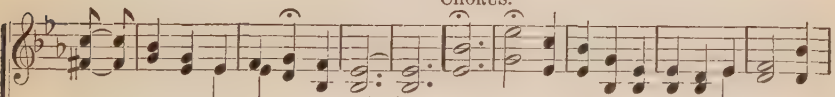
1. Fair land of Co-lum-bia, the home of the free, My heart swells with rapture thy
2. Oh, grand old Co-lum-bia, the fair-est, the best, Where th' oppress'd of all nations can
3. Co-lum-bia when shak-en by trait-ors ar-ray'd, Sent forth her brave sons who were



ban-ner to see Float-ing proud-ly in tri-umph o'er land and o'er sea;
find homes of rest; Her mount-ains, her val-leys, how charming the scene,
nev-er dis-may'd; But bur-ied foul trea-son down deep in the grave,

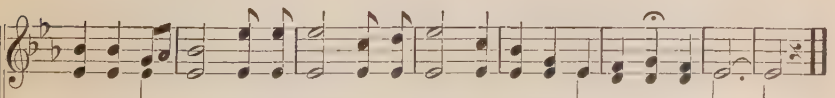
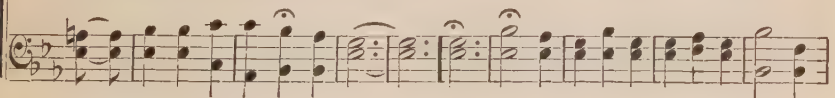


CHORUS.

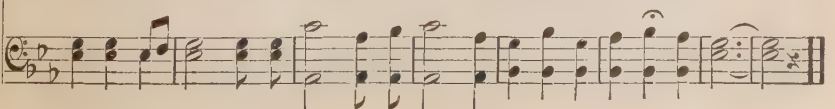


The flag that our Father made free.

What mu-sic that floats in her streams! Home, home, Columbia, the home of the free; She
And the flag of our country still wave.



stretcheth her hand to th' oppress'd of all lands; Co-lum-bia, the home of the free.

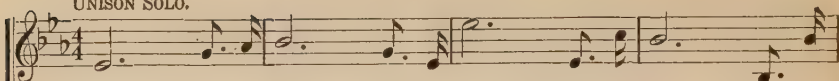


E. O. E. Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC.

ROSSINI, Arr. by E. O. E.

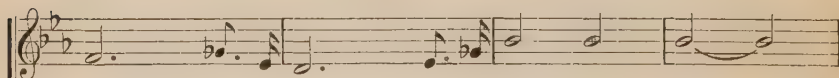
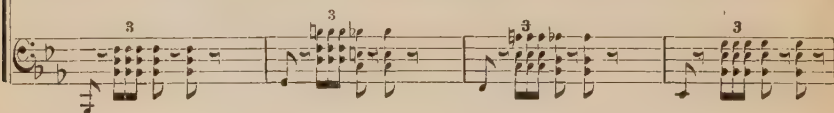
UNISON SOLO.



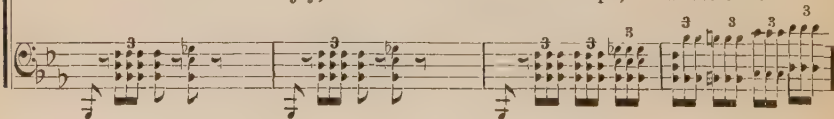
1. Flag of the free, Sing we praise to thee; Shield our
 2. Flag of the free, Waving high in the blue, We will
 3. Flag of the free, May thy stars ever wave, O'er the



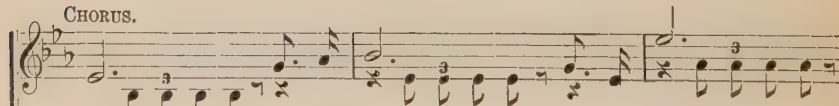
homes, shield our land, No-ble flag of the free; . . .
 stand for thy rights Un-to death, proving true; . . .
 land of the free, And the home of the brave; . . .



Em-blem of peace, wave in triumph, wave. . .
 Em-blem of love, wave in triumph, wave. . .
 Em-blem of joy, wave in triumph, wave. . .



CHORUS.



Flag of the free, Sing we praise-
 Beau-ti-ful flag, beau-ti-ful flag, praise to thee,



Beautiful Flag.

es to thee; Shield our homes, shield our
prais-es to thee; Shield-ing our homes,

land, No - ble flag of the free.
shield-ing our land, No - ble our flag, flag of the free.

No. 299.

Our Native Land.

Arr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

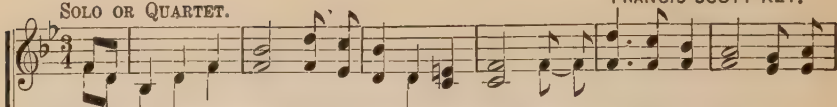
E. O. EXCELL.

1. To thee, our own, our na - tive land, With hearts and voic - es blend - ing;
2. The land of free-dom, faith and fame; Of vir - tue, grace, and beau - ty,
3. To thee, our hon - ored na - tive land, We cling in fond e - mo - tion;
4. With sol - emn pledge and steadfast nerve, With set - tled res - o - lu - tion,

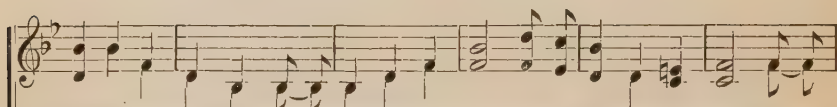
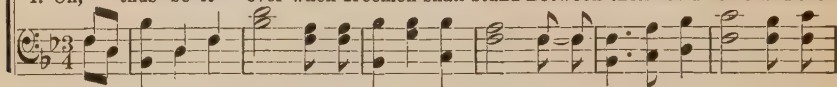
We sing, a loy-al, faith - ful band, In strains of love un - end - ing.
Whose children bear the foremost name For courage, truth, and du - ty.
For thee we la - bor heart and hand, In life-long, deep de - vo - tion.
We vow thine hon - or to pre-serve, From tarn-ish and pol - lu - tion.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

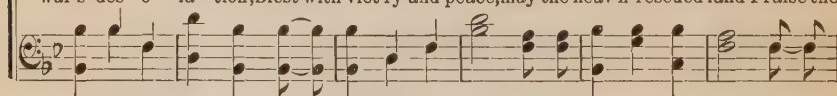
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



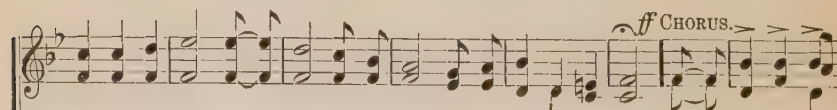
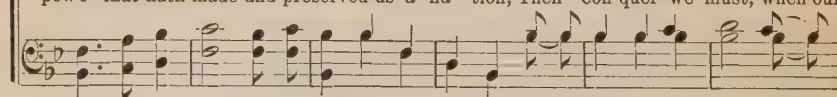
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twi-
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



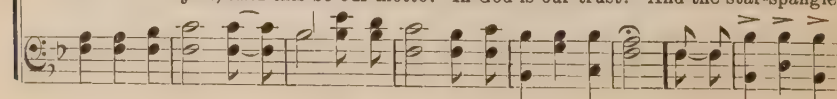
light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



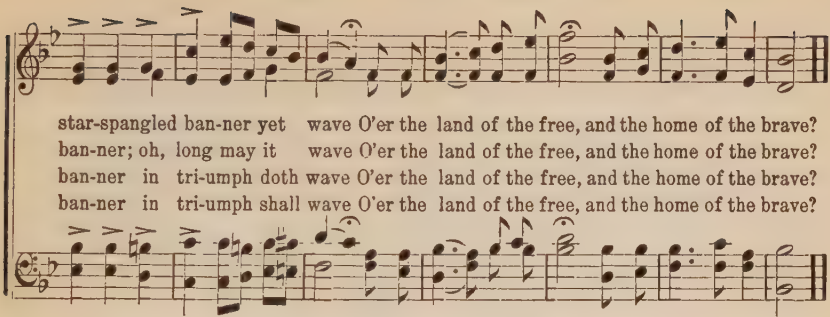
ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion, No ref - uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion, Then con - quer we must, when our



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



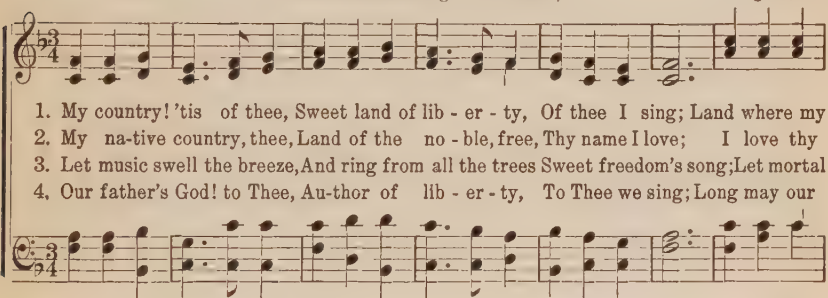
The Star-Spangled Banner.



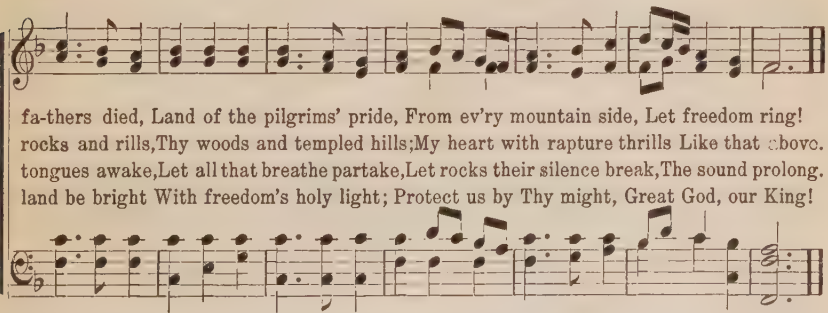
America.

The National Song of America.

English.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills,Thy woods and templed hills;My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake,Let all that breathe partake,Let rocks their silence break,The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

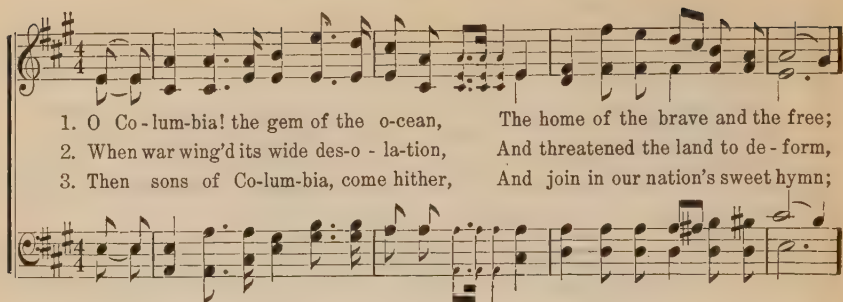
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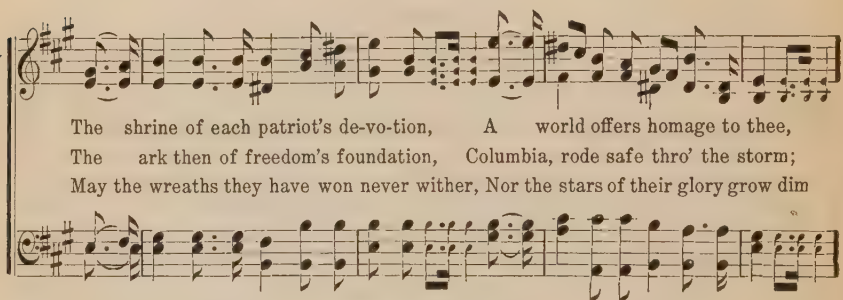
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

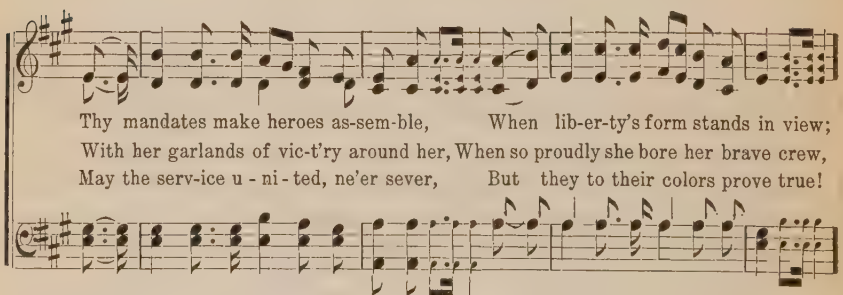
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.



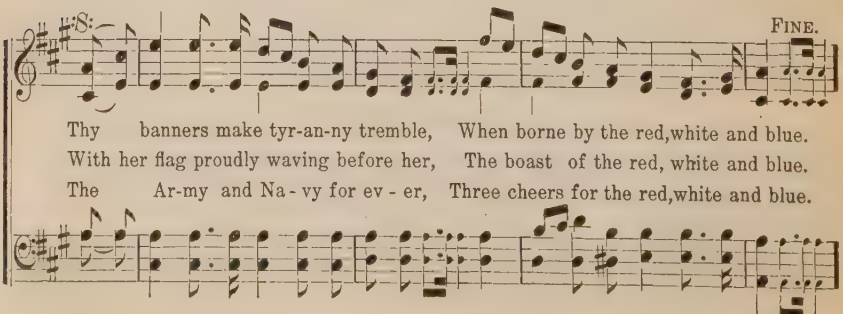
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o - la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;



The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world offers homage to thee,
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim



Thy mandates make heroes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice u - ni - ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!



Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FINE.

The Red White and Blue.

D. S.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

No. 303.

The Flag of the Free.

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March from "Lohengrin."

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His might we adore;

Ban-ner so bright, with starry light, Float ever proudly from mountain to shore;
In Lib - er-ty's van for manhood of man, Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er;

D. C.—*Flag of the free, flag of the brave, Em-blem of lib-er-ty, long may it wave!*

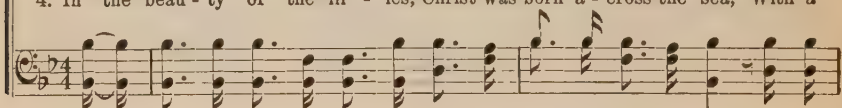
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;
Pride of our country, honored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star;

JULIA WARD HOWE.

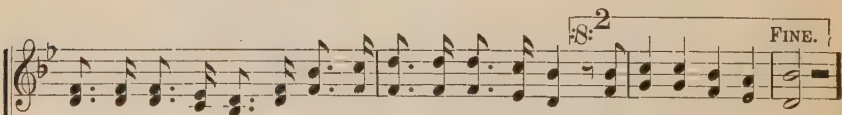
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



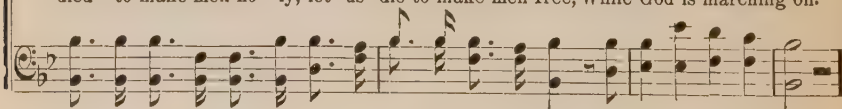
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



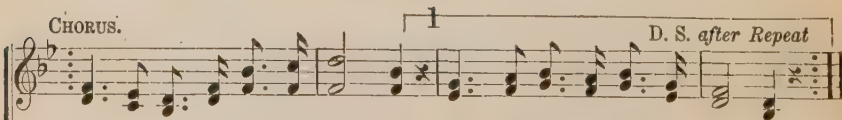
tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev - 'ning dews and damps; I can
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



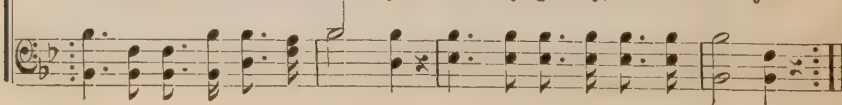
loosed the fateful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and glar - ing lamps; His day is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet; Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



NO. 305.

Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

H. R. BISHOP.

1. { 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, }
 { Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place (Omit) } like home;

{ A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, }
 { Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with (Omit) } else-where.

Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

D.S. 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

3. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
 Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 306.

God of Our Fathers.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Selena, L. M. 61.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. { God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far flung battle line, } Lord God of
 { Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine; }

2. The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart;
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3. Far called, our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 To all our pomp of yesterday,
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Con Spirito.

The National Song of Canada.

ALEXANDER MUIR,

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolf the dauntless he-ro came, And planted
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave Fathers side by side, For freedom,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for
 4. On Mer-ry England's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile; God bless Old

firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our
 homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood, and nob-ly died; And those dear rights which
 ev-er be our lot, And plen-te-ous store a-bound; And may those ties of
 Scot-land ev-er more, And Ireland's Em-er-ald Isle; Then swell the song, both

boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
 they maintained, We swear to yield them never, Our watch-word ev-er more shall be,
 love be ours, Which discord cannot sev-er, And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
 loud and long, Till rocks and forest quiv-er, God save our King, and Heav-en bless,

D. S.—God save our King and Heav-en bless,

FINE. CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf for ev-er. The Maple Leaf our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf for ever,

The Maple Leaf for ev-er.

D. S.

Bold.

DR. ARNE.

1. When Brit - ain first, at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose from out the
 2. The Na-tions not so blest as thee, Must in their turns to
 3. The Mus-es, still with free - dom found, Shall to thy hap - py

a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main.
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, must in their turns to ty - rants fall,
 coast re - pair, Shall to thy hap - py, hap - py, hap - py coast re - pair;

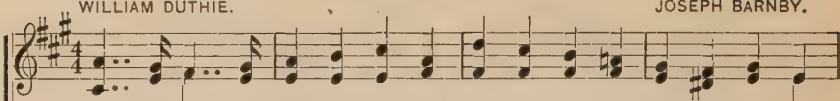
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sung the strain—
 While thou shalt flourish shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy of them all.
 Blest Isle! with matchless, with matchless beauty crowned, And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves! Brit - ons nev - er will be slaves.

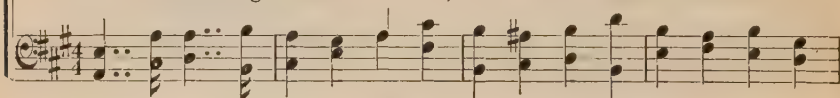
No. 309. March of the Men of Harlech.

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

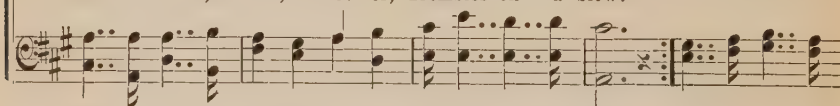
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. { Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men—
2. { Rock-y steepes and pass-es nar-row, Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,
Hurl the reel-ing horse-man o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er!

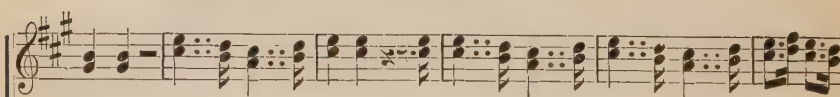


Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? } Loose the folds as-
Be they knights, or hinds, or yoemen, They shall bite the ground!
Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now! } Strands of life are
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trembles on a blow!

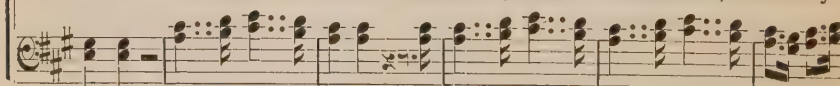


D. S.—Hon-or's self now proudly heeds us! Freedom, God, and Right.

D. S.—Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Freedom, God, and Right.



sund-er, Flag we con-quer un-der! The placid sky now bright on high Shall launch its
riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy



D. S.

bolts in thunder! Onward! 'tis our country needs us, He is bravest, he who leads us!
shrieks to heav-en! Men of Harlech! young or hoary, Would you win a name in story?



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